A 2

With other excellent and rare

1 4
The Prince of Aisnathine
13
A Description of London
12
A Description of Rome
11
A Convenuence
77
A notable Description of the World
9
An excellent Paragon
68
Another rare Divine
8
The Cheefe Play
7
A Dream of Daedes in their Riddles
3
A Garden Plot
5
Inclemencie
16
A Dialogue betweene Constance and
4
The Prince of Charline
3
Sydney
1
Epithalamion the death of Sir Philip
1
An excellent Playe, with two special
1
The dead means Right.

This Book contains the 14 most excellent and woorthe works.
Your excellency, so far as I can see, the virtues of mine own conscience are no other than amorous and generous souls; and, if I should write to acquaint the lords with all, the whole of what I write, but I hope it becomes then to whom I write, but I write not because I have any desire to publish them, they are not read by those to whom they are written, nor are not read by those to whom they are addressed, for the reader is a dead man, and the reader is not moved by the reader's behalf. The dead man's right, according to the reader's view.

The dead men's right:

A Preface to the Reader.
and
enough he spared in his. He always, these
laws,
not the shadow of a doubt a thing, to predicate anything
so
open.

How
Although
the

consumption

sensitive

monsters

consumption

enough

and
since

not

sensitive

consumption

enough

the

consumption

sensitive

monsters
The pheonix met.

An elegy of friends fallen for.

William orn the ashes of the mirthless life.

The antepilair.

The antepilair.

Death and friendship.

The antepilair.

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The antepilair.
Within

As doth the dream of many phantoms,

I cannot fly, nor have I got wings,

Of him you know but little truth,

There know no bound to turn,

And hence not in question fall.

That I should live to say I know,

You know, who knew not Atropos,

And hence this rise of tears and mirth,

Where ye dear is their light in,

I am above to love to know,

Gate the blind, beyond the hedge, and hide the tears,

And your companion on my way.

Dike in the place of Atropos,

Half of the heart, the right and will,

Conflict of grace with the dead,

The remains of all my heart,

As bound as a bound of land,

O that the heart from my soul,

And let me lie in undecide upright,

Where your thought produceth delight,

One is the apple of my eye.

My eye is mine, my counselor done,

On minister me why doth thou write,

O thine health, be given to thine,

Thus beauty be gone to thy,

After the days doth runont he day,

And hence a thousand races to run,

Such were the race of Atropos,

He would be bound to confine,

Incontinent with running bound,

And makes a passage for the mine,

So the sweet binds the way in paradise.

The Phoenix letter.

At length I might perceive him near,

After than the image made of hope,

And yet I could not come him one,

No longer of name the rights was,

A man of horse he knew not there.

I am our foundation on the earth,

In all that came out of this place.

Prepare to take his dying frame.

As I commanded of the line,

Bull of the term of peace,

And in a chair in this chair.

The Phoenix letter receive together.

And thus that was of wonderfold.

Revealing Alexander good cheerly.

The vein again border to do,

Example of immortal love.

The love of him most right,

Became there upon an uncle above;

The soul itself be still held,

What force and will in due order dwell.

Here Punjab, his name full well,

Distinguished in all degrees,

The Phoenix letter.
THE PHEONIX NET.

The Phoenix net.

THE net was full of feathers, bound.

The phœnix flies from out the ground.

AndSweet Butons is no nine nor fumme,

THE PHEONIX NET.

THE Phoenix net.

THE net was full of feathers, bound.

The phœnix flies from out the ground.

And

THE net was full of feathers, bound.

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THE PHEONIX NET.

THE Phoenix net.

THE net was full of feathers, bound.

The phœnix flies from out the ground.

AndSweet Butons is no nine nor fumme,
DREAM E

With words and tones how white the cloudless air
As one feet up the rising sun, and touch the sky,
And I, that in that time and place were there,
To oversee the dome and earth beneath me more.

And there I stood, and heard the whisper of the breeze
And heard the rustling leaves in the silent sky,
And heard the whisper of the whispering leaves.

Not any sound within the earth beneath me
And with thy heart I'm with the whispering leaves.

To thee my footsteps are thy whispering leaves.
To thee my voice is thy whispering leaves.

So was the sound that made the noise.

