

# Renascence Editions

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## A Neaste of VVaspes ( 1615)

**William Goddard.**

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A  
NEASTE  
OF VVASPES

LATELIE FOVND

*out and discouered in the L[o]w-*

**countreys, yealding as**

*sweete hony as some of our*

English bees.

*A T D O R T.*

Printed in the Low-couñtreyes. 1615.

**T O T H E**  
Reader.

**G** *Ive roome hoe; giue roome to my actiue penn  
Oh giue hir roome; sheel laie about hir then.  
Mistake hir not; she plaies noe fencers parte,  
Shee plaies the Popes; sheel make the whole world smarte.*

Will. Goddard.

**T H E C O M -**  
**M I S S I O N .**

**A** Broade my Waspes, in to the world goe flie  
Make knowne your natures to all men you spie  
Searche eu'ry creeke; goe flie you round aboute  
Let noe wretch rest vntil y'aue found him out,  
And hauinge found him, styng him: None forbear  
but stinge em all, for all growne wicked are,  
My Loue excepte, at which, if some repine  
saie thinges you must not touche that are deuine

# AN EPIGRAM TO my Epigrams.

## 1



Vsicke strike-vp, some livelie quick Iigg plaie  
Hange tunes that runne on malencollie kaie.  
Skippe nowe my verse: light Epigrams come skipp.  
Like doe on lawne, come light and nimble tripp  
Like Catt with mouse come sporte you swiftlie faste  
But see like catt you pinche and nipp at laste.

## 2

My senses standes amaz'd, my hands doe tremble  
To think to what I should my loue resemble,  
Compare hir to the rose; hir cryimson die  
Is far more pure; hir white excells the Ivorie,  
Vnto hir skynn rug'd is the smoothest Iett  
The softest downe to it is counterfett  
With in hir faces circute there are plac'd,  
Two heauenlie sonns, by whom the world is grac'd,  
Whose golden beames from-of hir lippes exhales,  
That hunnye dewe which Poets Nectar calls  
Soe faire is shee, soe sweete, smooth, soft, soe cleere  
As on this Earthe naught like hir maie appeare,  
Oh what a Matchles Mistresse haue I caught  
That iustlie cann compare hir vnto naught

## 3

Some men Ill censures *Had-land*; call him Asse  
Idle Goose. Vppon him most men passe

But not so much for selling of his townes  
As vainelie spending and consuming's crownes  
For that a foole hee's held. Now I'me of mind,  
A wiser man a man shall hardlie find  
Who hath a crowne; I but one crowne enioies  
Must haue a thousand cares. Cares Crownes annoies  
*Then Hadland's wise, the other Coxcombes are,  
For whoo'd keepe crownes since one Crowns full of care.*

4

For making, speede, pace, and firie spright  
The braue proude Courser should the court delight  
His gentle gesture, milde-sterne-statelie grace  
Maie gett him loue (I graunt) in eury place  
That hee's respected I nere wonder why  
It is at Th'Asse; at Asses wonder I  
Noe worthe's in th'asse, yet daubd' hee is in gold  
And trickt-vp trymmer then proude Iennetts bold  
*At which I mus'd and wondred, vtill when  
I found th'Asse deare and neare to most great men.*

5

Had I commaund at Court I would casseere  
Both all the porters and doore-keepers there  
They let too manie beggars in. Tis seene  
Ev'n in the presence there some beggars beene  
*Amend it Porters; tis noe seemlie thing  
To haue to manie beggars nere the Kinge.*

6

At Court a Beggar to a Porter came  
Ope doore quoth hee, I am one cripled lame  
The porter annsweres sirrah get you gone  
This is the Court, of Beggars here coms none

*Then lett me in quoth hee and make noe doubt  
Twill scarce a courte be shut your beggars out.*

7

A chattering Ape mett with a gruntling hogg  
Hogg quoth the Ape beware the maystife dogg  
Oh Ape quoth th'hogg, hard, oh hards my case  
For I doe meete with Doggs in eurye place  
Dost soe replies the Ape? What wilt thou giue  
And I will teache thee howe shalt feareles live  
Forsake thy stie and to the lyons Court  
From thy base contrye howse doe thou resort  
Noe Dogg soe hardie is as once to dare  
Presume to make his bold appearaunce there  
For the braue lyons nature will not brooke  
Vppon a churlish surlie Curr to looke  
Beasts of my nature like his nature beste  
His frownes wee turne to smiles with some sleight iest  
To see vs leape, skipp, make an antik face  
First wonn vs apes in to the lyons grace  
*And therefore hogg Ide wish thee take my shape  
the lyon fauours well the toying ape.*

8

Clownus would court it, nowe his countrye seate  
Hee halfe doth loathe, in cloathes hee groweth neate  
Dust here mee Clowne for that life thart vnfitt  
Thy want's a braine; whose there must want noe witt  
Hee that would court-it, in the Court would thriue  
Must sympathize in nature with these five  
In youth hee must bee Ape and Monkey both  
The Ape to Imytate what others doth  
And like the Monkey hee in lust must burne:  
Must stand readye; prick-on at euerye turne  
The Foxes nature hee in age must haue:  
Must plott. None riseth like your deepe-sculd knaue  
Like more beastes yet hee must be: doe you heare?

He must turne Asse; great mens great loads must beare  
must be an OX: must hugg who giues the horne  
Tis noe disgrace for fauours no wethare worne  
*Clowne, bee still a Clowne, whood chaunge maulie shape  
To be an ox, fox, monkey, Asse or Ape?*

9

A Foole t'a wiseman came, Wiseman quoth hee  
Ive beene with Fortune who hath blessed mee  
My sonne sayde Fortune, thus I blesse thy birthe  
Thou shalt enjoye the happy'st life on earthe  
Thou shalt haue Wealth ease, mirth: thou shalt liue free  
Liue where thou wilt shalt neuer envy'd bee  
Nor shall Mistrust attend thee. Crosse the seas:  
forsake the Court; I doe child what you please  
Yet it shall like: shall give noe distaste  
Thy deedes thy mother Fortune will haue grafte  
with that about shee turnd hir, groping-out  
To find hir wheel; which found, she turnd about  
Allotting mee all pleasures on the earthe  
You, life envide: Mistruste poysoning your mirth  
*Come Wiseman then; come marcht in rank with mee  
The daungers lesse, yet honourd more you see*

