

Away, thou changelinge motley Humourist!
 Leave mee: and in this standinge woodsu chere
 with these fewe booke comforted lett mee be
 In prison, and here be confin'd, and dye
 Here are Gods Conduites, grace dainties, and here
 Is naturis Secretary the Philosopher
 And Jolly states-men in the track how to be
 The Symour of a Kingdome mystick bodie
 Her gatheringe Chronicles, and by them stand
 Giddy flanta stickie posts of rich land
 Shall I leave all this constant Compaignie
 And followe headlonge wilde adventures these
 First swaere by thy best love in earnest
 Let thou so the Court all, love and best
 Thou wilt not leave me in the middle street
 Though some more foules companion thou dost meet
 Not though a Captaine doe come in thy way
 Bright parcell guilt with forbe dead mens pray
 Not though a briske Humd get Courbion
 Saigur with a nodd thy Curtesie do an forre
 Nor come a verurtt-Judice with a longer
 Great trayne of Her coats 12 or 14 stronge
 Shall thou over grime or favours on him: prepare
 A speech to court his brautious forme and here
 For bitter or for worse take or leave me
 To take and leave me bothe adulterie
 O monstrous suspicious Puritan
 Of vifid manners yet Ceremoniall man

NP3*

Portland ms. 222

That when thou mist'st our 10th inquiring Eye
 Dost search and like a waddys broken prize
 The felle and Gould he so rare, and to yf rate
 For high and lowe dost raise thy for small rate
 That with comfort to none till thou hayst knowne
 What Land he hath of hope or of his owne
 As though all thy Companions should meete there
 Joynture, or many thy deare companie
 Why should'st thou that not only dost approve
 But in ranke with they lust, desire and love
 The nakednes and barrennes to many
 Of thy glumpe muddy whore or prostitute boy
 Hate vertue though she naked be and bare
 At birth and death our bodies naked are
 And till our soules be unapparelled
 Of bodies they from blisse are banished
 Mans first best state was naked when by sinne
 He lost it, he was clothed in a braffe skin
 And in this coverd state we now we are
 With god, and with the muses of confesse
 But since thou live a contrite penitent
 Charitably warme of thy sinnes, dost represent
 Thy vanities and giddinesses! For
 I shut my chamber dore and come lttle goe
 But sooner may a cheape whore who hath bin
 Worne by as many furrall men in sin
 As are blacke feathers and muste colourd kasse hose
 Name her childes right true father amongst all those

Sooner may one give for who shall have away
 The Garganta of London borne here to an Gadia
 And sooner may a gullinger weather spy
 By drawinge forth he aures tell certainly
 What fashion'd habit or ruffe, or fuites next yeare
 Our suple-headed anticke youthes will wear
 Then thou when thou departest howe canst thou
 whether, why, when, or with whomr thou would'st goe
 But how shall I be pardon'd myne offender
 That thus have find againt my confinner
 Now we are in the secrets he first of all
 (Imprudently, provide) creeps next the wall
 And for imprisond and bound in by me
 Sells for a little stabs his libertie
 Yst though he cannot now bringe forth to greet
 Curvy, fine filken paynted foole we meet
 Hee then to him wth amorous look a lusse
 And grimme, smacke, shruggs, and such an itch indusse
 As prindises and schoolboies who doe knowe
 Of some playe sport abroad yst dare not goe
 And as filders stoppe lowest at highest sounds
 Soe to the most fraue stoopes hee mightest grounde
 But to a grave man hee doth moue no more
 Then the wise politiquer horse would
 Or then an Elephant or Ape would doe
 when any names the Kinge of Spaine to you
 Now leape he upright waggone, crye I you for
 Yonder well favour'd youth why sit hee here

That daunteth for diuinely: oh said I
 stand still must you danc here for compaine
 Hee droopt vs went till our self did excell
 That did Indians in drinkinge his Tobacco well
 Mett as: they talke of whiffred let us goe
 Maybe you smelt him not, bruely I doe
 Hee heare not me but on the other side
 A many colored Peacocke hauing spider
 Leapt him and me, I for my lost sheepe staye
 Hee followes querrelles, goe on the waye
 Sayinge, him whom I had left all repub
 For his diuise in hand - soming a shute
 To iudg, of face lace, pines, gaine, cutt, print, or pleate
 of all the Court to haue the best conceipt
 our dull Comedians want him: lett him goe
 But oh god strengthen the whye chooped thou soe
 whye he hath brauelled longe no but to mee
 who vnderstand none, hee doth seeme to be
 Perfect french or Italy; I replyde
 for is the Pox, hee answerd not but spide
 More men of fort, of jets of qualibies
 At last his loue hee in a window spye
 And hee light drew exhaild, hee fluge from me
 violently raight to his Lecharge
 Many were there, hee could command no more
 Hee quarrelld, fought, blidd, and burnd out of doore
 Directly came to me hanging the head
 And constantly a while must trye the bed.