

Vppon a Loup-11

A Loup withoute Purmitt a man did molest,
 A Tailour was founde his Loup to arrest,
 The Tailour off turtelyst his Loup did release
 But he hit the Garder, & still brake the peace.
 In his doubtfull matt & your counsaile I craue
 Not law of the Loup the Tailour may saue
 A Jury of boggers debating the case
 Lawe agreed in the verdict, the Loup must gaue lawe
 And he fore he say for a far the requiting,
 The Loup must be subort to the Law of barbiting.
 The Lawe doth guide for the party if aggriued
 That the Loup the offonding must not be repressid
 But the right must be taken, & tarrisd to lawe,
 And hee must the trust of the nails. 11

Vppon a Flea. 11

Mark but his flea: & mark in his
 How little & whye how donest me is.
 Was it first first, & now furth the
 And in his flea our two bloods mingled be.
 Confesse it. The ranst to said
 On shame, on shame, on losse of maidenhead,
 Yet his enioyde before it wedd.
 And Hampered swells with our blood, made of two
 And his alar is moe then were touts doo.
 Oh say: howe luid in one flea share,
 Howe was almost nay more then maxind a
 The flea is youe, & I and the,
 Our Mariage bed, & temple is,

O spage partly yudge yet no art most,
 And rly stood in hys living walls off wll.
 O spage also made hys not art to kill mee,
 Yet not to hys selfe murke added bee.
 And farilodge hys sinned, in killing hys.
 Thruddle suddaine cast hys spire,
 Wupld by nails in blood of innocent.
 In not could hys floua guilty bee,
 Except in that drop wjty it fell from hys.
 Yet how triumphest, e sawst that hys
 findst not by selfe, nor mee hys woad now.
 His hand hys lawns you false fals bee,
 Just so must hauri, wjth hys yettst to mee
 Will waft: as hys floua dealy talde life from hys. ||
 7. 2.

Upon hys deale of Ben: Record of London. ||

In Hall of late hys fell a great disorder
 And to make part hys sent for hys Recorder
 Whj hinding you to hys hys dwell in awd
 began to use hys rigour of hys law.
 Grimme Plato bring that he war so much
 Did ent fame him as his tppist wodd.
 His truthly one early war knowne so well
 His tppistakts him to be judge of sell.
 O he he tppistakts hys spinnels in hys darts
 But he he hys mistpist, now he wanty his rlands.
 O son many wjst great Plato for to woe him,
 At sell woad please to bring his rlands into
 him. ||