10

A godlie Father of the romishe sect  
A privie and a hogstie would erect  
Workman saide hee looke on this logg of wood  
For those two purposes me thinkes 'tis good  
The workman seeing tw'ould not serue the turne  
Cry'd sir; this is not good enough to burne  
Howe not to burne the zealous father cries?  
Noe not to burne the Carpenter replies:  
It is such rotten stuff t'wil not be wrought  
It is so knottie ruf tis good for naught  
Come come the papiste cries thou wantest witt  
Ile haue a god made ant; Ile kneele to it

To it Ile praie: soe will I guild-it ore  
As all that see't shal't for a god adore.  
What will not make a privie, godes will make  
For that vse, of the rottenest thinges wee take  
*Therefore to make my privie finde some good  
And Ile make godes of this my rotten wood.*

11

Before his *Holines* three sutors came  
The firste was one giv'n all to whore and game  
The second vnto drinke was givn-ore soe  
As sober to his bedde he'ed neuer goe  
The third a murthrer was giv'n all toth stabb  
These comming to that babalonian drabb  
(after greate revrence to his sacred knee)  
They humblye craue that they might pardond be  
Your sinns are greate his holines doth crie  
Wee doe confesse it father they replie  
But as our sinns are greate our meanes is greate  
Father quoth they with anngells we haue mett  
Which anngells told vs that you lou'd em soe  
As anie thinge for their sweete sakes youd doe  
Therefore, for what w'aue done, wee mercie craue  
For those good Anngells sakes letts perdon haue  
*Pleades Angells for you quoth the Poe? naie then  
I must forgive. Anngells haue powre o're men.*

12

Ide haue a plaie could I but to my mind  
Good actors gett; but that['s] not now to find  
For (oh) thare dead; this age afordeth none,  
Good actors all longe since are dead and gone  
For beggars parte a Courtyer I would haue  
A Courtyers parte your scollar act-would braue.  
You souldyer should your scoller act. But yit  
To plaie the kinglie parte hee is more fitt  
Nowe for the foole I haue an exlent one

Oh for that parte giue mee your merchancts sonne  
To act the whore; tutt thats a common parte  
Eache girle of twelue yeares old can do'ot with arte  
But oh the Diuell! I am graueld nowe  
To finde a Divell out I knowwe not howe  
And with out one my plaie shall nere come forth  
For with out Divells, plaies are nothing worth  
*Mas I haue thought one for gold heel come  
An exlent actor is the Pope of Roome[.]*

13

Fryer quoth the Diuel les thou standest my freind  
Im'e cast awaie; my daies are at an end  
Now god defend the fryer saithe; for then  
Wee fryars should bee left fatherless poore men  
As for my frendshipp, doubt mee of noe evill  
Faithfull fryers nere false-are to the divell  
Therefore make known your case; be bold, reveale  
Our order can your secretts best conceale  
Then knowe it fryer, in loue, in loue I am  
To thee for counsell in that case I came  
A Nunn I loue, without I haue a Nunn  
Tell all the world the Divell is vndone  
*Loue you a Nunn? a Nunn ist you desire  
Take my shape on you; Nunns deneys no fryer.*

14

At hells wide gates a souldyer once did stand  
His reason was to viewe th'inferrall band  
But as hee lea'nd to see eache troope passe by  
Hee taken was and doubted for some spie  
What makst thou here? what art the divell cryes?  
A Martialliste; a souldyer hee replies  
The multitude of Monkes and fryers there  
At name of souldyer, thus cry'de-out with feare  
Oh divell, if thou dost loue vs convaie  
That souldyer hence: withs passe pack him awaie



In quiet else wee nothing here shall doe  
Theil vse our gods, our holie sisters too  
And therefore out with him, tis fowle abuse  
Yf anie but ou[r] selues doe those things vse  
This is the Cloister we allotted are  
Therefore from vs all souldyers out debarr  
Children the Divell cry'd yf it bee soe  
That hee's a souldyer: hath naught with mee to doe  
Nor I with him. God did ordaine their birth  
Not hell to trouble, but to vexe the earthe: both hath  
A charge to shewe men our greate Maisters wrath  
Souldyers, mens bodies are to fall vpon  
I, on the soule, to see sharpe tortures done  
Who for their paines in heaun about must dwell  
And I for mine, belowe in this darke hell  
And therefore out hee shall, too's heaun Ile send him  
Which yf hee likes not else where lett himm end him  
*Soe out from hell the souldyer straight was throwne  
Since when in hell a souldyer nere was knowne.*

15

I praie tell me my fortune sir: I am  
A Beggar wench; to you for that I cam  
A beggar wench the Fortune-teller cryes?  
Indeed? I am the beggar-wench replies  
Then knowe it wench quoth hee thy Fortunes good  
And these three babes shal springe from thy base bloud  
Two bratts one beggar shall begett of thee  
Both of them Knights and both shall Courtyers bee  
Naie yet an other sonn thou shalt emoye  
A Iugler shall begett of thee a boie  
This shall a lawyer bee, and shall in tyme  
With's Iugling tricks vp to high turrets clime  
Thou hearst thy Fortune wench: be gone, quoth hee  
It Ioies mee much, I thank you for't quoth shee  
Yet ere I doe departe praie lett mee craue  
Yf these bee all the sonns I'me like to haue  
For trulie sir my mynd doth give me yit  
I shall haue one son more; who shall in witt  
And valour th'rest as farr surpasse  
As steedes in couradge doe the sillie Asse

My mind doth giue me sir I shall bring forth  
A sprightfull souldyer one of matchles wort  
*A souldyer whore quoth hee? out baggadg base*  
*A souldyer cannot spring from beggars race.*

16

Plorus your wise let tenn-----in one night  
One of those tenn you knowes the Parsons right  
Why pay't him then; thou knowst a barlie strawe  
Will make a parish parson goe to lawe  
*Paye him his-----Oh pry thee let him ha'te*  
*Lesse thinges then-----will stirr them to debate[.]*

17

Tis saide that Idlenes doth mischeefe breed  
And soe it doth; that sayings true indeed  
Then Parish parsons you are nowe a daies  
The onelie men that doe deserue best praise  
For lawyers would growe Idle, did not you  
Stirr your parish to sett them taskes to doe  
A blessed worke; a deed well worthy noate  
A thing befitting best, men of your coate  
*I doe applaude the deede; and lawyers shall*  
*Stand barre to you, shall you their maisters call.*

