

The lay a ravenous the rove him downe  
I thinke heele never come hithor  
The boyes of chime like crickets  
and steale my trade the strip them  
By priviledge I growne chimney hy  
Soone out of towne I will whip them  
then will frush with my yole & brush  
The soone of chimneys tarlet  
And make it shine as bright as mine  
when I have rubd & wacth it.

7 song to s<sup>r</sup> John Ferrers for a token  
It grows mee y<sup>e</sup> I thus thanks retaine  
for that wh<sup>ch</sup> I received y<sup>e</sup> last kings waigens  
It grows mee y<sup>e</sup> the Lent is frothy past  
that all y<sup>e</sup> refusors accounts are cast  
their w<sup>ch</sup> already taken, & that I  
no tribute send no thankfull refury  
I envy y<sup>e</sup> each tree & petty shrubbe  
w<sup>ch</sup> roaking y<sup>e</sup> barke, peepe out w<sup>ch</sup> timely buds  
and pay me all y<sup>e</sup> duties of y<sup>e</sup> spring  
while y<sup>e</sup> in barren silence still remaine  
not yetting for increase out leafe againe  
one leafe of paper: Loues out signes of fruites  
So words of what full time should operate  
they are no more for shall I thinke I pay  
when y<sup>e</sup> I am y<sup>e</sup> debtor I but say  
Confession is no payment but to god  
and some of his skattered & or  
of w<sup>ch</sup> small number though y<sup>e</sup> w<sup>ch</sup> best one  
yet of such debtors I faint if w<sup>ch</sup> best none  
with I can chace w<sup>ch</sup> patience, thinke y<sup>e</sup> man  
who nothing payes, payes all, if w<sup>ch</sup> he can.

9 song 27  
Cratch mee a starre that falling from y<sup>e</sup> skye  
Caught an immortal treasure for to die  
Stays w<sup>ch</sup> thy hand y<sup>e</sup> rurrent of the seas  
Passes through y<sup>e</sup> earths venture to y<sup>e</sup> Antipodes  
Caught time returns & call backe yesterday  
& loath January like y<sup>e</sup> mouth of May  
weigh out an ounce of flame, blow backe y<sup>e</sup> wind  
And then find faith w<sup>ch</sup> in a no mans mind

Our Dames Litaney  
The father  
Father of heauen & him by whom  
It is for thee, & all offe for w<sup>ch</sup>  
Thou maist be gounest out, some  
And corrupt me now grows ruinous  
my heart is by division stay  
And by selfe murder w<sup>ch</sup>  
from this w<sup>ch</sup> earth & father purge away  
All vitious humors that now fashioned  
I may rise up from death before I am dead.  
The Sonne.  
O son of god who seeing 2 things  
Death & fire except m<sup>e</sup> to never were made  
By bearing one foundst w<sup>ch</sup> what stings  
The other w<sup>ch</sup> thine heritage in w<sup>ch</sup>  
I too thou nailed unto my heart  
And crucified againe  
Part not from it, though it from y<sup>e</sup> world start  
But lett it be applied to thy paine  
Drownd in thy blood & in thy passion flame  
The Holy Ghost.  
oh holy gost whose temple I  
Am but of mudd-walls & condensed dust  
And being saralogiously  
Halfe w<sup>ch</sup> w<sup>ch</sup> youthes fire of pride & lust

must with new storms be weather beat  
Double in my heart thy flame  
Wh. lett devout fadd tears interest  
Though this glass launch over do justice maine  
First, sacrifice, protest alter be of same.

### The Trinity

O blessed glorious trinity  
Went to Philosophy, but milke to faith  
Wh. as wise foxpents Divinely  
most slipperness at most intangling hath  
As if distinguish'd undistinct  
By power, love, knowledge be  
give such a false, different instinct  
of these, lett not all elemented be  
of power, as how to know if remembered thee.

### The virgin mary

How if faire blessed mother maide  
whose flesh, as dore us if shee glorify  
wh. unlockt paradice as made

A chaine for innocencie as dis-ferozed sin  
whose wombe was a new heauen for thine  
God sheathed himselfe as gave  
our zealous thanks not point, as his dees were  
our healter so are his prayers or can shed but  
In vaine who hath an interest in you.

### The Angels

And since this life our non age is  
And mee in warding to thine Angels be  
natives in heauen faire ballades  
whose we shall be but seiz'd by thee  
as if earth retaining by of summe  
yolds faire diversity  
yet upon knowes in course of light doth summe  
so lett me study of mine artious be  
worthy thine sight, though blind in it they be.

### The Patriarchs

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And lett thy Patriarchs desires  
these great grand fathers of y. wh. are  
more in of cloud than we are first  
whose nature cleard more than us great as love  
And now in heauen do still pray if not  
may use these helpos aright.

But satisfied is frantify in mee  
lett not my mind be blinded by most light  
or reason by faith aided loose his sight.

### The Prophets

These Eagle sighted prophets two  
wh. were of church organs as did sound  
that Harmony wh. made of two  
In Law, as did divide but not confound  
these heavenly poets wh. did see  
thy will as it expresseth

In with myne foote in down pray for me  
that I by them expulse not my oppressor  
In seeking secrets or portiqueness.

### The martirs

And since thou so desirously  
dost long to dy even long before thou wouldst  
And long long since thou no more wouldst dy  
thou in thy fraters mistique body wouldst  
In shall first as our sines  
In thine. lett thine blood come  
to begg for us a different patience  
of death to better life for (oh) to some  
not to be martirs is a martirdome.

an eph. and plotcher bishop of L. R. C.  
how long the first of 22 anno England he saw  
A byshop to mary a Lady Lady  
he gave of his death was for as he had  
he rayed on of dy, as so he did.