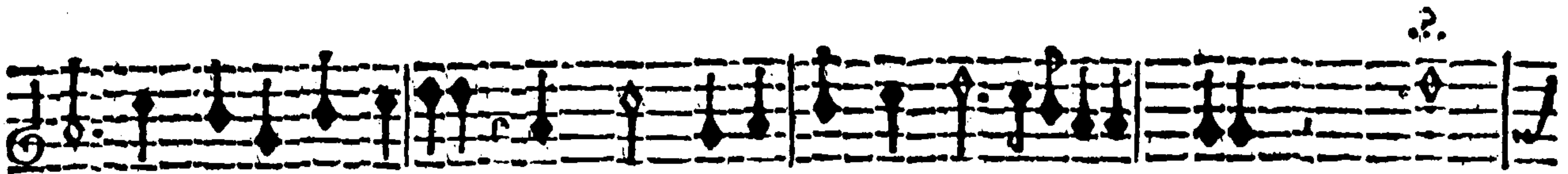
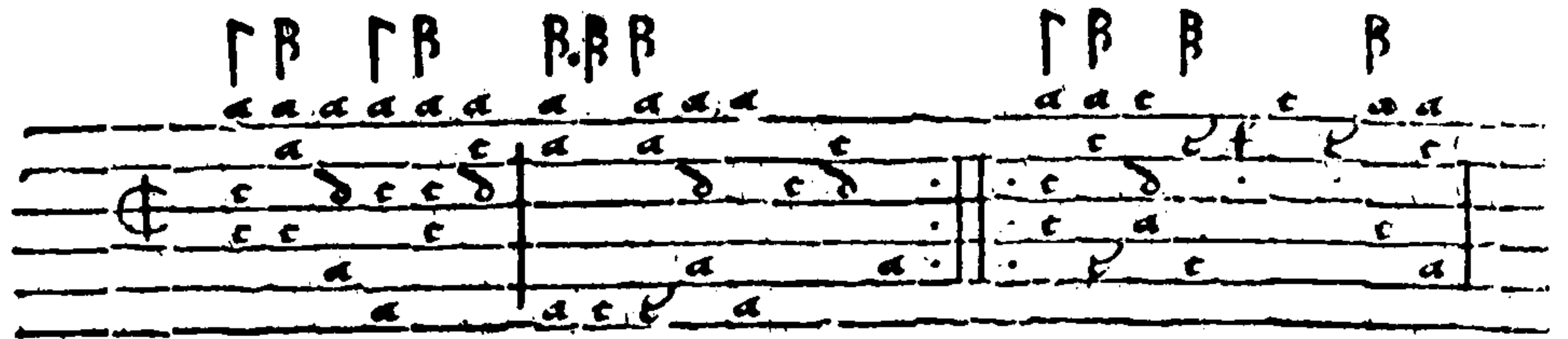
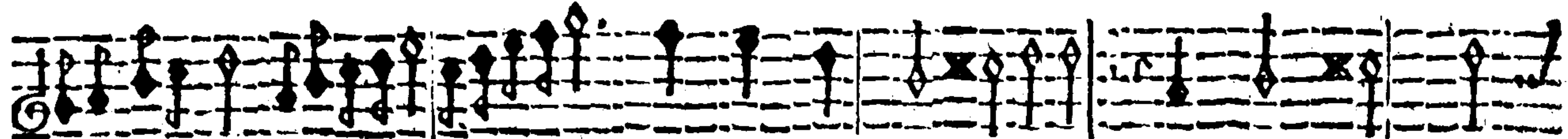
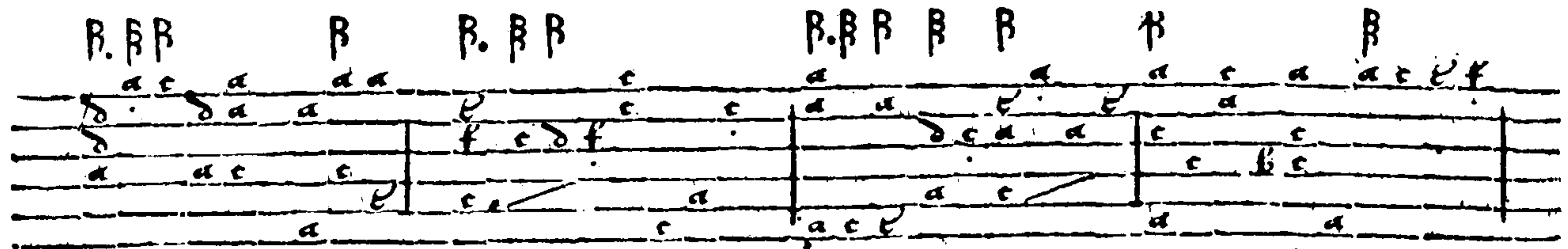


