

Thy Father gave fro' thee by his last Will  
All to y<sup>e</sup> poor: Thou hast good Tithes still.

So deeply he hath vow'd, ne'r more to come  
In Bawdy House, y<sup>e</sup> he dar' not go home.

Thy Sins & Hairs no Man can equal call:  
For as thy Sins <sup>do rise</sup> ~~increase~~, thy Hairs do fall.

I am unable yonder Beggar cries  
To go, or stand: If he sth' true, he lies.

J. C. 11. 2. Good Mung<sup>r</sup> Carr, about to fall.

H. R. A. K. As all men say; But y<sup>e</sup>'s not All.

U. O. 2. ~~It's a Necessity, that~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~the~~ pack

S. Xs. y<sup>e</sup> F. Who's wicked life hath broke y<sup>e</sup> Back.

On John Dryden.

At all Religions present, & all past  
you long have rail'd; & chose y<sup>e</sup> Worst at last.  
Done like yo<sup>r</sup>self! So you saving before  
Rail'd at all Woman-kind, married a Whore.

Choric of a Wife.

A Maiden fair I will not wed,  
For fear to have Aedon's Head.

A Maiden black is often proud.

A little Maiden will be loud.

A Maiden, y<sup>e</sup> is high of growth  
They say, is subject unto Sloth.

Thus Fair, or Foul, Little, or Tall,

Some Fault remains amongst y<sup>e</sup> all. /

The English y<sup>e</sup>nd as I remember, is  
Fair, & Wanton; Black, & proud;  
Long & Lazy; Little, & Loud.

59. If Heaven <sup>is pleas'd</sup> rejoice, w<sup>h</sup> Men leave off to Sin;  
If Hell rejoice, when Sinners enter in;  
If Earth rejoice, when wit's rid of a Knave;  
Then All rejoice; For . . . . is in his Grave.

Dom. Baudius thus concludes his Jambics  
In tri<sup>o</sup> Juris perverforas. Quat. p. 33.

Hoc omnium si dicitur Optio mihi,  
Diti vorivrem de tribus Nequistimū,  
Afferre vellet ut Duos superstitis.

If for the Asking my Wish I might have,  
The Worst of y<sup>e</sup> Three, & y<sup>e</sup> arrantest Knave  
I'd give to y<sup>e</sup> Devil without more a-doe,  
On Condition to take away y<sup>e</sup> other Two.

Satyr agst Dryden's Achitophet. p. 14.

But why extol'st Jerusalem's kind Sagan?  
At Drink & Whore's indeed a very Dragon.  
Not Magdalen possess't in all her prime  
Wth her ten Devils could have equal'd Him. /

W. p. O.

As I walkt by myself,  
I talkt to myself,  
And myself I'd thus tocke,  
Take heed to thyself,  
Take care of thyself;  
For nobody cares for thee.  
Then I thought wth myself,  
And I said to myself,  
Why self same Reporter;  
Take a care of thyself,  
Or no care of thyself,  
The self same thg will be. /