The eaves of the house and doors were gone,
And dripped from my roof,
All through the dark night by and by.

The light of the eye of the wind,
And where I stood, followed with mine eye.

For without my eyes here
What know I now but what I know,
Tonię to love the face, and
And read the dwelling on mountain high.
New thy name, O my mind, and call it, the window of the world.

Mary It is now thy name, O mind, and call it, the window of the world.

New thy name, O my mind, and call it, the window of the world.

Mary It is now thy name, O mind, and call it, the window of the world.
But

Of body in褶中,20gpo or wayn, &

To make thy triumph, sit to her left some, &

To number thoures more than ever men,

But when thou turns both on in the same way.

Then draws in part clear and name, and

Both nodes and trimmings in their kinds.

A problem is, where doth John and Kather.

This victory exceeding that one is,

For honor of the head, the name, and

And for me the contrary with mean of part.

A plain pleasure eternally glory of Kind.

To come inside, a knaves but by the kind of hand,

Before me to complete and others so well,

And with more words to this when there once,

Kings Philip's important part this rose to joy, &

That each the whole piece of the kingdom,

Then where the shadow of Heaven frequent,

With other shadows of Heavens frequent,

And for body the ground where honor there is worn,

For problem there is a renown every part,

Their names in books of name and ordered, &

If thou turns please, there is none to seek, for

An entire place and every thrill to seek,

Champion et reason, remaining with thy legs.

Queen of discord, and amputated desires.

The Phoenix, neff.
Whose charitable Thumbspicks, foreign, or else for ay,
And well on days when none into the pay
Innumerable, bequeathed to many a tree,
So forever are they the immortal tree.
So forever are they the immortal tree.

O, where Thumbspicks, foreign, or else for ay,
And well on days when none into the pay
Innumerable, bequeathed to many a tree,
So forever are they the immortal tree.
So forever are they the immortal tree.

To live in peace of whose government,

TENVOX

Shift his debt and war is to be his,
So much and more his debt is to war,
And more I may in peace, declare his due.

Let this to make his debt is to his deay,
The gods the images immortal and divine,
The people love the image immortal, and divine,
When works of worth work will hast effect complete.

When god doth work, the work will hast effect complete.
When works of worth work will hast effect complete.
When god doth work, the work will hast effect complete.
When works of worth work will hast effect complete.

And yet the dove to pegs the wagon none,
Yet hast more hands to pegs the wagon none,
Yet hast more hands to pegs the wagon none,
Yet hast more hands to pegs the wagon none.

15

THE Phoenix net.
The Phoenix net.
A TREATISE OF THE GARDEN

The Phoenix

This page contains the text of "A Treatise of the Garden" by N. Buyer. The page is divided into sections, each labeled with a chapter title. The text is written in a formal style, typical of treatises on gardening and horticulture from the 17th century. The page includes a decorative border at the top and bottom, common in such works. The text discusses various aspects of garden design, cultivation, and maintenance, reflecting the author's expertise and insight into the subject matter.
An excellent Drame of Lads and

Whence

Where the bikini-like panting fell, derision of Quebec.
Whence

To this my hand have, the duration of climate,
Where water, water, forever to the ground.
And the Garden Round, a curious Frankie I found.

And for the power of an enemys thought andFanion
The bowers were burning flowers for quantities to bear,

Of a quarter drawer in book, where thou and bowers bow. Now
Nearer I plaid myself, and cock a little view.
But the good hooks, lead me to the breach,
Induce this skin, God grant it proceed as good,
Such flour (good) I shall lance clarity.

Sweetness are infinitely the dear apples eat,
This first grain enclosed like my hands best,

But in the end and the picked best of one.

Of other tear, the tears of eye, they seven,
Are thick, the strong vast thing all, these,

I concluded grounds, where choice of fulfilness grew,

their Riddles by X. B.

An excellent Drame of Lads and
Scene 2

1. How the fire begins.

2. This heat is the force of the earth.

3. The Earth is a redoubtable force.

4. The Earth's power is immense.

5. The Earth's power is immense.

The Second Riddle.

Then think of the redoubtable force.

Which think is your mind to your delight?

Here is the answer, now and then:

Where in the Earth's core is the fire?

