How long might he and his five men have fed?
He would no doubt the poor should have been fed
With some small morsels of his broken bread.
But when they prove foul, did for it call
A priest was made the scholars' fate up all.
When they of his small beare did crave a cup
A priest was made the scholars' drunk all up.
Thus I know not, how they change the name.
Cut did the deed, but Longstaile had the blame.
Our Oxford Shrieve of late is grown so wise
As to reprieve his beate till next. Affaire
Alas was not so strong, was not so heay ye.
The Sheree's fate, and found it dead already.

Alas a deformed Gentleman.
Marry, and love thy Maria; for she 
Hath all things where with others beauteous bee.
For though her eyes bee small, her mouth is great.
Her nose is pery, yest her teeth are leet.
Although she be dimme, yest she is light enough.
And though her hair doth fall, her skin is tough.
What though her cheeks are yellow, her hare is red.
And give her thine, shee hath a myddle head.
Most behoof being eued, eued is when it was bee.
Bee in thy wench, none ask, where at cloth bee.
In buying things perumfede, wee ask if there.
Bee muske and amber in them, but not where.
Though all her parts bee not in usual place,
She hath in Arrangement of a good face.
Her's face as any if all bee like her.
And if none bee then she is singular.
All love is wonder of once rightly doe.
Account her wonderfull why not lovely too.
Some, built on beautye bees as beautye bees,
Chuck this face changd by no deformatie.
Women are all like Angels: the faire bee
Like those that fell to wroth: but such as she
Like to good Angels nothing can improve.
Trije false grace to bee people then have beene fayn
For one nights revels should not like we bee.
But for large gournesies cloth and leathervise.
Beauty is baren off: good husbands say,
There is best land where there is foulest way.
Oh what a soveraigne placater will she bee
If thy pales time have taught thee jealousy,
Therfore need no spies, no questions: her commit
Safe to thy foresay to thy marrie jails.
Her face like cloudes doth straight make day to night.
And mightier then the sea makes moonses look white.
One like none, and likt of none is best grave.
Some things in fashion every one will weare.
One face great for one so for thee: Which for thy
God she must bee bee of some face likelloose.

A complement to a faire wench.
Rare creature sett me speake without offence.
Wold god my rude wordes had the influence.
To rule thy thoughts, as thy faire looks doe miners.
Then shouldst bee his presonser who is thine.
And in dutie will exceede all other.
As you in beautie doe excell loves mother.

An epitaph on a mayde.
One stone sufficeth, see what death can doe.
Her who in her life time was not content with thee.

A complement to his mrs.
O that I were a flea appony thy lippes.
There would I sucke for ever, and not skippe.
Or if thou thinkest there too high am placet
O bee content to sucke below thy wash.
Thy boote of willingly kiss, but that I know
Thou wouldst not have thy servant sleep to low.
Oh speake thou wile bee mines, and I will bee.
The truest worne are tred on shooe to thee.