

Too greate a wisdome is too little wise

If too in you have quite  
Then double you are in haste.

I U 1

The Bait

One to his love

Come live with me and be my love  
And we will soone new pleasures prove  
Of golden sands and Cristal brookes  
With silken lines and silver hookes  
There will I river whisperinge runne  
Warmed by thine eyes more then the sunne  
And there the enamored fish wil stay  
Begginge himselfe he may betray  
When thou shalt be in that live bath  
Each fish which evey chanel hath  
Wit amovously to thee swimme  
Gladder to <sup>catch</sup> thee then than him  
Let other fish with anglinge pides

I U I

P. 23

And cut their leggs with shells and roddes  
And treacherously poore fish besett  
With strangling snare or window net  
Let course bold hand from slymye nett  
The bedded fish from banks out wrest  
And curious traytors with silke flyers  
Bewitch poore fishes wandring eyes  
For thee there needs noe such decept  
For thou thy selfe art thyne owne hayte.  
The fish that is not caught thereby  
Alas it's wiser farre then I

News

Whie is now and how various is it breath