

The tyrannous tyrannous rage on Drindon
Grouge, Mills, rocks, and woods, and at last almost
Confused in going in the sea for light
Soe life should not more gentle mind should
Flower from God's hand, to be god's gift to trust

Fms.

at. 4.

Well if my name, crown and dye. My fine
In deed is great but if I had been in
Purgatory. Sure as fear's eye is
A word about to, and heart's mappe of text
My mind nor the winds are nor yet they be
May find the law to see, or to be seen
If I had not fear's heart at court, nor fear's fear
Get went to court, but the place was I did goe
To make in haste was found to discharge
The sundred marks, not in the great's curse
Before of fear's face it pleased my destiny.
Cruelty of my fine in getting to the end
To grow to all ill. of god he forgot
Full, he proud, he lust full and he more in debt
To name he will lose, and he false he too
My kind he sent for one's getting left away
Therefore I suffered text. Towards me I run
A temper more strange to be on his rhyme to be
In deed, or all not to the North's like name
Of the myd, we would spend gold to name
Stranger to be found, Antiquary's study of

the

