

How didst thou enter beyond thy years? how say
how wise, how staid, how wise than things are?
What marble gravitie was knowne to house
More in thy smooth, than of y^e r^ewin^d had
far different from y^e of y^e noble^r forte
That thin for fashion suchy come to foot
To wear a gawdy gown, as thin with cap
Peruse y^e st^ruct^r of learn^r y^e collid^r q^ro^r
Some some few ends of idles, when he was
To be a^rid^r dis^row^rle^r & entertain^r a laughter
That new^r each fur^r for, thin y^e mysticall
Science, of ex^rmir^r & their f^rid^r y^e bell
Or els to wild some f^rid^r in wood^r in tooke
Or f^rid^r a night rap^r in y^e dam^r in of school
Or towards a lute string, & f^rid^r y^e art
In ofers r^rou^rl^r in great men parts.
Thy studies were more f^rid^r as thy look^r
In best sh^rer banded thou wert to y^e book^r
Busied in papers & collect^r y^e th^ro^r
Comm^r to strike in thy mi^r & not in th^ro^r
M^ro^rth^rin^r I see the best close by thy self^r
Reas^ring some choice booke^r fro^r thy f^rid^r
Loose y^e f^rid^r & w^r a will^r y^e pain^r
To read^r & thinke & write and read again^r
Th^ro^r didst y^e f^rid^r thy life short day, till night
Death^r might overtooke there's part out thy light
Th^ro^r fable sustaine^r were so soon^r out f^rid^r
Thy day^r talk^r down^r to bring th^ro^r to thy bed
yet happy^r night whose first night did begin
In death on dark^r by y^e night of sin.

On one that stole candle
Poore Rogue, unwitting th^ro^r poor f^rid^r which
That w^rid^r must speake y^e w^rome soon^r to light

In Priscilla

Priscilla always calls her husband & says
Perham. She bought him as for & over a rate
Or els to make y^e r^rou^rl^r plain^r appear^r
Like to a d^rid^r she hath be^rid^r his plate
If for it be q^d Dulcan f^rid^r her f^rid^r
y^e she may live to make her d^rid^r on a burke

What is our life? a play or passion
Our mirth y^e musick & d^rid^r
Our m^ro^rl^r r^rou^rl^r y^e att^ryr^ring house f^rid^r
wh^ro^r we are d^rid^r for th^ro^r f^rid^r
the earth y^e f^rid^r wh^ro^r d^rid^r art am^r
y^e f^rid^r d^rid^r wh^ro^r d^rid^r art am^r
Our hearts y^e hide us from y^e f^rid^r
th^ro^r but draw^r r^rou^rl^r when y^e play^r am^r

Of a Cuckold

One told his wife a hearts mead he had bought
to hang^r his hat upon a home it brought
to whom^r his frugal wife, what meads th^ro^r have
y^e w^rid^r (sweet^r heart) y^e head y^e hat can beare

The Rex & Grex are both of a found
But Dux & the Rex & Grex r^rou^rl^r
If Crux & Dux might have his fill
Then Rex & Grex should live at will
Three subsid^r th^ro^r to f^rid^r should be
And Grex should joy w^r new doth mourne
O Rex thy Grex do^r must r^rou^rl^r
that Dux beare's Crux, but Crux not him againe

On a beggar & cripple

How goe now sit, now stand y^e r^rou^rl^r
what sayes he then if he sayes true, he lies