Sold it restoratives restore it then
But if from it upon God's back to advance
Transfer the rendall round throw at his heart.

De Fenice

The Arabian bird I never it but one
The sun yet bereft shee is alone
But God & mother nature made them two
They would not dwell as birds & parrots do

De Fendro nato et fatum mortuo
epitaphium

Lo in yt little Castell lies
A prodigious Fenell as wise as
Nature in ye worlds disband
But sonne & strangest pull upp against

Ye obitus Hominis
Extemporis

Nature making old begame
This to do fine
Out to make upp such a man
Men might admire
And thought not soe fine a thread
(Then unto it smile)
Yt sig steere heart shee profited
A wedded Prime
Death the moate of natures art
The danger spied

For this sight retrowide earth heaven
And not man dread
But in time amende to make
And helpe this error
A morsell of death sentime by breake
This sweet sit mirrore

But death beware a surfeite for his sod
That not man taxed to bind now hemeit dead

Upon St Valentines day
a Problem

Is Valentines bind a single man
A priest & martyr till pitt hee ye tan
How is that on this day of all ye yeare
The statyred quite of sayt doe those
Doth ye old legend some such strange wante
Or is not sent relation to the saints

2d Answer
Yet noble honest man in imitation
Of such light treatures strond this their fashion
Is it beranst in all the bestiall state
On this ye bind is sent unto his mate
Whilst man not reason blest, not lust disgrace
Learned of ye extreme & citizen to lust chaste.

But like a sonne wounds strong head feete & heart
As strounds like rayndes wounds strong dartes arrow pike
visitt all countryes & have like made
Burgoyne ffrance navyget wounds & derand
& rotland yet knew not state wounde in one day
And maugrid 17 yeaded Italy ia.
Or wonder it such gold as that wonderfull
Almighty Christ two days mineral
Hidding by sutt till fro a sonne out pulle
And dutchy & desperately gyle
I wonde not spitt to undrye ye fore sworn
For they are guilty of such faynous sinne
But shall my harmless Angells voice shall
I loose my guardes my life, mind days my all
Mens hope y^t they sonne nouriss will bee dead
Mens of mint able youth & hiedth head
Will vanish if then lord left them alone
For then will love me lose after they and gone.
Of bee content ye sonne lord bindat my trouble
Note poland yet sore shunne shadowe great for hyde
May like a dwell weare strong storey stroke
And yall ye finders rotigate if they meete.
Or sett me weepe to sonne dread rommer
That yet fantastique sertanie doth bee a stunne
And gate dexinded pardon in fundments
And yet yet words wordes & murdered trust his wrete
Too full y^t hong shall pass then all in sunne
Hee to bound him self not room to enter in
And if then all his arte & find is sponte
That say trouble weare bee found, of bee content
Bee two fro sun ye d wond longing night
Weatons God is at monte of destiny
Upon saint Calais ye gold doth still remaine
Strong it bee shamed & sonne into a kind
God in ye first fallen Angells restore still

Wisdome & knowledge but bee friend to ill
But then art resolute they will bee out
Yet yet such grimish have for only some
Age mother in ye sunnyes grade doth lays
Unto ye friar here in Martyrs I bestrays
Good sonne for ye good life to enemy sunder
Bad angells for good messages ye bringe
Desire and ye might have bound to sure to end
That wonte have lord & more strong ye alone
And y^t wonte suffer sunder, nakeness
Yea death and ye wonte make ye minister less
But I am guilty of ye sonne drown
May ye fore followes longer yet made stay
But o strong wrathfull finder, repent ffate
Too y^t I almost willie they state
Bold bodies ye heavies mettall amongst all
May omy most heavy curse upon hee fall
Hew fettered, manacled & hyd in the mine
Thrist must they bee, then rebinde to fall yonder
Or bee yet forrame yet bribe to betray
Yet rombardy & fault bole of bleat & pay
May ye wrath they ye they forget to wave
Yea on, repent mouble sunne wrath they must bee
Or, billet bee sonne interrotted hunge
Yet wyligent by hope they sunne bee
Instead distance wrath they & dwell yet hee
Thrice defiant & not abilities
May all ye ill y^t gold gate order prevent
All miseries ye all die alle order strong
Want after poverty, poore & yonder ye age
Thy plagues of treacheries, bee, murder
Afflict hee & mend, at they hated rest moment
May they soolest sunne themselves to they ye sent
But I forgive repent they gentle man

O of strange sights in your glass do appear
O by poor state, of what was wrought then.
The sun intwinde the for to pointers rolle
To shew sate pride upon his mistes ende
Thy mind fingers in her lappe to holde
And wonder lad entertainment shrouds
And mother will behind to rolle it out
Untill her fingers minbly stand about
Other her last sore or shed salt how rather)
So out in ordered order must bee found
Least any other man her happes sende gather
Enter his name into for letters to cooke
And if his reasonings sarve bee found his edmund
Doe make the blotte nothing then begins again
But nothing looke to it, least no wind away
And yett no slender sankes o follows eyes
Yo must oppose or on more down day
For shee must take no leave yo godes
And if yo doe not at yo hands appear
Yoth rosse yo name no sall not battle heare
Nor in yo day hand onlyed do hee sadoe no
In to mon dodan sobe o yo diett
But in yo night shrud allso hee wolfe no
Mother other ridahnds all are at their quiett
And are not rood in misrable taking
That habb noe rest in sleeping nor in waking
Mouth habe fonlk but no sorts poor relate him
Nor must trouble thonab hee mother inrest
Nor habe inst tonse o yet noe tanott gate him
Thongs hee are bath sont mtn are the tenes roccase
Yet shall I say I talke no more about him
No lions with him o noe lies without him.

B. Stone.

Ad amiral de pondtrent armilla tuit.

Not in ronlowe it was like hee heare
For trumpetts of it then might bee
Nor in hee heard it off embrace o kiss
For so it had in good my off I miss
Nor for the silly old morality
That as he so hinks are by and our lord spirit bee
Mouth I in I hee shown fold regime gudd loss
Nor for in hurke sake, but in bitter rose
Or shall iz angeboun angells, not at yett
Nor heaven o bride scaden did admitt
Nor yett by any fault hadd strange on gone
From in first state of begin tradition
Angells, not heaven remanded to grande
All things to me, to bee my faithfull guide
To gaind new friends, to accomplish great endeavoure
My sonle to rest mogen by hee or rise
Shall hee in innocentie by hee sware
Untome (dread judge) my sonne great humbled
Shall hee bee damned, o in in frauare preserve
And permitt for offence not begin round?
They sare not mee, hee doe not aske my pardon
Mogen in in yett hee are hurtt, o hee in kinde
Pardon hee but remand of shame hee rude, not
For most of hee begin natural remedy and
I thinke possible hee remo gone to me
Abed pale lo lamb, so stand, so innocent
And gone bard frenie things most of frain bee
Begin remand and hurrid right most frain
Or pardon hee, frammit hee trumpet full frammit
That are bereave as Cato hee hee king
Hee poulitt hoardmaster, poulitt pitiett
That mard hee Cato hee are at bee
That meyhigritie hee remanded bee
Like many angles in mind in in bee
Of sont that feminine in mouth infant
Natural as hee doe hee hee