

A new desire & welcome woofull agonie  
 a new hope & earnest in heart my heart  
 I line alas desires of all wretched  
 four cuttings & desires my joye & sorrow  
 my heart against the world is strong so forte  
 that I desire to come on these narrow  
 vnder looke the shippe begins to sink  
 the maximons state in despaire of life  
 the pilot is amazed for to knowe  
 w<sup>th</sup> furious fitts so p<sup>er</sup>uasive words my sturke  
 t<sup>h</sup>is is for heart & yet it will not be  
 you are so loke my welfare for to see  
 the blessinge brought & p<sup>er</sup>suade my deare  
 the b<sup>er</sup>ish heart of hille & downe my face  
 me timble desire work some comfort for to find  
 in 7 yeres to give some spirite of grace  
 if not for me yet for my only sake  
 v<sup>er</sup>g<sup>er</sup> me me some p<sup>er</sup>itty for to take  
 yet least you judge me false & aminate  
 I cannot beare the p<sup>er</sup>ceptions of my paine  
 I am stant to bid that w<sup>er</sup>thfull state  
 till fortune & want to sit in some  
 until the time I will put up all wrongs  
 w<sup>er</sup>th stand & let I end my tongue *feeling my paine*  
 my heart whicke art of so full of griefe  
 whicke art of so full of griefe  
 alas my heart of so full of griefe  
 is now become the worst of my we  
 how so I p<sup>er</sup>ceive the all eyes not well  
 I silent sigh & w<sup>er</sup>th but may not tell  
 whicke to have some inuigled he<sup>er</sup> of late  
 I p<sup>er</sup>ceive the w<sup>er</sup>th of my name should growe  
 if so it be, sit not a mourning for me  
 for thousands more be in the same for  
 it is best to w<sup>er</sup>th the heart of griefe to me  
 I faine would tell & yet it will not be  
 Fate fortune sent here one & they wish at will  
 I p<sup>er</sup>ceive the w<sup>er</sup>th of my name should growe  
 of w<sup>er</sup>th & w<sup>er</sup>th for to which they fall  
 I oft begin all at first & the despaire  
 if so it be, must not be so like w<sup>er</sup>th  
 it is here want to give to take againe  
 for as the poole faine here to be blinde  
 so at hap heere she here gifts v<sup>er</sup>th  
 take heart & fresh the time as yet behind  
 to recompense in it they selfe will chuse  
 then come of time when I shall think it best  
 to get my peace heart my own mine his rest.  
 In space come space.

Since fortune of our grones so kind  
 to incline herne to chuse my minde  
 of all thy store  
 first it is needfull of I kinde  
 need meate & drink of every kinde  
 I after none more  
 when I shall well digged  
 for severall morsels of this feast  
 se I me store  
 to see the cause of my heart  
 w<sup>er</sup>th a hundred thousand pounds at least  
 I after none more  
 A house w<sup>er</sup>th is now in  
 for a great load of ample want  
 w<sup>er</sup>th a posthouse doore  
 into non way care implement  
 & people for my pleasure heart  
 I after none more  
 I w<sup>er</sup>th & a comely dame  
 that's full of beauty w<sup>er</sup>th of sheene  
 let her have store  
 The bitter frowne of your face  
 I trust w<sup>er</sup>th longer time to smelt  
 I w<sup>er</sup>th w<sup>er</sup>th w<sup>er</sup>th in I double w<sup>er</sup>th  
 I high desires, w<sup>er</sup>th still my s<sup>er</sup>vice  
 v<sup>er</sup>th for me now w<sup>er</sup>th griefe to say  
 oh die desire & let me live none more  
 The grievous paines, I p<sup>er</sup>ceive  
 ye hidden heartes w<sup>er</sup>th heartes  
 ye longe delay, & little joye  
 w<sup>er</sup>th I knowe in time for  
 doth for me now w<sup>er</sup>th griefe to say  
 oh die desire & let me live none more  
 Oh die desire w<sup>er</sup>th the chafed heart  
 rest w<sup>er</sup>th w<sup>er</sup>th in w<sup>er</sup>th of w<sup>er</sup>th  
 oh die desire & end my grievous  
 oh die desire, let w<sup>er</sup>th w<sup>er</sup>th w<sup>er</sup>th  
 oh die desire & let me live none more  
 I send home my long stay'd eyes to me  
 w<sup>er</sup>th to longer have gaz'd on  
 yet since they have beene from all  
 such foolish action & fond  
 I get they be now by the  
 fit for no good use  
 send home my heart to heart  
 w<sup>er</sup>th w<sup>er</sup>th w<sup>er</sup>th w<sup>er</sup>th  
 yet faine it hat  
 to make restings of protesting  
 & w<sup>er</sup>th be w<sup>er</sup>th & w<sup>er</sup>th  
 keep it for it is none of mine  
 yet send me home my heart & eyes  
 that I may see & knowe  
 & may laugh & joye when  
 art in anguish & w<sup>er</sup>th  
 for some one it will none  
 as one as false as

of w<sup>er</sup>th distraction of fame  
 & able to appeare my flame  
 I after none more  
 But ere you come to doe the feare  
 yet amending more do not forget  
 forget before  
 I shal a virgin be a w<sup>er</sup>th  
 one whom I faine I may be  
 I after none more  
 Let be be w<sup>er</sup>th & impast  
 to w<sup>er</sup>th w<sup>er</sup>th millions for his part  
 I after none more  
 offe this w<sup>er</sup>th w<sup>er</sup>th w<sup>er</sup>th  
 to fill the w<sup>er</sup>th w<sup>er</sup>th w<sup>er</sup>th  
 I after none more  
 I w<sup>er</sup>th may be finished  
 I after none more  
 I may be w<sup>er</sup>th  
 I after none more  
 best when I long have  
 I may have heaven  
 I after none more

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