

The tableture Base

Ver the brookes running to eale mine eyes, o- ver the brookes, ii. the

brookes running to eale mine eyes, ii. euen great in la- bour with her teares I laid my

face my face, ii. wherein there lies there lies clusters of clowdes clusters of clowdes

which no sunne euer cletes, in wary glasse, ii. my wary eyes I see my wary eyes forrowes ill ealed, ii.

where forrowes painted bee.