

Have you not in a chimney seen  
A ruttin fayer wax and greene  
How slowly it admitt's of heat  
And howe both ends both weep and sweate  
Soe if of unexperient d maid  
When first she of on her back is laid  
But try wood like y<sup>e</sup> practick showe  
Crack's and rejoyce's in y<sup>e</sup> flames

Youe if y<sup>e</sup> favor of ~~every~~  
Of every heart  
Whose sin's a men when r'y kept close  
And others dark offend when r'y let loose  
y<sup>e</sup> flea

Marke but thy fleas and mark in thy  
How little that which thou deniest me y.  
It suck's r me first and then suck's thee  
And in thy fleas our two bloods mingl'd be  
Thou knowest that thy cannot be said  
A shame nor sin, nor losse of maiden head  
But thy enjoy's before it worse  
And pangs'd swell's with one blood made of two  
And thy ~~partow~~ alas, if more thou wee would do.

Oh stay those living in our fleas spave  
Where wee almost you more than manvidd ave  
Thy fleas if you and I, and thy  
Our marriage bed and marriage temple y  
Though parents grudge, and you ~~where met~~ wee've met  
And cloist'd in these living walls of jess  
Though use ~~make you apt to kill me, but not thy~~  
~~selfe murder~~ I add'd be and ~~acknowledge these sines in killing~~  
Let not thy selfe murder add'd be  
And acknowledge those sines in killing thee

Cruell and ~~redder~~ redder so daint have thou since  
Suckt's thy noble in blood of innocenc  
Wherin could thy fleas guilty be  
Except in that way which suck'd from thee  
For thou triumph'st, and sayest that though thou  
find'st not thyself nor me of weaker now

Thy vice thou leave how false feathers be  
just so much honour, when thou yeld'st to me  
With way'd, of thy fleas death took life from thee

Doctor