

Grief com a way and doe not thou refuse, as low hat I done, to find thy

joy; And if sad griefs or dymers' smart, can cause this joy, I'll finde a thousand wayes

to kill low's Trauag'les, & bloody' foy's! No from thou light of our shall be gaine

for none thou hast nor wish of any pity.

With thou but joy, & I'll make low to thee
 since thou the faithfull follower of low's Art
 for hit low's fayth thou holdst thy Company,
 if thou shew's none of may not fauor I can part
 with for sad griefe A by's with my heart
 Nor from thou light of our shall be gaine
 for none thou hast nor wish of any pity.

I Rise, & grieve, I walk to & fro my sorrow, I Eat, I live, I proclaim not
 till to morrow I lay me down to rest & sleep again, I Rise, I walk, I
 feed, & live in pain: mind thou my fate, I fear, I shew my pain,
 or End by fate what thou hast made before.

argz,

if I but close
 the cover of my eyes
 then I turn things about
 as I dream my sleep is strife
 And if I wake I suffer to ease my mind
 I see how bad was my double thought, I see
 mind thou my fate etc.

argz. or if it be
 try with I should endure
 what thou
 is Almost past return
 give me but strength to undergoe these pains
 I will like a hard Run, I bring all my veins
 or mind my fate
 it is my pain I see fate
 or End by fate
 what thou hast made.