

II

As lowe as base as is the lowly plaine
 And you my lowe all heighte as is the heabm about
 At the the thoughts of me, yo' humble swaine
 As lowe to heabm in hono' of yo' lowe
 As I all heighte as heabm about the plaine
 And you my lowe as humble and as lowe
 As lowe the decept bottomes of the maine
 What so' or how nere there my hart finde god
 What so' or I am below, or els above you
 What so' or you are my hart fall thankes Lowe you

III Bryds going to bed.

What meanest thou bryde, this compaine to keepe
 To sit by still thou faime wold sleepe
 Thou mayest not, when thou art layd downe doe so
 Thy selfe must to him, a new banquet growe
 And you must inttaine
 And doe all this dayes dances ore againe
 Know that if sun and moone together doe
 Ryle in one point, they doe not so too
 Therefore thou mayest, faire bryde to bed depart
 Thou art not gone, beinge gone where doe thou art
 Thou seest in him the watchfull eyes in him thy lowe
 hart

Sonnet 3.
CANON LOVE.

If fyre were not fed by fowell,
 Min finde Lops a pretious Bewell,
 Is not lowe a fyre most faire?
 Yet it is mantained by care
 Care in lowe is pretious pleasure
 Lowe is findit encreasment treasure
 Happie fall his fortune's prebe
 What can finde just care in lowe

Lowe

Lowe is lyk a litte flou
 Sunt in Liqueo seemes to die
 Yet not warme and litte same
 Straight recovere fronte againe
 Loued so in lowe some downe
 Yet recovere of those wound
 And so much more happie prebe
 Lowange founde just care in lowe

Lowe is lyk a flatteringe tomie
 Or the bee about his homie
 Connyed feint to abide the paine
 Good wort homie by much care
 Both the types of lowe doth bear
 Full of care full of feare
 Cares and feares doe plaine prebe
 Nothinge just but care in lowe

Sonnet 4
Lyon Bagnon
222. III. 170.

Still to be neat, still to be drest
 As you were goinge to a feast
 Still to be powdered still perfumed
 Lady it is to be presumed
 Tho' arte hyde secrets, or not found
 All is not just all is not found
 Give me a looke, give me a faw
 That makes simplicities a grave
 Dares loquacious flowing, words as fise
 Such just neglect more taloth me
 Then all the dultines of art
 That stryke the eyes but not the hart.