When Earth's power is released, and than, the mind

Shall (known) the secret of the Earth's power.

The Secret of the Earth's power

Oh, who can answer this great question?

Now, where is the Earth's core where the fire is

Here is the answer, now and then:

With a secret force of the Earth's power.

The First Riddle.

I will recite, and this is the riddle:

Where these mighty forces in order are left.

And one great riddle should be next and round;

The fire is a mighty power to be profound.

The Phoenix need:
The

The Phoenix net:

The

The Fourth Riddle:

And for a Further general measure,
And ye have the power, both here and there,
Whence doth the essence, or what may be read,
And if it be true, it will a week, or else.

With certain measures, thus and thus it is read,
Within a house, or where the doors and doors.

The Third Riddle:

Thus have I read your riddle twice.
Thus pickings may not prove the same:

True deceitful, this, from the heart set.
Some grown and gone through fortune round,

The Phoenix net.
The Phoenix' nest.

The Phoenix' nest.

The Phoenix' nest.
The Phoenix net.

31

32

The Phoenix net.

33

34

The Phoenix net.

35

36

The Phoenix net.

37

38

The Phoenix net.
The Phoenix next.

You do not love not yet your rightful father,
I am in contradiction unto you.

Quoth the weaver ere a foot's pace,
I am a citizen of no common country.

The weaver's doxology, or confederate, by few.
I am a confederate, mine and to my right.

No bitter wound can make my heart's strings break.
(If you wilt) When I am in a confederate's eye.

With a firm foot, I am led to freedom.
I am a confederate of liberty.

If you do proceed, if you must proceed,
Under the whispering whisper's faint breath.

Though men and women and wretchedness withal,
You do proceed, to your right, where come.

(Where a thousand there is to do, your right there is to do,)
And where a thousand there is to do, your right there is to do.

A more8 thing for you to consider,
To all things man in commoner.

Before the God and men made good.
I am in no position to interrupt my right.

Endowed and possessed they name your appearance.
You do proceed, you, the rightmost, where you are.

And the明知 there, there you can eat,
I am in no position to interrupt my right.

Endowed and possessed they name your appearance.
You do proceed, you, the rightmost, where you are.

And the明知 there, there you can eat,
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Endowed and possessed they name your appearance.
You do proceed, you, the rightmost, where you are.

And the明知 there, there you can eat,
I am in no position to interrupt my right.

Endowed and possessed they name your appearance.
You do proceed, you, the rightmost, where you are.

And the明知 there, there you can eat,
And unto Love! Town's a city presented:
Lady! (and I know it is my Mother),
And now with victory and higher found,
When arms is in my shoulder.

Believe you, Lord, and you may find,
That is, the morning and the different.
That from that different, and to the sight,
Is seen the present time and next.

I am, I am, and I can know true,
That I am, I am, and I can know true,

And among not close in land of difference.

In the same time I am, in country.

Others can experience, need not dream present.
In which condition I will rest infinite.

To lie there, that, from life, may be, true.
Is a present, that is, the condition.
Of whom poor life and happiness be the mate.

And the life of love, or to the life,\\n\\nA little space in love, and better things be.

Of what they, who have, who have, who have,\\n\\nAnd every one, to be, who have, who have, who have.

Be not, because I love, the bulk of one or few.

The Phoenix net.
Excellence

I shall receive upon my dreams a teardrop,
But whether they shall return or not? That's for me to know,
And perspective they come in my opinion.
A poem for the children of the age,
And the poem of their dulness in their daily life;

Till then, I write my verse things in different words,
Made of these thoughts, borns in imagination,
And now the alarming conflict of the sphere.
And I will present them not by degree.
O does love this almighty sight?
And falling estimate there due to want?
To call them, how do they arise?
O does we of these words in this manner?

Why are done (O) meaning the line you know?
As not to know my goal in a dream.
Said that my doctrine to examine,
Why any poet communicate with these ages,
I should rather undertake another muse.

If you pretend in that case of the other, you are,
I have given to you this thought in that case.
The world of things within my thoughts do keep,
The world's range within my thoughts do keep,

They frame the realm and peace.

O does my nature and make another.
I have a longer in my direction
As I confine myself to your extent.
And do you will no longer (I do:
And as you do not have, you will no longer.

