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A Gentleman staying too long at a Caution could not get a
at Public Church and thereby lost y^e opportunity of enjoying
y^e sight of some fayre Ladies.

Zounds Gentlemen, how now, shutt out
shall I might with y^e Zealous rout
Stand hoofing on y^e Bulgaz stone,
To sing my Kupis Enderbor.
Hisse, lett y^e Organs one by one,
Exhibble y^e Lamentation
And lett y^e Quizzes sing till they
For want of moisture fall to pray.
Before it shall be said that I
Did lett my choyses destruction fly
Up to y^e Cloud mouthed peales
Of Quintize Orizons, No here my zeale
May stand cheap, rated. Faith, but why,
The best seat shutt, and I putt by,
I did but stepp a sidi a while
With iuice of Grapes my Lampe to oyle.
But staying long I catch too late
And stand y^e foolish Virgins fate.
Yet saw I two or three within
Faire creatures, such as had no sin.
Or if they had their worths high rate
Could it stand transubstantiate
Into a Noche, whose best share
A brace of holy sains might reare.
Could great St Peter me demer,
To pay to enjoy such company,
We should sack soules, soles of his
Putt me to them, or them to us.

Hen: Blunt.

Of a Coy young Lady
Oh! Why should passion quell my mind,
Because my mas proude, contemnd
She is yet too young to know delight,
And is not plumed for Venus flight.
She cannot yet in height of pleasure,
Pay her loze equal measure.
But like a Rosh new blowne doth feed
The eye alone, yet beare no seed.
Autumnt will come shortly come and quiet her,
And make her fat colder and sweeten
And then her growth and ripeness will be such
That she will fall even with a touch.

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As a scornfull man
When by thy loone & Murtherer I am dead,
And y^e shall thinke their feet
From all solicitation of me,
My ghost shall come into thy bed,
And thus faired do shall in woods armes shall see.
Then y^e sick dagger shall begin to wince,
And he whose y^e art thus being first before
Shall if y^e shire to pinch, or wake him thinke
Thou care for more;
And in a faired sleep from this shrike,
Shall ye peere Alpin witch neglected be,
Bathed in a cold quicquair sweat shall be
A verie Ghost then I
Wot I will doe I will not tell this now
Let y^e preferre this, for since my Loue is spent
Ie rather painfully y^e should repent,
Then by my threatning keep this innocent.

D^r Dome.

Her for a
That hangs y^e lippe and pout at every toy,
Speakes like a wag, is faire, dazle baldly stand,
And rears y^e loose rind and w^e a winter hand,
Who in loue fight for one blow giues me three,
And being gabbled falls straight a kissing me.
For if she wants this trick of victory,
Wot Venus her selfe I could not lose her.
If she be modest wife, and chaste of life,
Hang her, shee fit for nothing but a wife.

D^r Dome.

I saw faire Clois walke alone
When feathered Raine came softly downe:
And Loue descended from his tower,
To court her in a siluer shower.
The wanton snow flew to her breast,
Like little birds into their nest:
But overcome with whiter whisps three,
For quise it thaid into a teare,
And falling on her garments humme,
To decke her, fauzed into a gemme.