18

Benefio, benefis, benefit  
Ide conster thus yf I should English it  
I doe well; so's englisht benefio  
Benefis, a benifize to buy ho  
*For though I'ue neither learning nor goodwitt*  
*Yet buy a benefice Ile benefitt.*

19

Oh Deat[h]e th'art wronged! abused in our land  
Thy office Deathe is wrested out thy hand  
Vnto thy office Death it doth belonge  
T'vnloose that sacred knott god tyed soe stronge  
*God did ordaine thee Deathe, and onelye thee  
T'vnloose that knot; bu't nowe more Deathes there bee.*

20

A Iudge t'a sugeon came, surgeon quoth hee  
My arme is sore, what ist soe payneth mee?  
The surgeon looking on it, sir hee cryes  
Oh much corruption in your arme there lies  
*A poore man by, cryes surgeon vnderstand  
T'is not in's arme, corrupted is his hand.*

21

A Bedrid man before a Iudge was brought  
The Iudge biddes stand-vp sirrah as you ought  
Oh sir, nor goe, nor sitt, nor stand can I  
I am your freind praie give me leaue to lie  
*Art thou my freind quoth hee? then lie thy fill  
a Iudg giues all his freindes leaue to lie still.*

22

Were I to choose a Captaine, I would than  
Not choose your courtyer or a youth full man  
Noe I would choose a Iudge; one grym and graue  
To make a Captaine such a man Id'e haue  
*Giue mee that man whose frowning browe is deathe  
I such a one as cann kill men with breathe.*

23

Younge Lawyers Cubs (spruse studentes termd by some)  
To you as humble sutor I doe come  
My sute is this you'l send mee from yovr Inns  
Some of you old flye-pated foxes skynns  
Weel make drumms heades of them: in doinge soe  
I knowe by th'eares our foes and we shal goe  
*Praie send vs some; wee all will thank you then;  
I knowe their skynns to braules will stirr-vp men.*

24

Clarke quoth the Counsellor I must ride downe  
What shal I doe, ther'es not one horse in towne?  
Why sir replies the Clarke, that is noe lack  
In steed of horse bestride some Clyentes back  
Al though an Asse vn seemelie is in showe  
Yet hee treades sure, and whipp him on, heel goe  
*Bestride a Clyent, sir, hee shall not tire  
Il'e spurr him on, vnto your owne desire.*

25

A Woman to a Lawyer came, sir quoth shee  
Beseeche your doe a fauour vnto mee  
What woudst thou haue the man a lawe replies?  
O sir your helping hand the good wife cryes  
For god sake sir quoth shee let me entreate  
Youl make my husbandes smale thing very great  
*The[y] saie of nothing lawyers can great matters make  
Therefore I praie sir this thing vndertake.*

26

A Chauncery Clyent hauing spent his summs

Vnto a vsring broker sneaking comes  
Broker saide hee t'is told me by a freind  
That you vppon a sute good gold will lend  
I haue a sute, faire, stronge, but verye deare  
One that I've worne almost this twentie yeare  
Which yet is freshe as when I firste did weare-it  
T'will weare-out me'till I've noe strength to beare it.  
A sute soe lastinge stronge thother replies?  
Ile deale for it: where is it sir hee cries?  
Why in the Chauncrye replies the clowne  
There carele[s]ly my sutes throwne vp and downe  
And therefore praie sir ridd me oft: The[y] saie  
Men of your trade soone ridd mens sutes awaie  
*The Broker scornfullie from him goes forth  
And tells him those old sutes are little worth.*

27

An old bald-pated graue graie-bearded sire  
Stole to a wench to quench his lustes desire  
she askt him what profession hee might bee  
I am a Civell lawyer girle quoth hee  
A Civell lawyer sir? you make me muse  
Your talkes too broade for cyvell men to vse  
*If Ciuell lawyers are such bawdy men  
Oh what (quoth shee) are other lawyers then?*

28

Take leases ho. You that haue hansome wiues  
Good husbandes p[r]aie, take leases for their lives  
For If your wiues but faire and hansom bee  
Phisitions will warrant em for yee  
If they but feele their pulse, then doubt noe lives  
Il'e warrant you theile warrant then your wiues  
*By arte to women they cann put in life  
He'es sure to gett that letts them warrants' wife.*

29

Three sortes of Folkes there are which haue a trick  
Gold out of men and womens tailes to pick  
Your Panda'rs one, the second of these three  
Is one which nightlie scoures things priuylee  
*Ide name the third and last sorte of these men  
But all Phisitians I should anger then.*

30

Lye thus (the Fencer cryes,) thus must you guard  
Thus must you slipp, thus poynte, thus passe, thus ward  
And yf youd kill him sir, this trick learne then  
With this same trick you maie kill manie men  
A doctor standing by, cryes Fencing Foole  
Both you and hee, to mee, maie come to schoole  
*Thou dost' but prate: my deedes shall showe my skill  
Where thou hurtst one, a hundred I do kill.*

31

If warrs should cease & tyme of peace should growe  
I would Phisitian turne: that course Id'e goe  
Soe might I keepe my handes in vre; and still  
Some one or other eu'rye daie might kill  
*Oh Ide growe subtill, I would learne the trick  
To make a sick man sound, a sound man sick.*

---

32

Are you returnd my waspes? I cannot see  
Howe manie men soe soone should stinged bee  
This world is spacious wide: tis roundlie large  
Soe soone then howe could you my charge discharge

*Therefore abroade againe; aboute goe seeke  
I loue to see men crie, t'heare women shreeke.*

33

Tis saide of roringe boies ther'es mainie theeues  
(Hees in the truthe I thinke which soe beleeeues)  
Yet I doe think more witches are of them  
Then are of anie other sortes of men  
*My reason's this (I feare I shall bee bangd)  
Cause alwaies ther'es as manie burnd as hangd.*

34

Hee that hath wealth tis fitt that hee should haue  
A lock on's trunk, his gold and wealth to saue  
But he in whose pate there remaines noe witt  
Me thinkes a lock on his pate in vnfitt  
*Then Rorers why doe you weare such huge locks?  
Your heades are poore. Of with them with a pox.*

