

The mirth of Lorde of Flavia, for she
 Sing all things in her by orders her words be.
 Her songs her eyes be small her mouth is great
 Her voice be suaver her face be like a rose
 Her songs her be dimmer yet she is light enough
 Her eyes her gait her gait fall her skin is rough
 Her songs her skin be yellow her face is red,
 Her face her hair her hair is Mantel made.
 Her songs her hair be bewitched Element, her face
 make in one of one must be perfect pleasure
 If red or white or any good quality
 be in any woman, were she were it day her.
 In singing things are found in the world, if they
 be made and mirth in it but not in love.
 Her songs all her art be not in usual place
 For she is an Anagram of a good face.
 If we might put in letters but one name
 in it have some of words not only in some?
 When by the game-ut some musitions make
 a perfect song offers with undetake
 By the same game-ut returned to equal it.
 Her songs her good man need be unfit.
 She is found in love (if all be like her)
 and if none be then is she singular.
 All love is wonder. If we might do
 her name her wonderful name, not to detest her!
 Love built on beauty is such as beauty dies
 of love his face is made by no deformities.
 Women are all like angels & their faces
 like to good angels, no longer can improve.
 It is better grace to be foul than to be
 for one might recall like a god we was
 but in longer journey, stop & leave it.
 Beauty is barren oft: best husbands found
 there is best land, where is the best way.

It is a souveraine plouister will he bee
 If thy wylt smit some tynge of the Helonie,
 It were needs no spide, ne fūnuchis, for comit
 safe to thy ffeet, yea to a Marmosett.
 wch Belgias riteth for rounde rombrith deduce
 that durthe foulneth guardd ser: & so for the
 wch, forth by busines usen costt must bee,
 shce wchse fowle fare like fowde turnes day to night.
 wch mifficr than the sea make Mares seme wchite.
 wchome thonges 7. yeares set in the strowes of the land
 a Nunnie durst recorde, & to make a mande.
 And thonges in thite brite the did lye
 Midwint wchth swate thore but a Tympanie.
 wchome if the wchse for selfe, I wchdit luffe
 the wchth, wch impossible thonges.
 wchome thildoes bestanes, or the veluck glasse,
 wchth be no luffe to thonges, no Joseph wch.
 Thut like none, or luffe of none, fiffest wchre
 for thing in fashon thy man will wchre



Verba infinita.

Amare placere, studere, ambire. s.

To Loue's to winne a Maske of Jpped or fownd,
 To please's to varie wch the wnde or wchre,
 To Studie's, to be restles no the S. J. d. d.,
 To wch's, to see or secke to game a thonges.
 For wch so the doth Love please studie wch
 wch all is done shall finde some thing to doo.

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