

There set 'em down: And glorious war, farouche,
 Then child of honor & ambitious thought
 Merg'd in blood & burst with kingdoms' ruins;
 Then golden d'nger, courted by thy followers,
 Thro' fires & famines; & the loyal subject

You have a princely birth, take princely thought
 to you. So

Meggan's book - act 2 - sc. 3. Goswin & Ger-
 truck. charming charming. (charming hilly.)

Incredulitas. Infidelitas. Apostasia. Atheismus.

— he y reads me
When I am asher is my son in wishes,
And those chaste Dames that keep my memory,
Wringing my yearly requiems, are my Daughters.
Thierore the Dore. Beaumont Fletcher

Thou art a precious piece of ^{trium} ~~sky~~ ^{trium} ~~damna~~
~~woman~~ ^{trium} ~~trium~~

I couldst thou be so injurious to fair goodness,
Once to attempt to cast her down to frailty?
Or put her but in mind that there is wealth
In desire, as she should never hear of?

I cannot make you gentlemen; that's a work
Raised from your own deservings; merit
And in-born virtue does it: Let your own good
Title

My Lion, my Lamb, my Eagle, & my Dove,
Whose soul's robes exceed Diana's fount!
Nature picked several flowers from her choise garden,
And bound them up in thee, sending thee forth
A posy for the bosom of a queen. Queen of Corinth.

Is not Peace the End of Arms?

Not where the cause implies a general conquest
as an
But where we grapple for the ground we live in are
as

Vide Courant
Act 12. 1.
Boudin

Timber they can digest & fight upon't;
old mats, & mud with spoons, rare meats. — Bonduea

Like the fair breaking of a glorious day,
Guided this phalanx, when the angry Penit
Steps like a stormy cloud twist them & hopes. Bonduea

'Tis not high power that makes a place divine
Nor has the men from sedt divine their line,
But secret thoughts in holy bosoms stored
make people noble, & the place adored. Bonduea

Thou hast a clear & noble soul. For thy sake
I'll hold that man mine enemy, who dares matter
The Court is not the sphere where virtue moves,
Humanity & Nobles waiting on her.

I keep no Knaves, no Murderers, no beasts,
No base betrayers of those men that fed them;
I hate their Cooks, & tho' I may be wanton,
I scorn to nourish it with bloody purchase,

They that have power are royal, & those base
That live at the devotion of another.
False one