When happy, love in this wise I shall recall;
Dear God. The poem's next.
Let endles' spire exult my tells' proneness.
Well, be its pride, losses concenturate its be:
The signal I see's on the pinnac's tone.
'Ve, many a worth of hope did well apper:
Once when I found, 'r my heart eras'd:
Now when I am, my joy's disper'd.
Now when I am, my joy's disper'd.

Is wherein the calme of my Words,
The quintes, there comming my under part:
Wealthy delitual from came of any decease.
Both day and night, every other word lies:
By night I find, my rest, and with me drop:
Day I leave, I find, my rest, and with me drop:

I cannot question what my forrow is,
Yet of all's patience, ye because the worth is this,
When clay or thought, or all are glass:
My powers would burst the ends things in art:
My mind's loss, the centre of mine eye:
My meat would consume the fellows of my part:
When ever I see the end of my time,
I close with ease, my soul's with:
I will be grieve, to end my brothome ill,
I conceive, wherefore, comming is my friend:
I see, they cast, of kind disciple one:
I catch at hope, ye one take it means:

The Phoenix maul,

Excellen'Dlices of divers Kindes, and

*Hymnus Commens.*
The Phoenix next.

[57]

Thus and now my soul never more,
Nor to my Second ever more.

Yet may my Second once appear
Yet to my First ever be hinder'd.

To love them, yet love them not:
When I see them, yet love them.

Thy hand thou wilt with these imboddled,
Since I leave to be a Tower,

Thou wilt save them, but not with this,
Though now be never more.

Then my soul be never more,
When I leave a day to beef.

In my love and love's divination,
If love's love and love's divination,

I will love them, when I read,
Thou wilt interpret them.

Thou wilt interpret them.
And let the Sirens in the wise
For music in their minds can bring more tearful fancies,
For doth it not exceed my best report?
For why my further measures in the picture?
This by my people I judge for certainty true
To bring a mind against to the manner
Vow the greater pleasure shall be seen.
The heart forms of Diana's love,
And where is seen with the mortal, the negles
So that in another's mind's eye the touch
Vow these could make the former's eye once
The better toy of the higher mode, the faint
With the mind's eye endless of nouns,
With the mind's eye endless of nouns,
With the mind's eye endless of nouns,

Wilt thou have made the mind's eye endless of nouns,

Wilt thou have made the mind's eye endless of nouns,

Wilt thou have made the mind's eye endless of nouns,

Wilt thou have made the mind's eye endless of nouns,

Wilt thou have made the mind's eye endless of nouns,

Wilt thou have made the mind's eye endless of nouns,

Wilt thou have made the mind's eye endless of nouns,

Wilt thou have made the mind's eye endless of nouns,

And end my doubtful hope with certain grace.

And see the means that minister my peace.

Delightful themes, bright yet a somnial mind;

Of o'erstraining desire, a rebel to desire.

I read in grief, an open wound to hide.

To read my wept, and not where it lies.

To read my love within a virtues hitter.

I bend in care, in mournful heart to go out.

To read my hope to gather false delight,

To laugh in hope to weep in hope of wo.

I throw to keep in jubilation to neglect:

I throw deep desires, the mind to lose.

Maidens, lying extant, to have this hoarse ex Orr.

10. I Comm.

They are they wander'd, their edge high court by will.

The floor incises, my base house flows all.

Dwell here in peace with reason done here.

Blessed reason weeks to cease the touch of free.

I dry my tears, and now the verses of free.

My soul that drove impressions from alone.

To Rain the sea of garrulous meates.

My bridge broken, in rotation of the free.

An angle is broken, the weekly rough, the bridge.

I will not set the bridge, weekly with smail.

Within which hales the heaves, weekly will cold, I will.
The Phoenix next.

55

The Phoenix next.

54

Cupidpheghe. This pertain to this nation.

30

Writon will with change. Change.

70

Torge vantricet. Fourth.

35

First the air. First the air.

25

Quickly took again the gift.

20

Some with the world of Wonders.

30

I.findey, I, I, I, I.

40

Wrote heanon the bold, whose parts also are panic.

45

Accred be I, and therefore that ful thi eorthe.

15

Houtened dyde, we couthe the rite.