35

Hath hee in question beene for pursing crymes?  
Scap t[h]e sargants handes, the hangmans twentie tymes  
Hath hee on whores consumd his landes and stock?  
Beene brought to bedd, deliv'ed of the pock?  
Lost'es haire from's heade? loste th'ead of you know what?  
Yf he those scapes haue had, and hath loste that  
*Oh praie then let him passe: lett him enioye  
This famous title; yon's a Roringe boie.*

36

Wouldst thou turne Rorer boye? wouldst growe in fashon  
Learne this garbe then, shalt gaine faire[ ]reputatio[n]

Tobacco take; run in each mercers score  
Visit plaies, be seene to court thy whore  
Laughe at learning; call preachers sheepishe men  
schollers asses: stick not nowe and then  
To censure deedes of Kinges. Naie gainst gods deytie  
Be bold to belche forth broadest blasphemie  
Must keepe a catta logue: must haue the name  
Of eurye merchannts wife which is of fame  
Must slannder all; the fairest dames must staine  
Must saie with countesses, with queenes thast laine  
Muste bee noe coward: thy selfe must proudlie carye  
Must mouthe-it stoutlie in each ordnarye  
Where, yf but of thy losses thy tongue walke  
Must of noe lesse a losse then hundreds talke  
Must learne to lie; muste learne thy lie to face  
And lastlie howe to sweare *God dam thee* with a grace  
*Learne these young boie, great man thou shalt be then.*  
*Who does these Ill things well must needes bee men.*

37

Furious Hott-spurr, a reason pry thee yeild  
Why thou soe fightst; why thou goste soe in feild  
Ist' after bloude thy drye soule soe doth th[irs]te?  
Remember Cayn howe god that murthrer curste  
But tell me Hot-spurr, wherein doste thou gaine  
When thou in feilde thy enemye haste slaine?  
Thy venter's muche: Ift' bee but to gett bloude  
Then tell mee ( being gott) wherefore ist good?  
Thou canst not canst? I tell thee thou vaine goose  
Thou hazardst bodie howe thy soule to loose  
This bloud once spilte doth not like bodies die  
But that reuiues and vp to th'eauns doth f[l]ie  
Where to the lord it pointes out that black deed  
Crying-out for vengeanc, vengeance lord with speed  
*Foole sheathe thy sworde; auidoie fond privat braules*  
*Our blades should sleepe vntill our cuntrye calles.*

38



Gooden-dagh *Butter-boxe*: I vnderstand  
Thou dost in-habitt in the Netherland  
I pry thee *Smeere-chopps* doth not he which buyes  
A thing cald wife there, paie for hir excise?  
Who buyes an ox, a cowe, or such like beaste  
Paies for hir hornes, hide, fleshe, excise at leaste  
Hee knowes not when shees bought: beside the Boore  
He must betall the gelt to twentie more  
*I pry thee Butter-boxe make mee so wise  
As knowe, yf men maie wiue, not paie excise.*

39

Dutchmen should paie (yf they did paie their due)  
A taxe for eu'rye chymney old and newe  
Then honest Dutchmen, praye nowe lett me axe  
Why for your womens tayles you paie noe taxe?  
Yf those are chymneys where folkes fyers make?  
Then your wiues tailles for chymneys I doe take  
*For there are Fiers, Fyers there they dailie keepe:  
And therefore paie your dues; those chymneys sweepe.*

40

Demaund you why or'e stoues Dutch-women sitts?  
Oh straunge! praie why doe you putt meate on spitts?  
Ist' not to roste the same? nere wonder then:  
For soe the[y] sitt to roste meate for their men  
*Although their men all daie on hadgepodge eate  
Yet in the night they cloye them with roaste meate.*

41

Water they saie will not wild-fyer quench  
Then wild-fire in thy stoue thou bearst dutch-wench  
For yf by water it would quenched bee  
Then out il would; soe waterd tis by thee

*But why it wil not out, I nowe doe knowe  
Thy bellowes wench; they alwaies puff and blow.*

42

In Holland, Zealand, all the Netherlandes  
Younge men with maides (allnight) walk handes in handes  
In darkest night, to walk, they moste delight  
For doinge which, some doe applaude their sight  
*They neede not do't; they see as other men  
For when tis darke they goe by feeling then.*

43

A Huntsman and his Dogg did latelie come  
To the lowecountreys from their English home  
Oh dogg quoth hee (I speakt' with grieffe of harte)  
Wee one from tother shalbe for'cd to parte  
I shall not able-bee to give thee meate  
Nowe bones and paringes I my selfe must eate  
Why sir (replies the Dogg?) I hope not soe  
I cann and will your maisters pleasure showe  
*Pleasure quoth hee? yf thou wilt them delight  
Thou must showe proffitt Dogg, or learn to fight.*

44

A messenger from the'auns was latelie sent  
T'envite poore trades vnto merrymnt  
Bruers, Taylors, and cookes (amongst the reste)  
Envited' were vnto that solenm feaste  
But they being verye busie annswerd thus  
Oh messenger saide they excuse thou vs  
Our leasure will not serue vs there to goe  
The Divell here on earth employes vs soe  
My Contry'es French the Taylor cryes: and I  
Must liue there-in else Frenchmen straight will die

As th'ynglishe nation doe their bellies cramm  
Soe wee our backs: To them a nurse I am  
I'me Englishe quoth the Cooke: my Nation lookes  
for naught but meate, good stomacks and good cookes  
Therefore should I to heaun; my Country men  
Could not devise howe they should surfett then  
I'me Dutch the Bruer cryes, and should I clyme  
A boue the cloudes before prefixed tyme  
Our nations soules beneathe hells pitt would sincke  
For dead their hartes growe when they want good drinke  
*Therefore tell God the Divell staies vs here  
To keepe our nations from ascending there.*

45

When *Foxe-furr* walkes, he treads the formalst pace  
When *Foxe-furr* talkes, hee talkes with grauest grace  
Hee licks not's lipps, nor pickes his fingers endes  
But to formality eache motion tendes  
In all things *Fox-furs* formall; I, his nose  
At all times with formallitie hee blowes  
At meate (at mouthe) hee formallie breakes winde  
From meate as formallie hee breakes behind  
*O since graue Foxe-furr cann saie I and noe  
Hee for a sheere-towne Mayor maie passe I trow.*