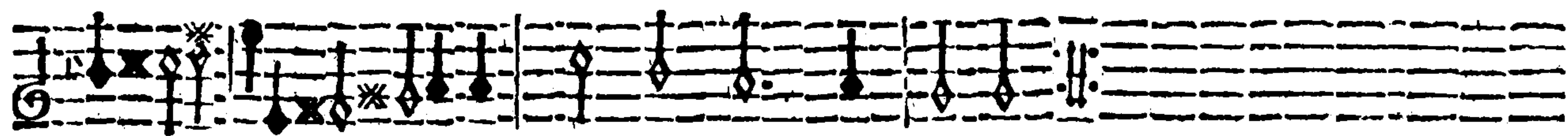
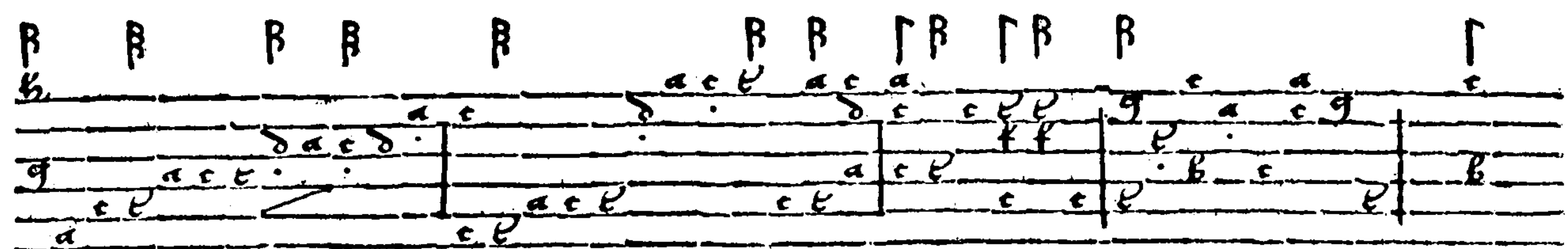
Eauie stand further, repine not at my blaming,  
Is it not murther, to set my hart on flaming, Thus hopelesse to



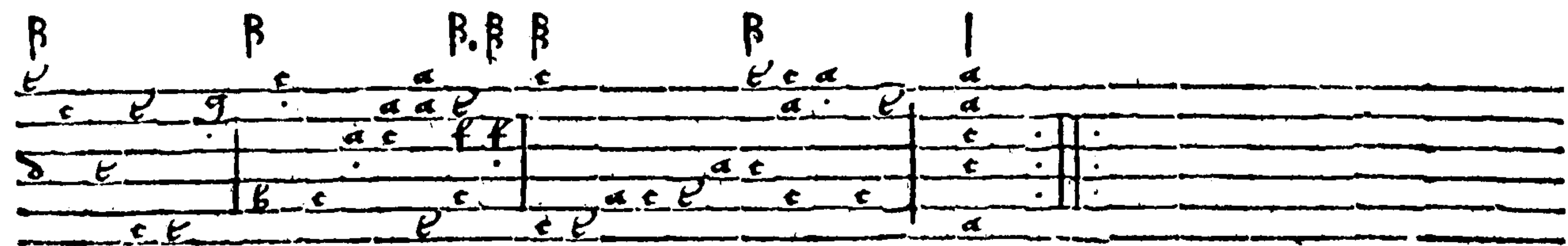
take bare sight of such a glorie doth tempt me to make my death beget a storie, Then



pitie pitie me, ii. ii. least some worse thing ensueit, My deaths true cause,



ii. ii. will force the gilt to rue it.



2

Is it not better,  
To loue thy friend in good sort,  
Then to be debter,  
For kindnesse name to report,  
If you had the lesse,  
For this rich mercie lending,  
Then should I confesse,  
No thrift were in such spending.  
Oh pittie me, the gaine shall be thine owne all,  
I would but liue, to make thy vertues knowne all.