



why is he to auld long? no. But to me
~~with~~ ^{to} the doostand now, & dispoose to be
yourself for us, and Italian of us plide.

So is he of us, & answer not, but find
mood men of sort of parts and qualities.

At last he loud, & in a window spide,
And like light down Exalt & flings from me
Violently waifest to his betreevy.

Many word to you: he could Comand no more
he ye aurdle, fouget, & he and turned out of doore.

Directly saund to me, hanging the head

And constantly auld must keep his Board.

Satire 2^d /

I thought (I thank god for it) I doo. Ento
yourself, all the Comod, yet to doo it our state
in all ill spirit, so Exalt outly best.

That gate toward them boord, they toward hand
through Votey

Though Victory indeed by surge & Sines.
 All things it brings downe & Spaniards in.
 Though like the y^estildone, or old fassownd loud
 It riddlingly out of mind, & dotz & duncun
 Nowe hee it be strowd out, yet thowd stow
 So poore, disfavord, like of apact, not worthy kute
 So like a writing wth att Lawe Jud god, as dead
 yet prompt his wth stand next & could not read
 The ff faine his life, guide I d wth otovb undand
 (stoundinge Emis self) to him by, sit Labord & roand
 The in faine Argand fuppitt. dand about
 And followe want below wth thowd do more
 had would dand loud by, vunde, by wth of vast (Larmes
 Bring not now t^h p^h old f^h dand, use t^h p^h old kavnd
 Ramus and Shuss now god fadly Battoye
 Visto bth are the best Artildoye
 And they wth write to Lords, & ward to y^ett
 And t^h p^h not like Boye, singing att doards for undat
 And t^h p^h wth write because all write hand shill
 t^h p^h f^h for wth itting, & for wth itting ill
 But hee wth who begg only dotz (how
 t^h p^h wth f^h f^h, and in his wand wth wth
 wth d^h d^h d^h