46

Aske Crafte the Merchante whether hee doth walke;  
Why to th'exchaunge quoth hee t'exchaunge some talke  
Askes' ietting wife; his lispig prettie bride  
To what greene banck that golden snake doth slide  
Shee lispes-out, *to my garden trulie sir:*  
But wott you what t'is thither draweth hir?  
Oh sir, thats hir exchange: shee walketh there  
Tex'change hir bodie, in the open aire  
*Hir prentize there, his maisters factor proues  
And choppes such wares as merchantes wiues best loues.*

47

You Sailors, yf you'l wealthy-growe, and thrive,  
Steere suche a course as you maie fairelie wiue  
Gett you but bewtious wiues, and you shall see  
Againste your comming home thei'le loaded bee  
*I, costum-free your merchanntes load em will  
And with best wares your wiues ware-housen fill.*

48

While *Sea-horse* gallops ouer gulfes and sandes  
Entending to discouer vnknowne landes  
At home hee leaues his marchannt with his wife  
Who failes with hir et nere aduenter's life  
Nowe on a ruffe waues back his friggott daunceth  
Anon t'a vaultie hollowe downe it chanceth  
Nowe is shee toste; anon turnd o're and ouer:  
Vnder nowe: a non shee manlie doth recouer  
& thus on lande strannge straightes hee seekes to find  
Runing his course soe longe as good's his winde  
*In hir hee rows; but all's discou'ries mapp  
Is writt within the card of hir false lapp.*

49

Ther'es three things makes me think that cittiewiues  
Are least infected with these papiste liues  
The firste is this; they keepe noe hollidaies  
For then they are most occupyde men saies  
The second is, to see them croste t'is rare  
For Townsmens wiues but sisdom crossed are  
The third is this (this often hath beene tryde)  
Fastinge, and prayers they cannot well abide  
*Ill nunns they'd make, for who of late did see  
A London girll that did vowe chastetee?*

50

A souldyer, Lawyer, and a Cytizen  
In thicke-wide Forreste (once these wandring men)  
Had loste them selues, but Fortune did provide  
For eache of these a beaste to bee his guide  
Vnto the souldyer (with a mild maiestick grace)  
A princelie Lyon gentlye bent his pace  
Vnto the Lawyer did the subtill Foxe  
Two to the Townsman went, the Ass the Oxe  
Eache telling in their language, howe that they  
Would t'eache of them a guider bee in's waie  
The firste the Lyon thankes; thother the oxe  
The Townsman thankes and followes th'Asse & thoxe  
*But most ingratefull hee (inhumane borne)*  
*Robbes the mild asse of s'witt, and th'oxe of 's horne.*

51

I'st not a braue life hoe to serue a Lorde?  
Its naught but trusse his pointes and waite ats' borde  
A man shal bee assu'rd enough to eate  
Yf hee catche bones which hath enough of meate  
*The life hath ease; a man neede neuer stirr*  
*Lesse whens Lorde-----t'aske; doe you call mee sir.*

52

Had I a thousand girles noe care I'de take  
For those my girles, portions to scrape or rake  
I'de make em chamber maides; or else they should  
Bee wayting gentlewomen If I could  
*Were they not then card'-for? then yf they will*  
*Vnder their lordes they maie bee getting still.*

53

Ist not straunge that Townsmen daielie eates  
Fatt uenison as oft as other meates?

Noe, tis not straunge; for their sweete wiues may haue  
As manie warrants as thei'le euer craue  
Pure soules! if they but lisper-out *praye my Lord*  
*Giue me a warrant; tha'ue it at firste worde*  
*Lordes are kinde to giue, and a Cittie dame*  
*To begg a warrant neuer holdes it shame*

54

Nowe good sir Iohn (the beggar cryes) I praie  
Bestowe your worshippes almes on mee to daie  
Releue my wantes quoth hee; I am your brother  
Wee borne-are one to helpe and ayde an other  
My brother quoth Sr. Iohn? poore wretched wight!  
Why thou mistakest me, I am a knight  
*I know't quoth hee; but harke you kinde sir Iohn*  
*There's manie a knight kinn to the beggar man.*

55

Late did I take a knight on Beggar wench  
Hee was on fire; twas shee the flame must quench  
The Beggar-wenche I askt yf shee did like  
Better with knightes, then with poore beggars strike  
*Faith sir quoth shee yf I shall speake but right*  
*I finde as one, the Beggar and the knight.*

56

Nowe god bee with old *Chuff*; avouch't I cann  
That graie side-coated swadd dyed a good man  
Yet dailie heed' bee drunck: naie this is more  
The riche old churle for eache daie kept a whore  
Yet not-withstanding I doe tell noe lie  
In saying *Chuff* did a right goodman die  
*Praie speake; maie not the knight his sonn bee glad,*  
*In that for father hee a good-man had.*

57

Praie wronge not *Late-coynd*; giue the man his right  
Hee's made a gentleman although noe knight  
Hath hee not bought a k[ni]ghts old cloathes? why than  
*Late-coynd* I hope is made gentleman  
For nowe tis cloathes the gentleman doth make  
Men from gaie cloathes their pedigrees doe take  
*But wott you what's the armes to such mens howse*  
*Why this; hands chasinge of a rampant Lowse.*

58

What shall wee thinke nowe of the *Iack-dawes* state?  
Is not that Fowle become a Potentate?  
The Eagles howse of stickes and strawes are built  
But Dawes haue built em howses wondrous faire  
With proude pyramides t'out-braue the aire  
*Blame not the Dawe to leaue base, strawes to peck:*  
*You see whose' nowe the Iacke-dawes archytect.*

59

Why laughe you at Iack-dawes? I cannot see  
But that Iacke-dawe's both wise and honest bee  
Honest in this: hows keeping they vphold;  
They keepe good howses as in daies of old.  
And herein wise: Greate men greate howses make  
But Iackdawes straight possession of them take  
Thare wise and honeste, and to outward showe  
They are devoute; to Church they dailie goe  
*Longe maie thy liue. For Iack-dawes I will praie;*  
*Were Iackdawes dead, howskeeping would decaie.*

60

Dost heare mee Iacke-dawe? thou dost saucie growe:  
Gett better manners; learne thy selfe to knowe,  
Howe dar'st thou Iett-it to the Eagles courte?  
Thou art too bold; why there doth none resort  
But birdes of noblest partes There doth fall  
The soring Faulcon which soe praies on all  
The Peacock with his riche embrodred plumes  
Spreades there his taile; high place he there asumes  
The Nitingall singes there; and nowe and than  
There falls a turtle Doue, a milke-white Swan  
A waie thou foolishe dawe, seeke not t'aspire  
Keepe thou thy cuntrye howse; perke-vp noe hire  
Or yf thou needes must change, seeke-out the Gull  
*Cuckoe*; woodcock; eache Cittie of them's full  
*Exchaunge with them: Cittie Cuckoes loue*  
*To flie a broade: eache summer they remoue.*

