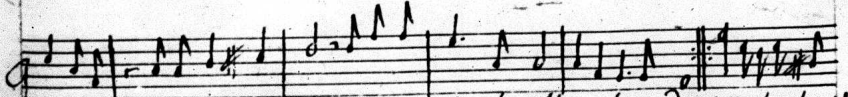
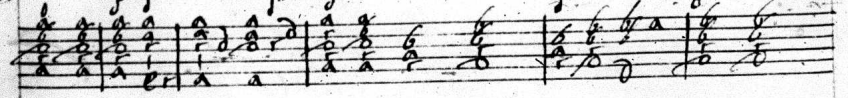
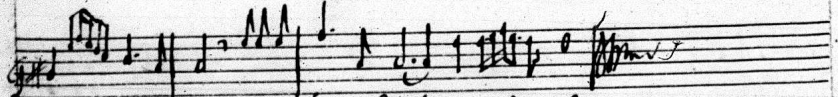
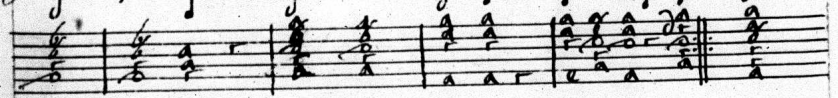


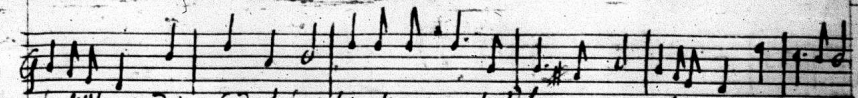
So, so low of his last lamenting high with such two soles of vapours both away turne then



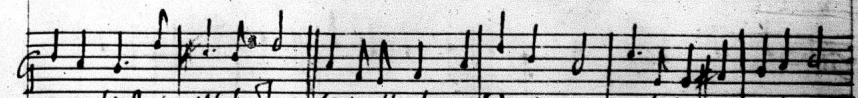
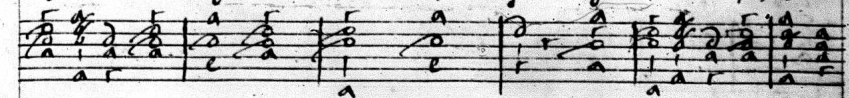
ghost that way to let mee turne this of let our selves be right our happy day. we ask no want to



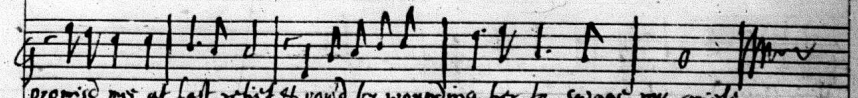
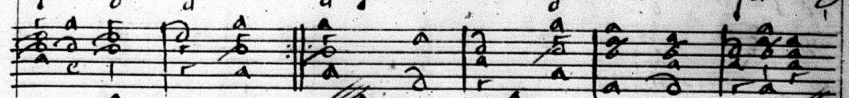
lowe nor will wee out any so cheap a death as saying god.



The little wandering god of love long time impotent by my means, that unto pity oft did moune,



saunge brast throughlefs stones his trouble shun of hid the wrongs. by him had suffred long.



promise me at last relief thould by wounding her to swage my griefe.

