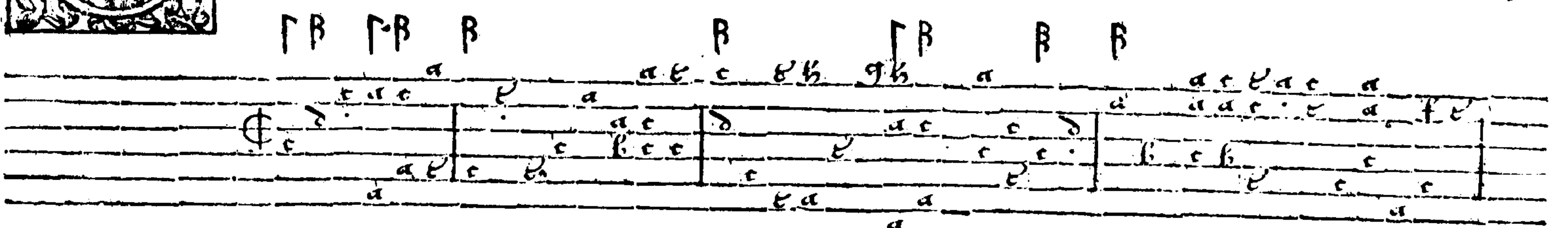
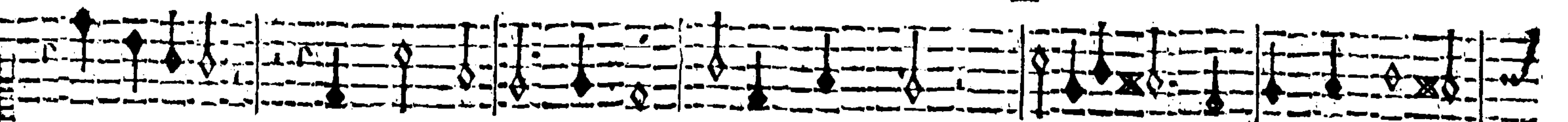


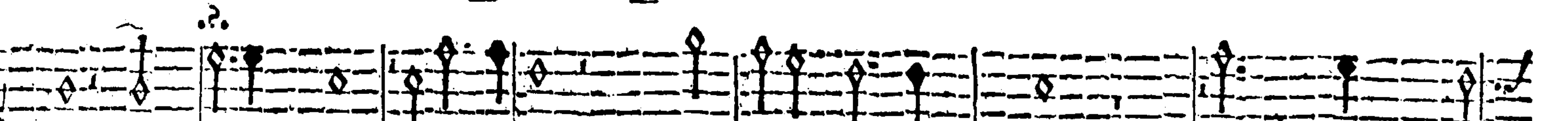
Ver these brookes trusting to ease mine eies,



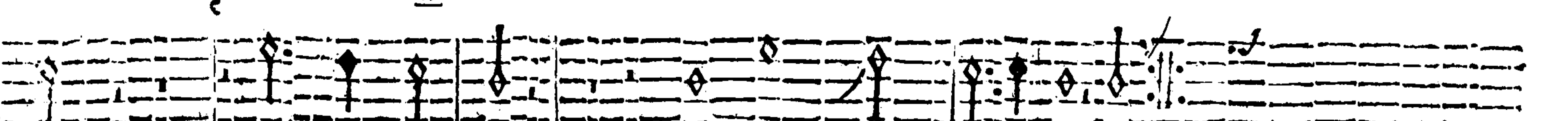
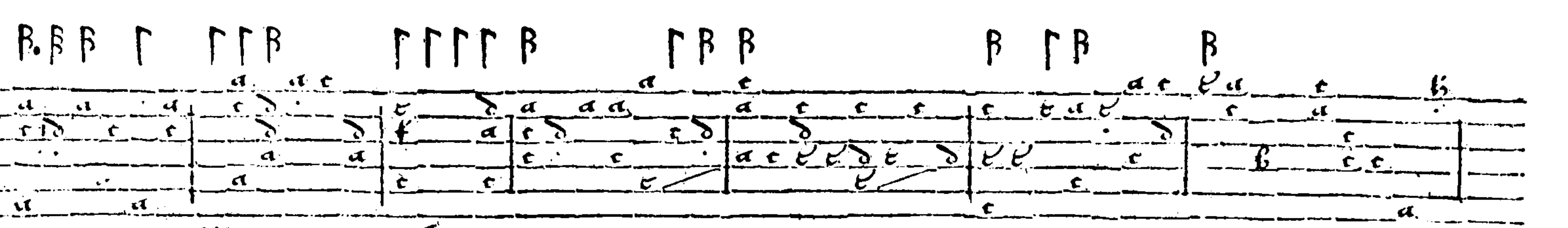
ii. mine eies euen great in labour with her teares, I laid my face



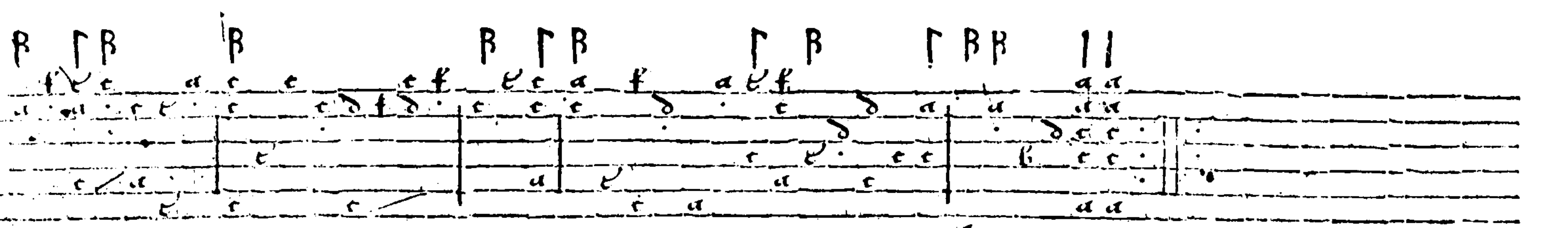
ii. my face wherein there lies clusters of clowdes, ii. which no sunne e- uer



cleres in watry glasse, ii. my watry eies I see for- rowes ill



cafed, ii. where for- rowes painted be. in



My thoughts imprisoned in my secret woes,
With flame breathes, doe issue oft in sound,
The sound to this strange aire no sooner goes,
But that it doth with Ecchoes force rebound,
And make me heare the plaints I would refraine,
Thus outward helps my inward griefes maintaine.

Now in this sand I would discharge my mind,
And cast from me part of my burdous cares,
But in the sand my tales foretold I find,
And see therein how well the waters fares,
Since streames, ayre, sand, mine eyes and eares conspire,
What hope to quench, where each thing blowes the fire.