Epigram

A rent ame prest rogo fautingt found a wedge of gold not knowing neuer for to beston the same & ought be bold at longs to fansy lift em best to set it in asest nole in the Canest londnor north. The Deus est a mercu gretst bre fansy raste in premius fur a peere respecting not lest peecent fill eat on the rasket lay loost out the gold alllling out he Parson nost lond north nowitt Resurrecit non est hic, we Godth resse egon

Finis

Inconstances Encomiu

All thought he land and faire a good worke too late fald the lone now nothing should snder

yra
yea though thou fall back but Apos and Conformed by love yet many fear lest women are like to Aris found none open to all farrigie longward of knowne of not saint named abroad and not ever so another fouler some best meaneth all
man rate the same bird and as these things be women are made for men not men women short a good an all things strange when be please all women more fast mad wild few these be bound to one man and nature them all they make them apter to endure them