

In every honour that thou wilt spare me now  
I will allow  
Spacious god of love, tiswoty to thee  
when with my brower my grayes hunger men see  
Till thou love till my body rages, and till  
me travell, sorowes, snatch, plot, haire, forgett  
resume my best years what thinker that yett  
you had never met  
Lett me think any rivalls better myne  
and all next mine  
Keep midnights promise, mistake by I way  
the mayd and till the Lu. of that deha  
Only till me love none nor not the sport  
from country quesse to confitures of court  
or cittyes queshes chopps let report  
my mind transport  
This surquair is <sup>good</sup> if when I am old I see  
Suffemill by thee  
if thyne owne honoure or my shame or yagrie  
thou covest, most with that wylle shall thou  
doe thy will then, then subist or dreyre  
and fruits of love, love I submitte to thee  
spare me till then be pears it thought the  
our that loves me

finis

