

I that to yourre service wolde were able
 Deserchyn mekly to yourre hie noblesse
 That dyspreysid be not the febilnesse
 Of my swaak witte the whiche can not ferre lobe
 Wherfore the las be yonen to my boke
 And of yourre good ladyshipe take at worthe
 Considerynge that wille puttyth me forth
 more than effecte be ought that can appere
 In me grete witte for neuyr er this ere
 Whough I haue herde full many a wise tale
 I gedend but cronnes and tho be swale
 But yr lernynge hath send me to this
 And thus the richer I am y wis
 I may not worke but suche stiffe as I take
 Who soo hath thus bred swale shyne must make
 plesse you hie pnesse to take of this thynge
 The more effecte of my thus lernynge

