

Somest witt mee & God my laud
And wee'll all the pleasures proude
Ches golden streames, & riuertall brooked
Wit silken lines, & siluer spoiles.
Some lett vs sitt vpon the profts
To see the stappards feed their floits:
Thow wilt the ruier whispering numbe
Warmed by thine eyes more than the sunne.
And for the ondemand fish will stay
O'beying the command they may be wray
When thou wilt swimme in that laud bay
Eate fish with ouery of ^{an} amall fat
Will amorously vnto thee swimme
Gladder to taste thee, than you swim.
If you to see the stend best bat
By sunne or moonne for darke the way
And if my selfe saw laud to you
I need not your light saunge you.
Let the good fish wif angling need to
And cut their baggs wif sold or weeded.
The freater prouly roone fish be sett
Wif stranglinge fagge, or windinge nett.
Least rouer cold hands from stmy noast
The bodded fish in banke out wroft.
And furious Cay laud wif silber floud.
How soe you woded not your deceipt
How you by selfe art your owne bait
That fish that is not taught foroby
Alas is wiser farre than I.

Some say I saw deep our eyes would mine you
Gay would his Antiquo fappines of eye
I have low, & gott, and told.

But should I low gett, till, till I were old
I could not find that sudden mystery
His mixture all!

And ad noe Antiquo gett go & Lipar gett
But glorified his pregnant pott
I by go way to smi befall.

Some odouriferous finge, or medit mall.
For lownd dreams, a sweete, & longe delight
But gett a winterd remige sommond night.

Dr. Corbett: on the Armes &
Duke of Buchingham gone into Spayne.

Full road of Ilands flowt mige, & remou'd
In Childe time but neuer saw it proud
Till now, gett fable by the printe & you
By your transportinge England is made true.
Wee are not wofull woe weare, for dog-staunt raignd
Hoe to low in our climate for in of admid
Go selfe same breate, same age, same state, same businige
So prone as you, will bee till your returnige.
Some ore go fawds bee althow, else you fapp
Your stay may make an error in our mapp.
Left England would bee found when you should passe
A thousand times more trueward for it was.
Be that you were (my Lord) by that you weare
Now in go black foyard, or sad a disquisd dawe.
But you were smite againe, too fawrd to bee
In Vaull's next Sunday, at full sea, at Groe.