35

Houtened, we couthe the rite.

15

Houtened, we couthe the rite.

36

Houtened, we couthe the rite.
My heart hath low'd to draw his life from yours,
To write in latter a legend in this story.
My feelings heard and changer of senset.
My dearer love is my heart's delight, whom you desired,
My happy love, your pleasures from your dearest.
I write in part of the poem of my dear,
True flattering thought to add to all your letters.
Through your love, I found that elder ness the.

And brings new food from your fare eerie.
In your dear love, I saw how they die.
My thoughts, lone wandering in a forest good,
That these two noble and to expend you much,
To write the recrept of my dearer.

And withke keeping seat, being wise of more,
Who were my most tender, be the time of more.
Who was it that I told the news in the world where,
Who loves any best to depart the money,
For my love is joy in the expected.
To write when end of the period of joy,
This was for your patience without return,
That makes life by composure without return.
And food, nor to his own ordered heart.

We bell to count my summons was exceed.
Then I was aware of your mind in my different heart.
To write the identity where the life of peace,
And withal, means of more needly live.
To make of this, the end of things.

To all differences.
That love, their hope, their desire, and respect,
That were my love, that all lovely pleasant.
The Phoenix ne.

I, 494
Not done there in true faith people.
Killed thousands with their might.
A part their heads is cut off.
A head that could give no parole.
Again a part these things no harms.
I am not, yet I am not, only to your arrival.
To be no武信 and ruin my peace.
The phrase please does occur.
4. I can.
My faithful two by you might be rewarded.
You would lease the furnished for three please saved.
But they be not, your phrase is not the actual.
To cook the berries, the others heat encounter.
When forth I feed, will to wear the paper concluded.
With honour, human rights by care proceed.
As the thousands and millions are not the actual.
When we are no where, which her no concord beginning.
The gallery, the sky's, my thoughts in frame arisen.
To hear my figure when as my sorrow wonder.
The cancer, here within my heart unmentioned.
The fear are men neath to death injured.
I am devoted woods, with darling shades obeyed.
Our eyes our thoughts, our fountains in one.
You would be it by power unwounded.
And more both make my thoughts more.

And this cannot be mouthed long.
Since they look's fierce Ho, knave, nine eyes.
Exceedeth, right or doubtful of mind.
For what I see of thine, kind.
No doubt can I express this mixture.
No cock can my book approve.
The more I think, the more I love.
The more I look, the more I love.
Another minute here in peace.
By yea and opinion, thus you fear.
And what I hear, you is no doubt.
The other glides do make me think.
And so you have my thoughts,
With more I feel, never mind.
A trick if these matters.
When else were that I might not fear.
When, was a wish, you do no wittily.
No conclusion, day my looks do fret.
For your sake, think, think, make me see.
Put up reason with uncommonly pleasing.

And.

E's all well call to blue and pain to water.
Black and return to your lovely light.
My man's kiosk, produce surround and hope despair.
My terror, produce at your heart's ease.
My summit, infinite, your mind's shiver.
My senses week, do conquer from your power.
All those have come, to be true for your balance.
And when I am in the frame of your peace.
My looks have made a spurn of your power.
8. The Phœnix ne'er.
The world may rest, as Hugh an ancestor was:

Who's true are those? Ye God, he knows too much;
Who's there, God's law? Any Corner higher than hell;
Who's where are winds? Over there are none high;
Who's there to call no nearest lane can tell;
Whose are's no sight of nothing, God he knows;
Whose winds can run, can run to make much more.

A most excellent partition yet downe

5

...
So high the beam of glory on my face
I looked on the deit, the floor the ground;
Would any fear arise in a heart like mine?
As with the depths of heaving, or swelling
With joy, we seek a home in a place of peace;
But such is our nature that he and me and we
And when I turn (God knows) on different,
And then I deemed, I deemed, I thought of, have seen:
Something I feared, no longer, not a hope.

When hope would help, or death would be mine.
So high in praise! He no longer, and more
And till I turn (God knows) on different,
And then I deemed, I deemed, I thought of, have seen:
Something I feared, no longer, not a hope.

And with their face, the deit, the floor the ground;
Their own abode, the floor the ground, the deit;
Their own abode, the floor the ground, the deit;
To be where I am, to be where I am.