61

England, of Oxen, sheepe, horse, thou haste thy parte  
Likewise, with hartes, hindes, buckes; enricht thou art  
Plentie of these thou haste: but I doe muse  
Noe more wild-bores with in thy boundes doe vse  
If Bores of hogges doe come, thou shouldst haue store  
Noe land of truer hogs had euer more  
*Search courte, or country; woodes or Fenny boggs*  
*All's one, all places yeildes gruntling hoggs.*

62

Sir quoth a Clowne, your father (as wee saie)  
Was a good man; yet neuer went soe gaie  
His cloathes were such as howsewiues fingers spinn  
I neuer sawe him strutt it in sattyn  
Hee deed good deedes. Twas seld seene from his doore  
A man came vnreleivd' that liv'd but poore  
The Chymneys of his howse were alwaies swept  
They allwaies smoakt: that she'wd what howse hee kept  
What talkst thou of his actes (younge *Make-wast* cries?)



Nowe good deedes with the good deed-doer dies  
*Talk of my actes; I can orethrowe the oake*  
*And make my nostrylls like his chymneys smoake.*

63

*Prate-well* hath courted me; hath wood my witt  
Told me for plaies it was exceeding fitt  
Would haue mee beate my braines t'instruct & teache  
*Parrottes* and *Mag-pies* howe on stage to preache  
Goe Epigram goe annswere thas fond woer'  
Tell him I will not: bidd him sue noe more  
Goe tell him I will teache noe cranes to stalke  
Nor clipp these *Mag-pies* tongues to make em talke  
*I am noe beareward; for doe what i can*  
*I cannot make an ape to Imitate a man.*

64

Goe to your plaie-howse you shall actors haue  
Your baude, your gull, your whore, your pandar knaue  
Goe to your bawdie howse, y'auae actors too  
As bawdes, and whores, and gulls: pandars also.  
Besides, in eyther howse (yf you enquire)  
A place there is for men themselves to tire  
*Since th'are soe like, to choose ther'es not a pinn*  
*Whether bawdye-howse of plaie-howse you goe in.*

65

But speake I praie, who ist would gess or skann  
*Fantasmus* to be borne a Englishe man?  
Hees hatted spanyard-like and bearded to  
Ruft Itallyon-like; pac'd like them also  
His hose and doubletts' Frenche; his bootes and shoes  
Are fashond pole in heeles, but French in toes  
*Oh hees compleate! what shall I descant an?*

*A compleate Foole: noe compleate Englishe man.*

**66**

Were I a captaine and might choose my men  
Flattrers and Parrasits I would choose then  
Valyant they bee; they neuer feare the shott  
Tha're forwardst still when seruice is most hott  
They feare noe shot. Yet such men Flattrers bee  
As still yf anie scapes, they scape shott-free  
*Mistake mee not; misconster not this shott  
Th'are shott-free, when, seruice in Tavern's hott.*

**67**

A honest Baker latelie did espie  
A Sc[r]ivner preachinge on the pillorie  
Scrivner hee saide, bequeathe thy eares to mee  
Though I can heare, yet I want eares quoth hee  
*Take them the scriuner cryes to doe thee good  
Oft Bakers eares or'e scriuners heades haue stood.*

**68**

Were I a gallant and could maintaine men  
Id'e haue bald-pated laddes t'attend mee then  
For men whose pates are bare and bald at topps  
Are exlent fitt to keepe Tobacco shoppes  
Two thinges vppon a bald crowne on maie doe  
Thatt's cutt Tobacco, and well drye-it too  
*Theire braines are hott: theere sculls as thinn as shell  
Lay't on the bald-place it will drye it well.*

**69**

Souldyer (quoth a Iugler) wilt learne of mee?  
Ile' teache thee tricks; such, thou didst neuer see  
The souldyer sighes, shakes head, and annsweres thus  
*Alas, too manye trickes are showne to vs*  
Tricks on poore souldyers eu'rye Captaine putts:  
Slyghts to drawe gold from-out our shrunk-vp gutts  
*Tis they haue tricks, and therefore Iugling Foole*  
*Yf thou't learne tricks, to them goe thou to schoole.*

70

Captaine ( Searggant cryes), a souldyers dead  
What shall bee done? shall hee bee buried?  
Howe buryed man? thou dost thy office trymm  
Firste lett mee make the moste I can of him  
Aliue I made the moste of that poore man  
I'le nowe as much make of him as I can  
If his haire, fleshe, skynn is nothing worthe  
Then rypp-out's harte; his verye harte pull forth  
*Sell it in Spanie: Folkes of those forraine partes*  
*Will giv'es good gold for our poore souldyers hartes.*

71

A Scotche and Englishe-man made theire request  
Vnto the godes that they in heaun might rest  
Wee will admytt you both the Godds did crie:  
But Scotchman, vnto thee conditionallie.  
Th'agreement's this; yf here wee thee estate  
Thou must not bee too bold, nor full of prate  
*Naie, more conditions yet; Thou must not lie*  
*Nor sooth vs vp. Wee Goddes hate flatterie.*

---

72

Why howe nowe Waspes, are you returnd agen?  
I knowe vnstung remaines a worlde of men  
And therefore oncemore out; make th'other flight  
Where yf you find noe men, on women light  
Turne taile to them; but mark you what I tell  
Sting them not much, too much their flesh will swell.

