



## Fragment

Belieue not him who loue hath left so wise  
as to haue power his owne tale to tell  
For Childrens griefs do yeld y<sup>e</sup> lowdest cryes  
& cold desires may be expressed well  
In well told love most ofte falshod lyes  
but pittie him that only sighs & dyes

All hayle sweete port more full of more strong fyre  
thin hath or shall enkindle my dull spirit,  
I loue what nature gaue me <sup>thee</sup> but thy merit  
of witt & arte, I loue not, but admyre;  
whoe hath before or shall write after ~~this~~ <sup>thee</sup>  
their workes though toughly labored, will be  
like infancy, or age, to mans firme staye,  
or early or late twilight, to my daye;  
Men say & truly, that they better bee  
which be enuid then pittid; therefore I  
because I wish thee best, doe thee enuy:  
O wouldst thou by like reason pittie mee.  
But care not for mee, I <sup>ne</sup> never was  
in fortunes, nor in natures gifts alas,  
but by thy grace gott in the Muses schoole,  
a monster & a beggar, am a foole.  
Oh how I grieue that late borne modesty  
hath gott such root in all soft waxen harts;  
that men may not themselves their owne good pts  
extoll, without suspect of surquedry;