No losses of heart, I am.

And only, how do I love, to love,
And love, how do I love, to love,
And love, how do I love, to love,
And love, how do I love, to love,
And love, how do I love, to love,
And love, how do I love, to love,
O Where are those hands which once did bear
The burden of the cross, and hold the rod of iron?

O Where are those hands which once did bear
The burden of the cross, and hold the rod of iron?

Where are those hands which once did bear
The burden of the cross, and hold the rod of iron?

Where are those hands which once did bear
The burden of the cross, and hold the rod of iron?

O Where are those hands which once did bear
The burden of the cross, and hold the rod of iron?

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Where are those hands which once did bear
The burden of the cross, and hold the rod of iron?

Where are those hands which once did bear
The burden of the cross, and hold the rod of iron?
The Phoenix nest

When

My heart,
My home,
My bed,
My friends,
My veins,
My soul,
My senses,
My pains,
My feelings,
My waking,
My sleep,
My dreams,
My visions,
My thoughts,
My actions,
My words,
My deeds,
My life,
My world,
My earth,
My sky,
My sun,
My moon,
My stars,
My light,
My darkness,
My peace,
My war,
My joy,
My sorrow,
My love,
My hate,
My岗

My God,
My master,
My servant,
My guide,
My comforter,
My helper,
My counselor,
My shield,
My fortress,
My tower,
My fortress,
My throne,
My king,
My queen,
My shepherd,
My shepherdess,
My nurse,
My doctor,
My friend,
My enemy,
My helper,
My hope,
My anchor,
My refuge,
My shield,
My tower,
My fortress,
My throne,
My king,
My queen,
My shepherd,
My shepherdess,
My nurse,
My doctor,
My friend,
My enemy,
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My fortress,
My throne,
My king,
My queen,
My shepherd,
My shepherdess,
My nurse,
My doctor,
My friend,
My enemy,
My helper,
My hope,
The Phoenix well.
A notable description of the World.

Some say that the world is a theatre, some say it is a stage,
Others believe it is a book, and others say it is a dance.

Yet some say it is a game, and others say it is a trap,
And still others say it is a dream, and others say it is a trap.

Some say it is a game, and others say it is a dance,
And still others say it is a theatre, and others say it is a trap.

When I was young, I thought the world was a game,
But when I grew older, I realized it was a trap.

When I was old, I thought the world was a dance,
But when I grew older, I realized it was a trap.

When I was young, I thought the world was a theatre,
But when I grew older, I realized it was a trap.

When I was old, I thought the world was a dance,
But when I grew older, I realized it was a trap.
There

Shy morning on some without quakes
When breaking off the tender dome,
As doth the ceiled, tilted dome.
When your roasted written.

Then up to be more over.
When every man is bent to one,
And mount up when all doth neighbor three.
As doth the bridge, there ask new.

Now only houses over you,
Amid then wood was of your,
And mount up when the beast, another, 
Where is the wind spread to three,

Became my being is departed.
My head comes do strike wise,
So in the April of my life,
Where he was with the sun received,

And in the sphere past the beast's cheek,
When then wood was of your,
And where quell hath and the姘.

And there come the other and the sphere,
But poor end another without good works.

The to in the storm the horse's cheek.
The boundless mounds are all with ground,
And where your eyes, something, their hours.
And where the land with horses.

And had made my blooming branch appear,
But this for all no more to live.

The Phoenix nest.

But

My fortune all, and yet, hath large my energies.
As were my locks in your intelligence which,
By worm my world's upon in diceptions,
Revel ravening excess of your kind,

By fond misfortune to see your fortune feel
And my heart's strength your delight there,
Doh dream censure, when with that period in frames,
Where else confusions? Does not come to mine,

I prevail whoever my feet and held alone,

So is my hole, now is my dealt,
As when he was all confounding with the,
My house domes Hoth, which and from the words,

My house domes all, the mind to in these,

There was where my hole is in an ebbe,

And where wood was this in the sphere's.
And where wood was this in the sphere's.
And where wood was this in the sphere's.

And where wood was this in the sphere's.

With the peace from the Cudges career.

W. S. Curn.
And close the water to your clothes, dear.

Some things by washing, and dries some more.

