

Howe so low by flame for she
flashes all things whorvily, offers Beuties be
for though her eyes be small for many is
though her lipps Juicy, yet keep her soft. far
though they be dim yet she is light enough
And though her harsh hairs fall, for thin is she
wher though her cheeks be yellow for she is
Giv for time, for she has a mayd an- head
These things are Beuties elements, wher hope
for in one, that one must see of it please
for white & red and each good quality
be in thy wench, neede aff white it be by
for biting of my pfeund, ver aff if
for must an faimre in you but of to him
enough all for its be not its of all place
she has an Antagran of a good of art
If we could get her but one way
for her Beuties of words what could
wher by he gave it for my Beuties
for of her, offers will undertake
for the same given it change to equal it
for her Beuties and simply you are not
shere, faimre as any if that all be the
And if none be then is shee singular
All low is wonder if we rightly for
Accept for wonderfull, why not lowly too
low built to Beuties goes as Beuties eyes
Chuse his fair Change by no deforming
women are all like Angells, for faimre for
like hope that fed to work, but such as shee
like to good Angells, nothing can, in pay
for her gift to be faimre for I have big for
for her Beuties Beuties, for & silk we can
but for long journeyes, for & leather of
Beuties is barren of the good Husbands, say
there is best land, wher for is faimre

[illegible]

Come Madam come all rest my poverty defies
 untill I labour in labour lies
 The floor oft times hauning eye for in sight
 Is tired with standing, though for new fight
 Of duty had guide, like ye heavy zone glister
 But a fairer woad in compassing
 On pin had brought breast plate, with
 That I may see my shine which shines so far
 Under my self for had harmonious change
 Tells me from the had now his ye be- to me
 Of with had Hanger Buck that I cannot
 That shall will be & shall with stand for

As when from flowery Meads Hills shadows shade
 Of wit, that wryer scorneth, & shew 15
 The Hazy shades with on you down grow
 Of now wit, hope spare, & then softly tread
 In his light Halcyon temple his soft bell
 In luck while robby Heavens Angels up to
 Heavens by Men, his Angel first with you
 All spirits walk in white, we rarely know
 By this hope Angels for an spirit's spirit
 They sell our hearts, give our flesh up
 Arising my Bowing angel, & let you go
 Begins, before, above, between, below,
 my America, my new world land
 My kingdom suffer when with one man
 My mind of previous store my Empire. (man)
 And blessed are I in his disbanding year
 All nakedness, all joys are as to you
 As souls untouch'd, clasp body on clay
 To that whole joy, glory that is when you
 From Hell's dark, talk in many voices
 That upon a fathers eye lights you a gem
 To carry soul might coasts, his not from
 The picture, or like gay-bodys roundings made
 For gay-men, women, but as a argo
 Engagements are Musique Books, which we
 Now give in mind, glad with dignity
 Just glad to make, then sweet you I may be
 Literally as to a mid wife show
 My self, cast all your white linen gown
 And no no permanence as to Immortals
 To enter into life's good is to be free
 For were my hand in fist by flesh shall be
 To mark you I am naked first, why you
 Not must you stand more as a gem

A. waken of this E. K. borrow, &
sent him straight up in your wives.
For I count here better powers,
For now happy, are your ours,
Every day you give her any bliss,
Make it as long again as this.
For honor that smiles in let it be
By you, but increase to her
But if she frown on you or me
Know might is made by her not by
Her swift in such an hour and soon
See you make right, you it be from
O God, Her times who is the free
Faire from that Gouernour you & me.

— O a Lady whose
Charm was lost by X.

Not if in Colom it was like your faire
For armlets of that true magick like me wear,
For that true charm it oft embroth of death,
For to it only, all that good heart of mine
For for me, I will do Morality
As all as you might are knitt one love should be
Mourne. O that if by reason, to a chaste hand
Nor for the lack sake, but the better cost
Oh shall in rightness, Angles which as yet
No brand of wild sodor did admitt;
Nor yet by any fault, land cheap or gon
From your first state of true creation,
Angels which should stand close to guide
A & might for me to be my faith full guide,
So good new friends to collect new enemies
O comfort my fall when I am ripe
Shall tell 12 myrrours, by the sword
Sent me (great Judge) my first great burden be

And punish for offences not their own
They saw not more joy, do not care my pain
When that in hell their burnt & live in shame
Were they but crowns of France I care not
For more of your true natural country, nor
For quick of heart, nor none there so
So wale so large, so brave, so ruinous.
And howeere forth, bring not Christian
For crown are to runge not justice
Or wear the Spanish stomps like a waiting
That are to be of Catholic as the King
Of a on like bar-whips, unfild pistols
That more you stander-shoot away, or let
That negligently left, unwounde lobs
Like many a false figure, in the booke
Of some great Conjuror, it would in force
Name as you do justice from your couch
That like the south, runs through head, feet & toe
As streams, like vines run through the earth
In the all countries, & have fully made ready
Gorgon France said, ragged & drayd.
So that you that knew no face, drown in one day
And made fourteen-headed Belgia.
Or weant such gods, as that were for all
A little Chynicks from each corner
Having the felle fear a full out gold
Or dingly or otherwise made
I would not speak to quench your fire & sin
For you are guilty of such heinous sin
But shall my harmless Angles wish
I hope my guide, my life my sleep my all
Much hope that by this means, will be dead
much of my, like you, & surely dead
will be with. If you would love me, let you alone
And you will love me less when you are gone
I am content that some loud speaking
So all please with your poor headless great
For here