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It was thou branding most by ramour  
leave me, and in this standing wooden chest  
consider with these few books, let me by  
in prison, and were he a coffin with thee  
these are Gods conduct, grace, duties and these  
natures Secretary see Philosophers

And willy Statesmen we teach how to be  
The sinners of a Cityes mustique body  
Here gathering Pedonies and by them stand  
And lastling, poets of each land

Thou I weare all this constant Company  
The tollowe Reasons into uncertainty  
First I weare by thy best love in earnest  
Wilt thou wed loast all can love any best

I doe wilt not leave me in the middle street  
Though some more shrewd Companion had do mee  
Not though a Captaine do come in thy way  
Dont parrot quill will surely dead my pay  
Not though a brash per-fum'd best Courtier  
Daine take a thousand Courtiers to answer

For come a velvet justice robe a long  
Great traine of Stewarts 12 or 14 Storge  
Thou knowe quime of faune or dim or prepare  
A steed to Court his beauteous sonne and ayce

For better and worse take mee and leave me  
To take and leave me is adultery.

I monster superstitious Justice  
Doe refine manners set ceremonial man  
That when thou meetst one wild enquiring eyes  
Doest care and like a needy brother like  
The like and God see weares and to flat date  
So by or on doest warle thy so-mall eat  
That wilt con-vert none of all thou have knowing  
That lands see rate in take or of his owne  
As though all thy Companions should make thee  
Courtiers and marry thy dare Company  
For seditious thou that doest not onely approve  
But in ranke ately spast Deser and Love

See nations and barones to cry  
Of thy plume muddy dove or prostitute boy  
That vertue should be naked and bare  
At batle and death our bodies naked are  
And till our soules be unapparelled  
Our bodies they from this are banished  
Mans lust vest, fate was made wiser by sinne  
Thee lost that get he was clothed but in beasts skinn  
And in this course attyre weE nowe I weade  
To love God and not the maske I confesse  
But since thou like a contide Demitent  
Charitably waerd of thy sinne dost repent  
These wankes and fiddinesses, I see  
I shut my chamber doore, and come left soe  
But sooner may a cleafe dove that eales bene  
Worne by as many severall men in some  
As are blacke soldiers or muske Coloured Dove  
Name her states right true father amongst all thee  
Sooner may one queet wold shall beare away  
The infant of London, eyer to an India  
And sooner may a gulling weather fly  
By drawing forth the deauncy Seeme, sell certainly  
Soe at fashiond hats or cuffed, or suetes next yeare  
Thee supplow the anty, butes will weare  
From thou when thou when departt from hence can show  
Forther, why where or what wold thou wouldest go  
But love shall I be pardon me offence  
That thus saue find againt my Conscience.  
Now we are in the fickle sea first of all  
Unprudently proud creepes to the wall  
And so ambrosion and time in by mee  
Sels for a little <sup>more</sup> Liberty  
Get though he cannot ship forth now to greete  
Every fine yether named foole we meete  
The seem to him wold amorous smiles allures  
And quirms, smaches, serugs, and such an itel endures