73

My mistress is not light, yet shynes shee light  
Hir bewties beames appeares in darkest night  
If in the dark shees light, you must confess  
A Dyamond shee is, or little less  
*Oh shees a Diamond; in Darke shees light  
A tutcht one too, and tries yf thinges are right.*

74

To gild the heauns, in daie, the golden sunn  
Through the cleere skie his course doth prouddie runn  
The silv'rye Moone (with thowsands spanglie lights)  
Doth likewise b[u]rnish-ore the gloomie nightes  
But th'Earth (our sullen damm) to to sett hir forth  
Noe taper had vntill my mistresse birth  
*But since hir birth th'Earth maie with th'eauns compare  
For to hir Lightnes they but darknes are.*

75

Awaie with sicklye wenches (whitelye fac'd)  
And those whose heades with amber lockes are grac'd  
Those puling creatures are vnfit for men  
They crye tha're sick when wee haue neede of them  
Wouldst chuse-out one vnto a man most true?  
Chuse then one out of cleere deepe-sanguy'nd hue  
With black-browne haire: in whose sweete face is sett

Two sparkling lampes; yet black as blackest iett  
With dympled chynn, with lipps pure ruby-redd  
This wench a liue shalt find with in thy bedd  
I, actiue, nimble: hah; hir stirring spright  
Hates sluggishe sleep. Loues motion all the night  
Chuse suche a one; I chuse soe for my parte  
Such, men should loue; such loue men with their harte.

76

Oh What a bodie hath my ladie there?  
Shees straungelie stronge! what burthens shee doth beare!  
Late did a dunghill Carr vppon hir fall  
Vnder which shee laie; neuer hurt at all  
*Oh who but shee could liue, being soe brusht?*  
*T'is wondrous strannge hir honours noe more crusht.*

77

Some Ladies in noe coatch or croatche will ride  
Vnles tha're dawbd with gold, such shewes their pride  
Welfare my Ladye *Constance*. heaunlie starr!  
She leaues hir coatch-of to ride with a Carr  
*I with a dunghill Carr nowe doth shee ride*  
*Oh would all Ladies were soe free from pride.*

78

*Poetus* with fine sonnets painteth forth  
This and that fowle ladies, bewties worth  
Hee shewes smale witt thereby; and for his paines  
(By my consent) hee neuer shall reape gaines  
*Why what neede Poetts painte them? oh sweet elues!*  
*Why ladyes painte their bewties best themselues.*

## 79

When I to Court did come, I musd' to see  
 The Lordes soe braue. It halfe amazed mee  
 I did expect the most had mourners beene  
 All widowers I thought I should haue seene  
*I did in deed: This reason fort had I  
 Cause eurye daie their Ladies there doe die.*

## 80

My Ladies teeth are alwaies extreame white  
 Yet fewe knowes howe they come in that faire plight  
 She rubbes them not with ranck tobacco ashes  
 Nor with pure water, white her fanges shee washes  
 Nor ist with water as is stild from rose  
 Noe hirs distild is from hir owne sweete nose.  
*For as the tubb receaues each dropp from spout  
 Soe doth hir mouth from hir still-dropping snoute.*

## 81

When Maddam *Minsitt* at hir table sitts  
 Shee seemes to straine to swallowe downe small bitts  
 If shee but cram a larkes thighe soe full, shee burst-shall wellie  
 Prieae aske hir Foole (shee being out a sight)  
 What greate bitts then must serue hir appetite  
*Bitts then indeed, Indeed then in hir bellie  
 Bitts of a pound hir foole doth putt-in wellie.*

## 82

Maide quoth my Ladye (as in bedd shee lies)  
 Make mee a Caudle' gainst such time I rise  
 [M]y Doctour saith it will doe me noe harme  
 To put some thing into my bellie warme  
 The maide lowe-cursey makes, and cries, forsooth

It shall bee done; soe ambling forth shee gooth  
*But shee scarce gone, hir back not turned wellie*  
*But th'vsher putts warme caudles in hir bellie.*

83

Boye, bring my horse quoth *Shift*; but doe not tarye  
This meale I meane to saue an ordinarie  
To daie my ladie *Shift-of Ile* goe see  
Who will I hope to dynner envite mee:  
Ile bring your horse his boye replies; But sir  
You'l loose your labour yf you visitt hir  
Hir Cooke for dynner nothing ready makes  
Till dinners paste shee alwaies phisick takes  
*Shee'l not bee seene; hir chamber shee keepes then*  
*To eate, and feed, and feed, and eate agen.*

84

Why should Ladye my wedd? This maradg knott  
is knitt too faste: till deathe it looseth not  
And what are husbandes good for? faith d'ye heare  
For nothing after first or second yeare  
Therefore my ladyes wise: with out controule  
(To please hir bodie) shee maie damm hir soule:  
An vsher shee maie haue nowe to hir minnd  
Nowe vnto what hir Ladishipps enclind  
shee nowe maie haue; hir page to come at call  
A wanton monkey else to sport with all  
Him maie shee stroake, laie in hir lapp, make fatt  
Doe anie thing with him; yet what a that  
Now maie shee ride, walke, daunce, kisse, laughe, lie downe  
What maie shee not doe nowe? noe threat[n]ing frowne  
Noe austere looke, noe angry bended browe  
Apales hir cheekes. Shees free, lives fearles nowe  
*My Ladyes wise; there is no mary'd wife*  
*Such pleasure takes as shee in single life.*

85

My ladyes verdingall is wondrous wide  
But what a that? shee wear'st not soe for pride  
Indeed shee doth not sir. yet yf you'd knowe  
Why'boute hir bumm soe hudge a hoope doth goe  
Ile tell it you, Praie sweet sir vnderstand  
Shee for a maide doth goe, as yet vn mand  
By vertue of hir vardingall, shee (wellye)  
Doth make poore men beleeeue shee hath noe bellie  
*A rare trick tis: Greate wastes twill make seeme small  
And bellies barrell-bigg, seeme naught at all.*

86

My ladye learnes hir little page to skipp  
I lie Infaith for tis my Ladies whipp  
But why think you my Ladye takes such paines  
To borrowe from Nedds britch such crimson staines  
Oh Nedd did see lie at my Ladies back  
My Ladyes Freind, of which did Edward clack  
*Who can excuse the boie? waggs sworne toth smock  
should from their tongues such secrett secretts lock.*

87

A Cannon-shaken souldyer lame-lie legd'  
Late of a braue Court ladie boldlie begd  
Madam (the souldyer cried) praie give releife  
Vnto a man dismembred full of grieffe  
*Wantst members knaue quoth shee? oh hang thee then  
Wee ladies nere releiue dismembred men.*

88

If you were wise then would you nere ask why  
My Ladyes womans tayle soe oft doth crie



Alas hir vardingales' a doore soe wide  
As it letts more winde in then t'can abide  
*And thats the cause (Indeed I doe not lie)*  
*Which makes my Ladies womans taile soe crie.*