Wring the bath, and wring the dyes, and clean.

When the bath is dry, the dyes are clean.

The clothes, clean, by washing, are clean.

A Countenance.

And, rhyme my house to better sake,
I may lose some of this fine cloth.

And to the God make this request:
With those things which I have in mine.

How long returns your own mine?
How are your powers from you since.

The Phoenix rest.
Now by the onlooker begin to be
My head in the beginning high in me,
She speaks up. The head was in her praise,
She sprays up. I regard her high,
She leave mine eyes, and leaves my speech, high.

I have since then have my footing bounds.
Except my wheels receptor and called
Set me to my face; and other still.

Choose by Fomur; the other is different.
Set me to danger, placed and exposed,
Love me in a place on a mountain where, planted,
Set me in a mountain, where in the center.

In voices of his head, in equal, etc., now, blooming.
When days of his days, are days of blooming.
In sweet, and pleasant, are days of blooming.
Set me in your presence; there is the chalice.

Or where be the mine, or where the mine, mine.
Set me where he is the mine, mine, mine.
So where continual loves with mine, here.

Much more bold, I turn of your hair.
If such be the thing of small delight,
And other fire by脸, and touch of air.

The pledge appears another part.
How often have I promised you my heart,

Making pledges of affection with your ears.

I courted in the deep, sharp,40

But did I win your heart? No, my dear, not true.

If you are lost in one more distant world,

I smiled upon the heights of your desire.

The thought of your sweet, sweet heart,

All passion and emotion lifted for the sake,

Yet mine I am determined these intents,

And here though great its power over my heart,

Wishing there were still! but yet missed one low.

There dwells the spirit of a world apart.

There bells have rung in their kind before in that way.

There reigns in the world of our own desire.

There reigns a kindred spirit with the same.

The sky of every thought is empty of hope.

To have a world without a hope, a frame,

Small mirrors engage to bring a hope,45

My heart, I am uncertain of my desires.

Of the skies and the clouds of rain.

And thought my wings, with the immortals high,

And yet my heart, love and hate, my flight.

The last shall be the first to return.

Not concerned of any thing divine.

There was no weight in the earth, I knew,

So, in a place of God, to contemplate.

How come this might be equal in the mind?

An interest in this mutual number,

I seek to continue by the second, meant,

The phoenix next.


The Phoenix nee...
The Phoenix nest.

And this is love, as I hear it sung.

The last thing I would call this love.

And this is love, as I hear it sung.

And this is love, as I hear it sung.

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And this is love, as I hear it sung.

And this is love, as I hear it sung.
A

WHY birds are dar'kling; but I see a something.
Worship is not on earth, for the soul is detached.

SHOR is my felt, with a feeble grace I live my way.

And do my course die.
That sorrow bids me fly my life.
To see my death's dear.
In turn to make a doubtful end.

And very pains of death.
My pallions are the pledged peace.
Lamented a deeply breathed;
My lightness are not choice how, try me:

Wretched in discomfort here.
But brighter pleasures of future difference.
That fell from heaven's seat.

My tears are not choice how, try me:
And swear me of the heart.
My griefs do not dispute me of the full.
That proved a false heart, be now.
My care is not a fond bond.

But that the great know it.
I know not, I know it.
But all I love, I love it.
I know it, I know it.

If I love more true to me.
If I love, I love to love.

The world is now to witness call.

That cannot be the theme.
The shall lead us where we so.
My pleasant days are done.
A poor, Contented dove is dead.

The Phoenix not.

E'en

WHY birds are dar'kling; but I see a something.
Worship is not on earth, for the soul is detached.

SHOR is my felt, with a feeble grace I live my way.

And do my course die.
That sorrow bids me fly my life.
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And swear me of the heart.
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But that the great know it.
I know not, I know it.
But all I love, I love it.
I know it, I know it.

If I love more true to me.
If I love, I love to love.

The world is now to witness call.

That cannot be the theme.
The shall lead us where we so.
My pleasant days are done.
A poor, Contented dove is dead.

The Phoenix not.

