

Hear low for nothinge elsest then hee
would, I am brookt with your dream.

It was a dream

For reason must be strong for fantasye
yet for you waldest me wisely yet
my dreamd you brok't not but continued it
you art so true that you wylt of thyd suffie
to make dreamd true & fabled gistorid
enter best a more, for since you thought it best
not to dreame all my dreame, let doo by rest

No lightninge or a dayes light
to me eyes & not by nose waldest me
yet I thought good

For you canst knowe an dunell at first sight
but when I saw y^e sawst my hart
and knowst my thought beyond an angels art
when you knowst to I dreamt, when y^e knowst when
except of my woulde wals me, I canst see
I doo knowst I woulde not trust but to
proffand to think by any thinge but by

Some thinge & stayninge shewd hee had
but wisninge make me think it new
you art not you

For low it wals more feared and stronge as ye
tis not all spirit pure & brane

If my hart it of fear I am gonore and
I gaine as to hee wylt must wadin to
men light & put out, for you doost wylt me
you canst to kinde, gift to some then I
will dreame of you agayne, or els will dyo.

