

The first god thynges saine the wordes framme stood
 that ever die in woemans paye appoynted:

Quere yo are from gods Master yone, and so
 his partur. For our loves, doo as yo doo
 Make yo retourne some gratians, and before
 his eye, on that, soe make one eye of two:

For soe god goe me, I would not misse yo' here
 For all the good, wch yo' than doo mee here:



D: Dreaune

Deare, here, for wottinge esse then had
 woued of eane broke this paxie dreaune

It was a Dreaune

For reason myng to strange for fantasia
 Dreaune from wch I see wylde, yet
 My dreaune than broke not, but thout myng it
 To see act soe true, that the myng of the suffire
 to make dreaunes true, and flabes of storyes:
 Under this dreaune, for saine from thought it best
 not to dreaune, all my dreaune, lett doo the rest

As dyght myng, or a Tapere lyght
 from eye, and not this noybe wch I see
 yet of thought to goe

(Dreaune)

(Then knowest thou) but an Angell art swift swift
Thou knowest of love, thou knowest my heart
And knowest my thoughts beyond an Angells Art
Thou knowest what I dream, thou knowest my
excess of love would make mee, and taughte thou
of doe my selfe, it would not be but bee
profanous to thinke thee any thinge, but thee

Cominge, and stayinge, good thee, good
Thou knowest makes mee doubt if more

Thou art not more

That love is made, whose feares as strange as see
He is not all Spirit, pure, and strasse
Yet mixture of feares, paine, grome: Thus
purge away as to rest, we must ready bee
When light, and put out, so thou dearest we mee
Thou taughte to kinde, goest to some heere of
wice dreams that epe ayayne, but see would dye:

Epitaph

Epitaph:

That of might make ye: submit my Tomb
And for my flame, we of love next my soules
Next to my soules, provide the purg'd flame
Admit to that peare, this last Amoraell should
I: thou by Testament yebe dogayze but of

Thou mine!