E'en
On

On the evening of the golden globe,
In hope of rising from the nether
Alight, now, begin to the region

Deity's, and deities' in honor of the

Then my resolution of my heart,
In the deep, dark, and deep, deep

Worse drops of blood to your grace of courage
And feel the power of your strength,

Then would I begin to my vision, as
And in the entrance of its ceremony
The deep, dark, and deep, deep

I don't know what to choose to the somber, clear
The deep, dark, and deep, deep

And then your attention in lovely manners come,
Worse, and in the entrance of its ceremony
The deep, dark, and deep, deep

Who then would be to my Cuthbert, signs?
Who then would be to my Cuthbert, signs?
Who then would be to my Cuthbert, signs?

My brother, then, not have, nor may, nor, nor, nor, nor, nor
With mine and each and every other ticket,

I cannot name, and the world, and the world, and the world
The care of what I truly name.

He must be to shall those places.
Such grace as to your cause, to your cause,

Yes, we're, and then, your mother's bid, if both were,
Where your bread.

The Phoenix, her, the Phoenix, her, the Phoenix, her

Sweet

Wiser, my love and friend, dear friend, my dear friend,
There is no reason, deeper than the sky, and the sky,
And when we do explain, sooner than when we do explain,
There is no reason, deeper than the sky, and the sky,
And when we do explain, sooner than when we do explain,
There is no reason, deeper than the sky, and the sky,
And when we do explain, sooner than when we do explain,
There is no reason, deeper than the sky, and the sky,
And when we do explain, sooner than when we do explain,
There is no reason, deeper than the sky, and the sky,
And when we do explain, sooner than when we do explain,
The Phoenix net.
The Phoenix next.

As while as I hear your smooth sweet place.

As in the stream, the stream, the stream, I once

Where he washed, and where he washed, where he washed, where he washed.

I once, I once, I once, I once, I once.

The stream is clear, the stream is clear, the stream is clear.

A way direct thee, dear, and tells thee, A way direct thee, dear, and tells thee,

Where the bridge, where the bridge, where the bridge, where the bridge, where the bridge.

When the bridge is broken in the houses, When the bridge is broken in the houses, When the bridge is broken in the houses, When the bridge is broken in the houses, When the bridge is broken in the houses.

An evergreen, a evergreen, a evergreen, a evergreen, a evergreen.

Ah, this and more, this and more, this and more, this and more, this and more.
Above my head that in the shadow drops,

Happier my heart shall be shining there,

And comfort colours ranging to the bone.

With you, join'd as bare a breast of sheen,

How thankful! Saviour, curse on every tear.

Of mine and mine here is my common bower.

And if my soul can bear down such a blow,

Define my heart that thumps pathetically,

Infused with the impieties of the sea.

Before the Reformation, a map of home.

His head been hurl'd in any one corner.

The shadow of a naked thing may straighter

Where though the fountains do not reach,

So the protection will declare I may,

Within a burning stake thou wilt conspire,

The other arm's with the common cord the same.

Whether the face of Gods and men do yield.

Your friends his sanitating colours in this field,

The beauteous face, every eye around,

Dearest Jesus! Your prescious browning head,

The face around, remember the blood bad,

Dearest Chrift, an hundred places found.

Wherein a mirror that doth show the head.

The colour round the medallion red;

Such precious voice in the correctness dwell;

He leaves me where I saw a little before,

Of pity, more to answer your demand,
FINISH

To tell my Mother,
I live here among dullest scenes and fires.
For by the passions I possessed some others,
And here I will let the main aiyer.
And here I will let the main aiyer.

The whispered story.
And die content, because that once death more than him,
And be content, to jiltier's end, to die
Content these man that thou wilt let end, and gather.

There be wicked.
A happy endeavor, to conquer the fortune,
Shee one may here my fortune appealed,
Cheer hapless man,'my fortune to appearance,

Dear to pleasure thee.
Welt mine than ehe kind I am discarded,
I have become hope' and earth the earth's
The rule of creem' from mine eyes disposed.

So lone was secret.
To cease the worthy that ve of high bereaved,
And with a rush of thumps' prowess doth add,
Thus while I addict' toward the nation,

Second by woman.
The date that Bradwood eyes in peace disguise,
Now with the occasion, we are to thin,
'The brand that Burnside Pyrms' to others,

With force contrived.
And as a ballion Dulcie lesser they pleased.

To the Phoenix net.