89

Page (quoth my Ladie) goe shitt the doore The wind  
Whispers to lowde: a Tyrant tis I find  
And therefore shitt boye shit; shitt-too the doore  
Tis good lett bad guests out, but in noe more.  
T'vnhappie wagg (fraught with a knauish witt)  
Cryes, Maddam, tis not my office doores to shitt  
*Praie bidd your gentlewoman doo't: hir face*  
*Doth looke as yf shee would shit eurie place.*

90

By wans wise pollicie it hath beene found  
That beastes (though nere soe stronge) are alwaies bound  
The hudge greate Elephaunt, the Maystiff Curr  
The princelie lyon by man's speciall witt  
Is forcd with mildnes in his denn to sit  
But womens nere chain'd tongues (beastes smale to th'eye)  
Mans moste engenious witt could neuer tie  
*Oh men I nere shall hold you trulie wise*  
*Vntill to hold them engynns you devise.*

91

Thinges that are bitter, bittr'er then gall  
Phisitians holdeth to bee phisicall  
Then womens tonges mee thinkes to powder beaten  
Must needes bee soe, yf as a potion eaten  
Nothing more bittir is. Therefore I muse  
Why they in physick womens tongues nere vse  
*Faithe prove them Doctors: vse them in a pill:*

*Things oft helpe sick men which doe sound men kill.*

92

A revr'end Iudg sitting to rite mens wronges  
Commaundment gaue that all should hold their tongues  
At which as dumb awhile the Audyence satt  
Vntill a woman with hir taile gann chatt  
Why who talkes there (the rev'rend father cries?)  
All hold their tongues (graue Iudge) the men replies  
Onelie a woman troubled here with wind  
Vnto himself (wee thinke) doth breake hir mind  
*Indeed quoth hee to much it is to doe*  
*T'make women hold their tailes and their tongues too.*

93

Naie trulie husband, praie nowe husband cease  
Perswasions cannot moue and therefore peace  
Haue not I saide I will not? shewing why  
A leading this stronge reson too, For I  
*Mee thinks such reasons might' perswade a man:*  
*When wee saie Will not, rockes moues sooner than.*

94

In Bedd a younge man with his old wife laie  
Oh wife quoth hee Iv'e lett a thing to daie  
By which I feare I am a looser much  
His wife replies, *you thes bargaines still are suche*  
Soe turning from him (angrie at hir harte)  
Shee vn-awares letts-out a thundring-----  
Oh wife quoth hee noe looser I am nowe  
A marles greate fauer I am made by you  
*Younge men that oldwiues haue neede neuer sell*  
*Because oldwiues (quoth hee) letts things so well.*

95

A proper man which late had loste that Iointe  
Which men ympryson with a cod peece pointe  
Vnto a widowe came; widow quoth hee  
My wealthe is greate; speake, wilt thou marrie me?  
A boutte my howse, faire goodlie pasture haue I  
My feildes are large; by which much money saue I  
Cowes haue I store; and though men should not prize  
Their owne true worthes; yet all men hold mee wise  
Nor witt nor wealth I want your loue to merritt  
I am noe defective but in spiritt  
*Ist spright you want? want you a spright quoth shee?  
Know't; were you lord of th'Earthe you gett and mee.*

96

Wouldst learne to woe? a Fawkner learne to bee  
Wild hawkes by watching are made tame you see:  
Soe must thou watch thy wench; what though she'es wild?  
Yet watch hir well shalt rule hir as a child  
*I, caste hir of; yet hold thou vp thy lure  
Then stoope shee will: I, downe shee will be sure.*

97

Lisba hath manlie partes; you shall not find  
A wenche on th'Earthe that beares a manliere mind  
A wrasler she'es; she'el trye a fall with anie  
A Fencer she'es; shath channgd a thrust with manie  
An Archer she'es; shee laies-well to a marke  
Drawes-home a shaft; nockt right too in the darke  
*S'hath yet more partes; in parte a souldyers shee  
sheel fight, whore, drinke, vntill shee cannot see.*

98

When rich mens wiues are dead (to couer them)  
They vse t'haue marble stones laide ouer them  
Since t'is an annceyent custome I much muse  
Why *Harts-head* thou dost not that custom vse  
Thy wife was tall, fayre, wittie: such a one  
As in hir life would not haue lackt a stone  
Therefore *Hartes-head*, t'eternize hir good name  
Laie ore hir one, write this vppon the same  
*Here lies one dead vnder this marble stone*  
*Which when shee liv'd laye vnder more then one.*  
Vppon hir stone write this: yet dost thou heare  
At name of stone sheel rise againe I feare.

99

*Smale-witt* loues a woman. oh wonder straunge!  
But wherefore think you? world tis time you change  
Tis tyme; tis high time that you were renewd  
When men think women virtuouslie endewd  
Aske him why hee loues hir, vp go'es eyes  
For virtue, For hir virtue sir he cries  
It is hir virtue onelie (sir saith hee)  
That hath soe sence-charmd and soe raiisht mee[.]  
Women virtuous? oh straunge vnheard of Iest!  
World World; thy latter age it seemes proues best  
Fond' *Smale witt* nowe gives not his loue hot chace  
As others doe, onelie for flesh and case  
But for hir virtue; tis for hir virtues sake  
That makes young *Smale-witt* that chace vndertake  
*Nowe god be'es speed; praie god the youth maie wynn hir*  
*But's chaunce is rare yf hee findes virtue in hir.*

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Conclusion.

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Clere-eyd bright *Titan* allwaies blusheth redd  
When he beetakes him to his *Thetis* bedd  
The youth full livelie god in glowing flame  
Sitts and lies downe as yf surprisd with shame  
*But man, oh shameles man! t'is cause hee spies  
In's daie-runne course, thy daie-done villanies.*

101

My Epigrams make their encrease as men  
As Fathers getteth sonns, soe sonns agen  
Ev'n soe from one, an other out doth spring  
Iust like its selfe, yet not the selfsame thing  
*And well maie I compare em to mans brood  
Because of eyther kind ther'es neyther good.*

102

If vaprous Fumes of Neptunes glassie plaine  
Doe once but through the Icie region gaine  
That exhalation (wondrous to our sight)  
Doth proue a Commett or bright-blazing light  
*Soe virtue proues yf powre shee gaines to slice  
Through the cold region of pale Envies vice.*

FINIS.