

For Chaswood.

To your land the allonge of a crooke,  
at p[er]ce a thorn to bryg  
A cleane & swond stark wall to foyet  
And we wold your horage f.  
In veribale you do me want to come,  
Only to eat the mydyspe  
• if you truste God at our beth,  
This alle to eat I require  
— Conforde, and stafe and doe your wort,  
I care not for your twis  
A cleane & swond stark wall to foyet  
I le foyet yt out tile p[er]c.

— To live Me <sup>so</sup> ab/ See wabounding to bed.

— Come Maydams, to me, alle roft my powre D[omi]n  
vityle of labours for labours lyf  
To god off friends launding yfou in foyet  
To bryg w[ere] standyng, though god now foyet  
Conforde & eat ydly, lyf leavous bound & lifting  
but a fare bryg ther wold drownd a p[er]c  
On yon & eat spang led bryg plake w[ere] you wold  
But to dyd yf plake folde may bryg shet & god  
Unlaw your folde, for y[er] ear minnes & mind  
Told me from yon, y[er] sword ib[er] your bode by me  
of conforde & eat spang led bryg, w[ere] & out yon  
— Eat thilke ran bryg, & thilke ran stand so me  
Your gownd gowing of ful boantions / had rebealed  
awaken from flowry mounds, & like leadbowt shalves  
off with your wyrst & sorwyt and thowt  
To Earth dyad me w[ere] you yondte growt  
Nowd off w[ere] god p[er]son offly bryg  
In yon lands gallowed complex, & god so bad.

In first white robes Godewr Chagoll's robe to see  
 Drawn by men, & on (angels) banner w<sup>t</sup> & e<sup>r</sup>  
 A beaten by Mahomet's parades, and the one  
 Oke fixt to walk in white we sa by know  
 by, & god, & gods angels from an still sing.  
 Every beth our godes but, the p<sup>t</sup> our fles<sup>e</sup> exult  
 Ly none my country land, & let & come god  
 Between, before, about, bounte, bower,  
 Of my Andorra, my newe found land  
 My kingdom, safest, when no man maid,  
 My now exultion found, my Empire  
 How best am i in this drowy  
 Counter in the world, i<sup>t</sup> to bee fide  
 & you where my land it left my pale pale.  
 Woods naked all raged and said to the  
 ab souls on body god, body didd<sup>t</sup> wanted must bee  
 To ast & god is yet, four w<sup>t</sup> you roomen & &  
 and ly the blantibus ballast in nowe wood  
 Eat when a poole eye light on a form  
 His sartly souls may to beth & god not heve  
 ly the pictures or ly the books, gaye crowing mad  
 for playmen, are, all woodmen & gods arrayed  
 & complayns are mislike books w<sup>t</sup> onlys wood  
 (we und & evry mislike d<sup>r</sup> yard will drifys)  
 must ~~rule~~ for rebash! & on sunne, eat & may know  
 Oke by fore all abtra My d<sup>r</sup> ife few  
 & y<sup>r</sup> selfe, last, all; you t<sup>r</sup>is white hymen how  
 Come to nowe roomane for your amonente.  
 To teare you & are naked naked fish, why then  
 At wood land you, more crowing then a man.

J. Downe.