I am true fooled: I know
I for loving and for saying soe.
But whosoever that, myst mun that wold not be. I
If shee wold, not deny.
Then all the earthe inhabits crooked Lame
Goe purge, shun, watered - fretfull sadd away.
If thought of I could drive my paine
Through bryatrome: I should thinke alay.
Greefe brought to numbred cannot be so fierce.
For shee framed all that followed it, in verse.

But when I gaze doune see.
Some man shal art such beyte to shun
And sitt and sing my paine
And by delightfull many fitted stayne
Greefe: wch, wors: dis, restraine.
To Love: and greatest: troubles of verse: belongs
But not of such as pleased, when he, hath.
Hopes: are encreased by such songs
For hope: there, triumphs soe: are sadnesses
And I wch: fine fooled doe so strone grow.
Whose are a Lifted, myst the best fortune bee.

finis

Iquod Dyott

To: whom - timbersome: Invention
And