

- 7 A Doctor told his patient Amphida,  
The paine he felt, was a Sciatica.  
With the not perfect how to nominate  
Mistaking, cries, Oh my Certifi-ate!
- 8 Cecus awak't was told the Summe appear'd,  
Which had the darknes of the morning clear'd:  
But Cecus snuggl'd thereto made reply,  
The Summe hath farther force to goe than I.
- 9 Mat: with his man take all on measurement,  
And therewith trying by some trick to flout him,  
Saying his dogg, that to St. reverence went,  
Ask't, if he had not pe me & inke about him?  
Yes, sd his man & wherefore make you doubt  
To write, sd the master, what my Dogg liest out.
- 10 Mistis Marina, amongst some gossips sake,  
Whose faces were the subject of their chat:  
Some look't too pale, some seem'd too fiery red,  
Some brown, some black, & some ill fashion'd.  
Good Lord, (sd she) you all are much too blame,  
Let's love, & praise the maker of the same.  
Her chambermaid, who heard her, standing by,  
Said, Then love me, for that you know was I.
- 11 Lovellus, by the law condemn'd to die,  
Sent his sick water to a Doctor might;  
And propos'd him an hundred pounds for paine;  
If by his art he might but life obtaine.  
The Dr. understanding of his crime,  
Will'd him & with patience to endure a time,  
And send againe when shew'd some way, in the change,  
Meane while Lovellus went to Tiburne range.

12 Jack's wondrous sick & thinks he shall goe mad,  
And lose his wits (a thing Jack never had).  
Take comfort man if this be all thou fearest,  
A great wile pay thy loffe, when wits are dearest.

Upon a Cripple.

13 I cannot see, sit, stand, the cripple cries,  
What doth he then? If he saies true, he lies.  
Upon some Angell, wro'd by  
a Lawyer

14 Time is an Angell, some; what though he be?  
Yet is an Angell but a Lawyeres fee.

15 Corvntus call'd his wife both whore, & slut.  
Broth she, you'l never leave your bawling; but -  
But what? sd he. Butt the post, or doord,  
I'me sure, you have hornes to butt, if I be a whore.

16 Dr Breefield, he that lov'd noe strife,  
And ~~was~~ turn'd back to kisse his wife.  
And tell me, was not he exceeding kind,  
To ride before, & kisse his wife behind?

17 A welchman coming late into an Inne,  
Asked the mai what meat there was within?  
Two courtesies, sd she, & a breast of mutton.  
But sd the Welchman, since I am noe glutton,  
Either of both shall serve, to make the best  
The heales sh' morning when light meate are best.  
At night he took the best, & did not pay,  
I' th morning he took his heales, & runne away.

On Ben. Brime yeoman Beadle of Cambridge  
who married his 2 daughters to W. r. & R. d.

- 18 Was not this of old Benjamin cunningly wrought,  
To put his daughters to wright, & read for nought?  
Marrage. R. d.
- 19 I would be married, but I'd have noe wife  
I would be married, to a single life.