

But you are of bawdy wit, & bad is of best,
And for farewell bawdy, dost best.

12

To his M^{rs}

I am of Love, & his Love
Haysre David. I am in love wth you;
Who worst say, art, how ought I for
Yet more assured I will to be.
Sure I shall, you doe not refuse
As all men in your Bargaynes use.
Men shall be in your love, as they buy,
If you be plume, & for would I
Men and of Mages, & try to your part,
Of who would I doe in his Capt.
Who will buy Land, till he doth know
What fruit in it is apt to grow.
Now for my parts, & part, be all,
If you will, I am to say all,
You shall be, feel, & for, & part,
Least you repent, of Bargaynes part.
Then part to part, let us compare,
There is no deceipt in open ware.
No legge, & feete are straight & find
And for, & hood, Haysre David, are mine,
You have of wound, & best, thigh,
And looke you here, if any not have of.
But yet I part, wth I would finde,
I knew not, least you should be blinde.

Romans Hymn

Goe & take a falling Starre;
Get wth a Child of Mandrake roots
Tell me whose all past yeeres are
Who who left of Devils fate
Teare me to hear Myrmydes singing,
Who to escape of Envy's stinging.

And finde

I'll finde

Seaves to advance an honest minde.
If you beest for me to strange sights
Things invisible to you
Give me your hand, day, & night,
Till doge frowns white Raynes on mee
I shew, when you art turne, tell me
All strange wanders of befall mee

And finde

Noe where

Lives of Roman, true & fayre.
If you finde me, let me know,
Sure I will your image weare sweete
Yet doe not; I would not goe,
I thought at meet tooe we might meet;
I thought she wear true, when you met her,
And last for, till you write of letter
Yet shoo
I'll be
Halt, ere I come, to two, or three.

Bona, quo communis, et malig.
Admuna, quo communior, et prior.