for know (deare wife) your sonne is yet
childe of a true man, who in his owne
respect despiseth death and all his
mishapes and cryes forward, I cannot
write much, God knowes how hardly I
steale this time whilst others sleepe,
And it is also time for me now to
separate my thoughts from the world, beat
my dead body which being living were
denyed you, and lay it either in Sherborne
or in Exiter by my father and
mother. I can say no more, time
and death call me away.

The everlasting powerfull infinite
and unsearchable God Almighty,
who is goodness it selfe mercie it
selfe, the true life and light keepe
you and your and bless your
poore mother, teach me to forgive my
perjurers and false accusers, and
send us to meete againe in his
glorious Kingdome. my true wife
farewell. Bless my poore boy, pray
for me, let my true God holde
you both in his armes.

W. R.

Sr. walter

Sr. Walter Rawleigh his
Lre to Sr. Robt. Carr.

After many great losses and
many years sorrow, of both which
I have cause to feare I was mistaken in
their ends. It is true to my knowledge
your selfe whome I neither not but by an
Epistle fame, have been offended to give
me and myne those last fatall blows by
obtaining from his Matie the sentence
of my Execution and Mephones left in ye
lawe for want of a record, his death, I
remained nothing with me but the name
of life deprived of all else but the title
and sorrowe thereof, (his Matie returne I
was offended) for I have ever held it unna=
=turall and unnatural to hate goodness)
stayed me dear at the Grateful Brinke,
nor do I hope that his Matie thought me
worthie of manie deaths, and to bestow
all my so rest out of the world with my
selfe, but as a King who judgeth he
doeth in truth, hath reserved a promise
from God, that his Throne shalle esta=
=blished for ever. And for you Sr. seeing
your fowle day is but yet in the dawne
and myne