

Maidens, harrlots, & widewives make none,
 For Prick is now laid under stone.
 Cupid & Death did both their arrows wish
 Cupid shot short, but Death did hit the Prick.

On a Cripple

I can not go, nor stand, y^e cripple cries,
 Nor yet can sitt; if he say true, he lies.

On D^r Lamb

If heavⁿ rejoyce, when men leave off to live,
 If hell rejoyce, when it a soule doth receive,
 If earth rejoyce, when it doth losse a knave,
 Then all rejoyce, now thou art in thy grave.

On y^e Duke of Buck

I, that my Countrey did betray,
 Undid y^e King, y^t let me away
 His scepter as I pleas'd, brought down
 The glory of y^e English crown;
 The Curtins bare, y^e Countrey's hate,
 An Agent for y^e Spanish State,
 Rome's friend, y^e Gospells usurper,
 The Church & Kingdoms overthrower,
 In the most infernall carkers dwell,
 Whom thy soule returns to hell.

Wth Judas