

As Satyrer walye he sumer wyse will shone
Waryng wether yo shal opene, lett out daze
Onlye desired because so fast we see
Othert nose you shall whysperinge speake
and wayerz here at wth first day will breake
And wome by observinge her, wylle find it is
That opene first a rustur, her or yis
Eyes wilbe lized to morrowe after my
Eie wth by day vilarge not o valentyn

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Dumes Legacye + +

Before I saye my last galye, lett me breake
(great love) some legacye, heare I bequeth
my reb to p^{er}cus, if mye eye same see
if her be, blinde, her love I give her
my tongue to fame & impudant mye eare
to women as to be for my leare
Eson love cast laught me heartsoer
of makinge me seruo yie, wth sad twenty more
E f shoals quie to now, but passab sad to many before
my constance f to be plannoll b quie
my traly to her & at her Douthe do lund
mye myemilte and mye experies
to f^{er}uile, to Buffonit, mye pensuonit
mye silene to auge, hat abred harte bri
mye name to a Capuine
Eson love laught me by appoyntinge me
to lund you, wth no love wth can be
I give mye reputation to h^{er}
wth her mye friend, mye industrie to mye fact
to p^{er}olmen f bequith, mye doubtfull
mye subit to p^{er}ificat, a cross
to natur all e f a wth face will
506 And to mye wth mye will

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You love by makinge me dole
 He who begott hit love in me before,
 So I'm for wome he passinge be a neat booke.
 I give my profitable booke, my written rowles
 All mortall rousefull of the Bedlam que
 My brasen need all into hem wyl find
 In want of bread to hem wyl pass a longe
 All foreyne d'interet my Englishounge
 You love by makinge me love one
 who byntes sie frome a full portion
 for longer love, doest my giftes disproportion
 wherefore ihu give no more but the word
 the world wyl dringe, because ite eye to
 even all so bewte wilde no more work
 even god in mynub where none do drase it fyll,
 And all so greates no more wyl shall gaud
 even a sume drall in a greave
 You have taught me by makinge me.
 how you wyl do wyl looke both byt and me.
 Tribent and practise byt our waye to humilitate all here
 In a garden at Trishpan. Pag. 23.

Blasted wyl suffer, and surrounded by leaves
 Helter I want to seele by springe
 And at myn eye and at myn eares
 Vertant's suff' blame ab esse, curst eures byng
 The heart love, wyl tranfubstantiated all
 And can vnderstande Manna to call,
 And that hit place might be truly be brought
 even paradice, I have the secret brought,
 it were wholesome for me that winter die
 beight the glorye of hit place,
 And a greave frost die for die
 These beut to laugh, and worke me to my face
 But I may not hit disgrace
 andur, nor want hit garden, love all me.

The (P.L.) kept under the 20 Auger