

No little glass, we use, nor do we think
Swand holds the rest, that haue windows to drink
We founde base clay, with tartred in it white
Mantred at last, the force of fire doth hold
Both they, do sayle, wee drinke not morally
In such like Emblems of mortalitye
The Supps that Diuine h/s, (if use long may
But idd by (Woman the contrary way)
Deluded, not our Salats, nor the honour
(As to the fore heads) By the legs was wound
Wee did a blowe there, with bread, bought in the
Siluer and Gold, the floud that weith makes tethers
Seems us for Supps, thee that p' hire is the Neuter
Betwixt the flesh, and is y'le-p'ed Lower
But it was as hard a thing, as often t'ed
Oh best of thes, though a few minutes quitted
A few minutes f'oured fell, but turned worse
And why'tu, (I cannot call it Deuce
Displeas'd, I sayne somewhat disquiet
And by request toward the one side, to rest
That to our lips it might be better froo
Our figures h'ld, parys'd of a hood
From a just Certe decaying out an' d'nght
And that we might not for a mensur we aght
The Butlers h'ld, (though hat it was I said)
With, with his hand, with an even hand
Thus did we reund it, & did neuer suruine
Eill we with wanted caps, nor wanted drinke.

An Invitation to Mrs. M. to
Come & fish
Come here with mee, an' see my Loue
And we will see, as we do fish, & come

of Golden seeds, and Silver broods
With filten Lutes, and filber hoods
Thee with the Power whirring run
warnd by thine eye, when'teas the Sun
And the Enamour'd fish will stay
Begging to be solud they may betray
When thou shalt swimme in great bath
Each fish within every chaund lake
With avarously, unto the p' fishing
Please to catch thee, then thou him
If thou to be seene, best both
By sun, or moon, those dark night both
And if my selfe haue seene to see
I need not thinne slight handling thee
Let others game with d'ngling Reeds
And thus their feet with shells, & peeces
Or C'warderously poor fish bidet
With steingling snare, & winding net
It slowish hands from slimy rest
The bedded fish, in Banks out wright
And curious trayls, make silke flaps
To with poor fishes wandering eyes
For thed thou needst no such receipt
For thou thy selfe art thine own bait
That fish that is not caught thou by
(Alas) tis wise far from J.

A Fancy

Calling to minde my selfe, went long about
To scusse my heart for to see what my breast
All in a rage, I thought to pull from out
By what device I l'ud in this rest