

Sind some my longe strayde eyes to mee whoo w<sup>o</sup> w<sup>o</sup> to longe hath dwelt one these and if they theare have learnt such ill such false fashions and

forst passions that they bee made by thee fitt for no good sight keepe them still.

*Operario*

*amoyd*

Longe anoyes and sharte contentinge, smale rewardes for longe tormentinge, vaine desires and hopes deceuvinge, death that liues yet liues bereuvinge

fained smiles and teares vnfained, so liues hee that with loue pained fained smiles and teares vnfained, so liues hee that with loue pained