

Th<sup>r</sup> M<sup>r</sup> Sanburne Sheriffe of Oxon.

The schollers, sic, have you such hungry soules,  
 To swill, quaffe, and carouse in Sanburns bowles.  
 Tell mee maid yonkers, doe you indeed Celcebe  
 It cost good Sanburne noting to bee shreive.  
 To spend so many beeres, so many waiters  
 Maintaine so many taps, so many feathers.  
 Againe is malt so cheape this pining yeere  
 That you should make such havock of his beere?  
 I heare you bee so many that you make  
 Most of his men turne Tapsters for your sake.  
 And when hee even at the Bench doth sitt,  
 You snatch his meat from of his horrowd spitt.  
 You keepe such hurly hurly that it passes  
 In gurgitating sometimes whole half glasses.  
 And some of you forsooth are growne so fine  
 Or else so sawye as to call for wine.  
 As if the shreife had putt such men in trust  
 That darst to draw more wine, then needs they must.  
 Hee never had complaind, had it but beene  
 A petty ferkin or a skilderkin.  
 But when a Barrell daily was drunke out,  
 My m<sup>r</sup> then twas time to looke about.  
 But oh what would not all the bread in towne  
 Suffice to drive the Sherriffes liquour downe  
 But hee in stampers frome home newt it bring.  
 Oh most prodigious, oh most monstrous thinge  
 Vppon so many loaves of home-mad bread

How longe might hee and his five men have fed?  
 Hee would no doubt the poore should have beene fed  
 With some small morsells of his broken bread  
 But when that they poore soules did for it call  
 Answer was made the schollers eat vp all.  
 When they of his small beere did crave a cup  
 Answer was made the schollers drunke all vp.  
 Thus I know not how they change the name  
 Cut did the deede, but longtaile had the blame.  
 Our Oxford Shreive of late is growne so wise  
 As to reprove his beere till next Assise.  
 Alas twas not so strong, twas not so headye  
 The Juryc sate, and found it dead allreadye.

Vppon a deformed Gentlewoman.

Marrye and love thy Flavia; for shee  
 Hath all things where byth others beauteous bee  
 For though her eyes bee small; her mouth is greate  
 Her <sup>though they bee</sup> lippes are Ivorie, yett her teeth are iett.  
 Her <sup>though they bee</sup> eyes are dimme, yett shee is sight-enough;  
 And though her harsh hayre fall, her skin is tough  
 What though her Cheekes bee yellow, her hayre is red  
 And give her thing shee hath a mayden head  
 These things are beauties elements in here, these leave  
 Meet white and red, and each good qualitie  
 Bee in thy wenck, nere aske where it doth lye  
 In buying thinges perfum'd wee aske if there  
 Bee muske and amber in them, but not where

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Though all her parts bee not in vsuall place,  
 Shee hath an Anagram of a good face.  
 Whose faire as mine is, if all bee like her.  
 And if none bee, then shee is singular.  
 All love is wonder if wee rightly doe  
 Account her wonderfull, why not lovely too:  
 Love built on beautye <sup>is</sup> as beautye dyes,  
 Chuse this face changed by no deformities.  
 Women are all like Angells: the fayre bee  
 Like those that fell to noise: but such as shee  
 Like to good Angells nothing can impair.  
 'Tis lesse grieve to bee foule, then to have beene fayre.  
 For one nights revells <sup>silken</sup> gold <sup>and</sup> <sup>gold</sup> <sup>like</sup> wee <sup>chuse</sup> use  
 But for longe journeyes, cloth and leather use.  
 Beautye is barren oft; good husbands say,  
 There is best land, where there is foulest way.  
 Oh what a soveraigne plaister will shee bee  
 If thy past times have taught thee jealousye.  
 Heere need no spies, nor <sup>any</sup> mouchs: her committ  
 Safe to thy foes, nay to thy marmositt.  
 Her face like cloudes doth straight turne day to night  
 And mightier then the sea makes moones look white.  
 One like none, and likt of none is best geare  
 For things in fashion every one will weare  
 Her face, guard her and so for thee, which forced by  
 Absence, <sup>is</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>best</sup> <sup>Dec,</sup> <sup>shee</sup> <sup>whose</sup> <sup>face</sup> <sup>like</sup> <sup>deads</sup>  
<sup>the</sup> <sup>death</sup> <sup>of</sup> <sup>an</sup> <sup>Infant</sup>.  
 As careful nurses doe to bed soone lay  
 The childe that would too long the wanton play  
 Though seven yeares, shee in the stews had lay

A puppet duxet receive and thus a mayde  
 though in childlike labour shee is lye, the wife

So to prevent my youths ensuing crimes  
 Nature my nurse sayd mee to bed betimes.

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A complement to a faire Wench.  
 Rare creature lett me speake without offence  
 Would god my rude wordes had the influence  
 To rule thy thoughts, as thy faire lookes doe mine  
 Then shouldst bee his prisoner who is thine  
 And I in dutye will exceede all other  
 As you in beautye doe excell Loves mother

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An Epitaph on a mayde.  
 One stone sufficeth, loe what death can doe:  
 Her who in her life time was not content with two

A complement to his M<sup>rs</sup>  
 O that I were a flea vpon thy lippe  
 There would I suck for ever, and not skippe  
 Or if thou thinkst I there too high am plac't  
 I'll bee content to suck below thy wast.  
 Thy foote I'de willingly kisse, but that I know  
 Thou wouldst not have thy seruant stoop so low.  
 Oh speake thou: wilt bee mine! and I will bee  
 The truest worne ere trod on shooe to thee.