

Thou Village Cock, on Ox-few bell
The birds of wit, wood take most heed
To the house of our last sheep.
Obedient from the Elephant
Who bow, and voluntary want
From that white sword, nor ^{sparrow} reap, the
Yet hath plenty for the morrow.
Chastity from the Turtle Dove,
Emblem of eternall Love.
And of the three Jewells beyond
A row with heaven & Earth to be found.

* Come Live with me, and see my Love
And we will have sweet golden birds proud
In gilded sands, and silver brook
With silken lynes, and silver hook.
Thou wilt the kinde unnumbering rum
Unarm'd by thyne eye more than the sun.

And

And thou the enamour'd fish will play
Digging thom selves they may betray.
If thou wilt swim in that stard bath,
Each fish that duery & hamell hat
Will amonsthy to thee swimme
& ladder to take thee thou him.
Nax to be found Sweet but thou loath
By Sun or Moone: Thou dardest hym,
And if my selfe have leaud to see,
I need not thin light haueing thee.
Lett others freeze with dnyling poore,
And hurt their leggs with shells, and wood,
Or trespasserly goore fish besett
With strangling hands, or wynding Nott.
Lett thou be bold hande from hymis net
The bodded fish from banks out wryt
With gacious traitorons, stary silke flyt
Dewitts goore fishes wandring byt.
For thou, thou needst not fery deryt

Thou