

Or grow, that's just without And stretch within  
 And like the slender stalks, at whose end stands,  
 The woodbine's quietude, or his firm is and hands  
 Like rough bark, Elm-bowes, or the Ruffe's flame  
 Of men late scour'd for madness, or for fumes <sup>noP</sup> <sup>madnes,</sup>  
 Like gunnibunt quarters, on the little gate  
 Such is thy hand, skin lamentable state <sup>is period</sup>  
 And like a bunch of ragged Carrats, stans <sup>elbow mtr</sup>  
 The short fool's fingers of thy Gowrie hand <sup>comma</sup>  
 Then like the Chimieks' maffettin equal list, <sup>period</sup>  
 Within the limbecke warme wombe doth inspire  
 Into the <sup>earth's</sup> dailies, worthles dust, A soule of goulty <sup>not</sup>  
 Such churifhinge heat, his best loue part doth <sup>ould</sup>  
 Things like the dread mouth of a fire & Gunnie <sup>not</sup>  
 Or like hott liquid mettall, newly runne <sup>noP</sup>  
 Into clay moulds, or like the Cuna  
 Where round about the <sup>not</sup>  
 Are not yo <sup>ur</sup> kiffinges, a  
 As a worme for  
 Doth not thy  
 As one <sup>ch</sup> w ga  
 Is not yo <sup>ut</sup> l  
 As when a pte  
 So kiff good & ur  
 Are precepts in  
 As wee, when u  
 Leave her, And  
 Shee and compar

BR1

Val'diction

As vertuous men pass mildly away <sup>not</sup>  
 And whisper to their soules to goe,  
 And some of their sad friends doe say,  
 Now his breath goes; And some say no:  
 So let us melt, and make no noise,  
 No trane floods, nor sigh tempest moue,  
 & weare prophanation of our boyes,  
 To tell the lazie our hows.  
 Mubinges of the earth bringes harmes and feares,  
 men reckon what it did and ment;  
 But trepidation <sup>-CW</sup>

needed to spell at last  
then over into to may it be

