

Should waile in obliquity, if the King David
 So lost the quarrell in Bohemia did,
 God forbid to heare in France the wars shall cease,
 And that by treatie there should be a peace
 For as was said, the Church doth honor want
 When tis not truly called Militant
 And surely for a summe as I can finde
 God beares the selfe and treasurably mynde
 He doth the Lutheran, for soe was soe
 Although their tongues make war, their hearts agree
 For Luther & Calvin alike consent
 Toe to betray the annoynted innocent
 And though their Doctrines differ both do dyme
 How best they may the King, or Kingdome mynde
 The difference is this way understood
 One in sedition, the other deals in blood
 Their Character is abridg'd, if you will haue
 The one some a Saint, and the other quod a Traitor.

Of French Crownes

Although the French King most Christian be,
 His Crownes are circumsid most wisely.

In praise, or Dispraise of
Comon Lawyers.

Lawyers them selves uphold the Comon weale
 They punish those that do offend and steale,
 They save with cunning dot the innocent
 From danger losse and from punishment.
 They can but will not keep the world in awe
 With misgoverned & distorded Lawe.
 They all waies haue great store of Charitie
 And love they want, not keeping a mitie.

On a Papist.

Some thin a Pillar of the Church doe call,
 But say as hee are Caterpillors all.
 Gods gone to Rome; there's room for pagans
 Whoe love his room, but hate his companie.