

acb. Your Spirits shine through you. Within this houre, at most, I will aduise you where to

alwayes thought, That I require a clearenesse; and with him, To leaue no Rubs nor Botc

e Of that darke houre: resolue your selues apart, lle come to you anon Murth. We are r

nt your s elue's, A c quaint

esolu 'd, m y L ord Ma cb. lle c all vp on yo

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Whose abs

luded: Ban

e moment on't, fo r't must be done to

ence is no lesse m ateriall to me, Then is

quo, thy Soules fli ght, If it finde Heauen, m

Night, And something from the Pallace:

his Fathers, must embrace the fat

ust finde it out to Night. Exe