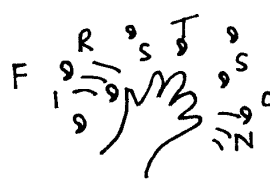
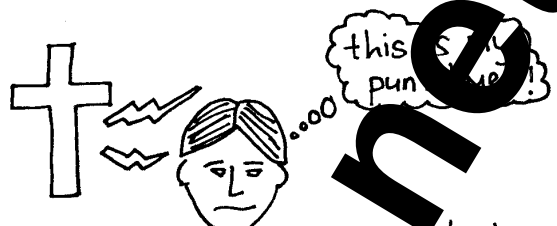



On my first Sonne



Forewell, thou child of my
right hand;

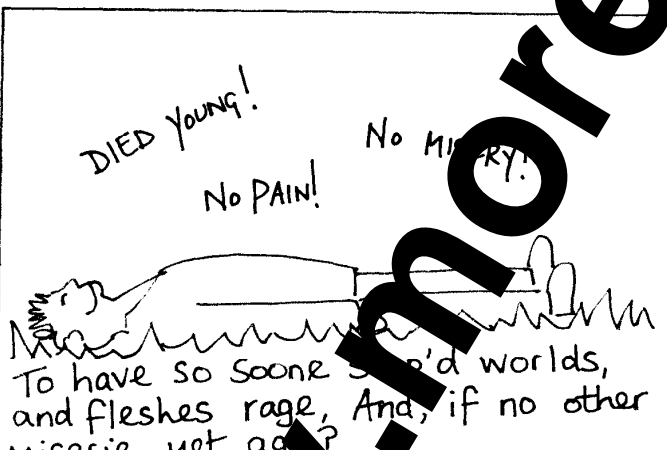


My sinne was too much hope
of thee, lov'...




Seven yeeres tho'wert
lent to me, and I thee pay,
Exacted by thy fate, on
the just day.

...d I loose all father, now.
For why will man lament the
state he should envie?

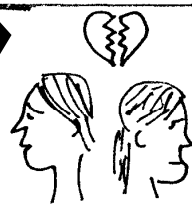


DIED young!
No PAIN!
No MISERY!

To have so soone soe'd worlds,
and fleshes rage, And, if no other
Miserie, yet ag...



R. I. P
Rest in soft peace,
and, ask'd, say here
doth lye Ben. Jonson
his best piece of
poetrie.



For wnes sake, hence-forth, all his vowes be such,
As what he loves may never like too much.