

yet nothing can be nothing false  
 Nor any place be empty quite  
 Therefore I think my breast hath all  
 Those pieces still, though they be not quite  
 And now as broken glasses show  
 A thousand lesser faces: If for  
 my rays of heart, like with e adore  
 But after me such love can never love more.

fidris

If am two fools I know  
 For loving e for saying so  
 in why my poetry  
 But where's thy wife man, I would not see  
 if she could not die  
 Then

Thomas y<sup>e</sup> earths inward narrow Canons  
 Doe purge sea waters frothfull salt away  
 I thought if I should draw my flames  
 through vices vexation, I should them alay  
 writes brought to number, can not be so free  
 or so tame as it I fetters it in verse.

But when I have done for  
 some man his art e voice to show  
 with fetts e sing my flames  
 and by delighting many fires againe  
 write with verse did refraine  
 To love e write my bits of verse e songs  
 but not of such as selcapes when his reads  
 Both are increased by such songs for