Why have Bastards the best Fortune?

Because Fortune her self is a whore, but such are not the most indulgent to their Children. The old natural reason, that their Mischings or Stolen Love are most beloved and so is Contribute more Spirit then the Caste and lawful might genere noe, but that. If more of such are become Domesticque, and in ordinary, and they wed, may came waste but by times and agree amiss, or if they lived in the Ark. The old natural reason, that Bastards inherit wickedness from their parents, and so are in a better way of punishment by having a Stork before hand. Then those which must build all their Fortune upon the poor and mean Stock of Original some might prudently wish more. But that since we are fallen, no such times as never the world, might grace the Devil, because more could be bad enough without him. I see more seem to be moved by example, or to be beholding to others for their Damnation. So reason reasonable, that since lovers told them of successions and Devil benifice, they should have nothing to equivalent, his nature which is laws patterns.
Returne to dwell to you of vhome they were
As perfect motions are all circular
Soe they to euery Seas, where euery leade Straine-art.
Shew was all spicke, you all merrall, soe
In you trust, you died Rich Indisys knowne.
And at not fire, nor rive cam, speed or last
One dramme of gold, but what was first shall last
Though it by fire in water Earth salt age.
Expanded in infinit, none will impair.
Soe to youre self, you may addditions take
But nothing can you lose, or changed make.
Seeke not in seeking none, to seeme to doubt
That you can match her, or any her wishe
But let some faultfull booke in her name bee,
Yet her of Judith, nor such booke as she.

Finis

Madam.

See my my verse pleasing bee
Set may you laugh at them, and not at me.
See something to you I would gladly say,
But how to doe it cannot find the way,
I would avoid the cmn treason wages
To Lodge evil which bee or love or praise.
As in the first, that bode wise I have,
If not yeart, sowe more into the grave.
But that I can by that dim shadow light,
Because of what ynto Shame I write
Let such as m a hopelessly visalize rage,
Can right a quire and read it to a lay.
Such as can make ten. Someone ere they test
When each is but a greate blew at the first.

Such as camm booke of books, and owndors fell
Such there to spireus Funerall, and quelled.
Such as are meek retaliat, to end there days
With a loved Laughter blome beyond the seas.
Such as are merrisfyl, that they can line
Laughter att by all the world, and yet forgive.
Writhe Love to you, I would not willingly
Be parted att m every Company.
At that the little Taylor whose sick death
Was sett in Love, with Quene Elizabeth.
And for the last, in all my idle days
I never yet did seeing Woman praisen
In verse or prose, and when I do begin
She pick some woman out as full of virtue,
As you are full of virtue, with a smile.
As blacke as yeours is white, a face as foule,
As yours is beautifull, for it shalbe
Out of the rules of Phineasome.
For faire, that I doe fear, I must displace
The art a little, or lest in the face.
It shalbe at least sever faces be blome
The Divell, and her stroke illcorps shal show.
In her lust skin, as if some spirit shew were,
Kes in a bigny some greate Conjuror.
Her breast shalbe as horribl, and stiler
As every word you speoke is sweete, and mild.
Yet shalbe such an one, as will not be
Covered with any art or policy.
But let her take all suwette faces and demeke
She shall make nothing but a deeper stink.
She shall have such a face, and such a note
As will not stand in any thing but prose.