I can not go, nor stand, ye crupple crost,  
Nor yet can sit, if he say true, Be his.

On D' Lamb.
If he arn rejoyn, when mon leave off to smae  
Of thel rejoyn, when it a soul doth woman.
If carn't rejoyn, when it doth last a man,  
Then all rejoyn, now they art in the grave.

On ye Duke of Buck.
I that my country did betray,  
Undid ye king, yth let me say  
The scripts as I pleased, brought down  
The glory of ye English armes.

The Curious book, ye country's hate,  
An Agent for ye Spanish state.

Read friend, ye gospels utter fore,  
The Church & Kingdoms rest there,  
But no servant cares is dende,  
Wth ye soul returns to fee.