

Wannet by self, then, to by self, be approved
And with name outward, things be no more mott'd
But to know, y^t I love thee, and would be loved: /



To Sr Henry Wooton,

Here is no more news then vertue, I may as well
Tell yo^r Gallio, or S^r Mitchells tale for news as tell
That vice doth here habitually dwell: /

Yett as to gett stomacke we walke up & downe
And foile to sweeten rest, so may god frowne
If but to loze both, I haunt Counte or forone: /

For yett no one is, from y^e extremitie
Of vice, by any other reason free

But y^e next to sin, still is worse then he: /

In this worlds way fare, they whom x^p hath fate
Gods Commission doth so thoroughly hate

As in y^e Countes squadron to marshall their state

If they stand arm'd, wth setly honesty

Wth wishing prayres, & neat Integrity

Like Indians gainst Spanish hostes they be

Suspitions boldnes to this place belongs
And to have as many tartes as all have tongues
Tender to know, tough to acknowledge wronges. /

Believe me Sir in my youthles yiddiest daies
When to be like y^e court, was a plaies praise
Plaies were not so like court, as court are like plaies. /

Of en lett us at their mimible Antiques icast
Whose deepest proicte, and tartious wits
Are but dull moralls of a game at Chess

But now it is incongruity to smile

Therefore I end, And bid farewell a while
At Court, though from Court were y^e better stile



To Sr Henry Goodere. /

Who maketh y^e past, a pattern for next yeare
Cunneth noe new lease, but still the same tyme stand
Letting tyme be set againe, I gards tyme doth heare
And maketh his life, but like a paire of heare

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