

Whom neuer yet thou durst assault awake  
 Nor will hee best mee for my good sake,  
 I doe not see the delight, or pleasure,  
 But leave mee to my quiet  
 In all my world desire  
 Off I leape againe, wch was her ayde,  
 And staye I so guilty and affrayde,  
 As I find hee durd not come with in my sight.

A Capusims life.

I vnderstanding love, hope, and feare  
 I lay thy may games every waye,  
 And what youth layd out in lust,  
 Hee returnd with shame and dust.  
 I hope to fall from all beginning  
 And my selfe ignorant in sinning.  
 Come round to me by joy, or rure,  
 But more perton it by prayer.  
 And more certayne, rather than bell.  
 Thy pillage robt, or put forr bell.  
 Doe to me of myne mee kabe, most keepe,  
 It is the honore of our last sheepe.  
 Obdience from the Elphaint  
 And better and voluntary want  
 From that in wch I sawe mee readye; the parrone  
 yett butt plenty for the motidore,  
 Draffitic from the little Dove,  
 Emblem of a small Dove:  
 And of the se to see howell; byrno  
 A Dove, wch I have and darbt rombyne.

Some live

Some live with mee, and bee my love,  
 And wee will some sweete plea/mor,  
 In quilld, pnde and pnde labe; i joyfull tracke  
 With silken lynes and silver booke  
 There will the river mure mure run  
 Warned by thy no eye more than the Sun  
 And thyre the enamored fish will play  
 Begging from thee they may be buy.  
 If thou wilt swim in that cleare bay,  
 Eat fish; that every speame of date  
 Will amotously to thee swim  
 Cladder to rath thee; then thou'rt  
 Not to be stone, stones, bee thou hart  
 By sunne or Moone; thou durst not bote  
 And if my selfe gave leave to see  
 It neede not bein light gaine thee.  
 Dett offered freye nath anglmg rade  
 And hurt thy logge with Dett; and worde  
 Or heart; or nath poote fish be set  
 With strangling shawe, or wyndmg nett;  
 Dett rouse bold hande from flyme nett  
 The bedde fish from bunte out worde  
 With prunions; haryberone stear; silke flye  
 Bewitt; poote fish; wandring eye.  
 For thee; thou needst no sur; deare; j  
 Thou to thy selfe art thyne owne baye;  
 But fish; wch I do, not rane; t by  
 Alas it is wiser farre than I.

And