

My Loue doth flye with winges of feare  
And doth a flame of fire resemble  
In mounting high, and burning cleare  
yet ever more doth moue and trouble.

My Loue doth see and doth admire  
Admiring breedeth humblenes  
Smiles Loue is blinde bold but my desire  
The more it loves presumes the lesse.

My Loue seeks not reward nor Glory  
But seek it selfe, in selfe contentinge  
Is neuer sullen, neuer frowne  
Neuer repynge, neuer repentinge.

Out into the Sunn beames can be cold  
But little some passion, feels some heat.  
For though the Sunn himselfe could  
The beames reflectinge fire begett.

That mine eye, & that mine hart  
were both enlarg'd to containe  
The beames, and loyes the dewy part  
While the Sunn doth not disdayne.

From a servant of Diana as faithful as she be  
A lady got a picture and wear it at her breast  
The picture misters took it, it pleased her so to doo  
And wear it at her elbowe thought for it was her  
What means that Angolike Quene to wear the picture  
Whom she to scorn her servant, or to disgrace him? No  
she at her elbowe or on it, to signify that she  
doe respect at her elbowe, doth her law to be  
And as her lover she seek in what he would embrace her  
To shew when she should even at her feet to dye  
And as her lover she seek in what he would embrace her

There is more neives then ferre, I may as well  
Tell you Calis, or st Michaels talis, for never as tell  
That two doth heere habitually dwell  
yet as to get stomaches, we walke so, and downe  
And to be to Greater Rest, so may god frame  
It but to hate both of haunt Courte and home.  
For heere noe one is from extremitie

of vice by any other reason free  
But that the next to him is worse then he  
In this world or for, they whom a good face  
Gods Cominary doth see thoroughly hate  
As in the Court Squadrons to march all there pertaine  
If they stand arm'd with simple honestie  
Not wisdom, nor wyes, neat mignerie  
Like ~~the~~ like Spaine, but they be  
Suspicious bouldnes to this place belongs  
And to have eares as all have tonges

Tender to knowe, though to acknowledge wronge  
Believe me s<sup>r</sup> in my yowthys gooddest dayes  
When to be like the Court was a plain practise  
Plais were not soe like Co<sup>ts</sup> as Courts are like plain  
Then her is this Mimicke anticke yet  
In his deepest projects and egreivous restes  
Are but Morals at a game at Chess.  
But now tis meagre to smile

Therefore send, and bid farewell a while  
At Court, though from Court were the better stile  
In more then his, letters mingle words  
For the friends absent speak, the case controules  
The tediousnes of my life: But for this I should  
I could do nothinge that would please  
But I should wither in one day and paye  
To a bundle of hay, that am a lacke of grace  
Life is a Quagge, and in lutes wayes  
Countryes, Townes, Courts are, Rights or Lawes  
They breake or stop all steps, yet our state is such  
That though worse then pitch they flame, we must trowe  
It in the furnace of the ever lyne  
Or under the adverse up to the thier pyre  
Then knowest the remoraire Repens good in  
Dwell there: But what for what? what for what?