

Epigram

A certain priest who having found a wedge of gold
 not knowing where for to bestow the same he might be bold
 at length his fancy left him best to hide it in a chest
 with in the Chancel of London with. Hic Deus est
 a merry quack by name saint in priming full a party
 respecting not the reverent stile that on the rasket lay
 took out the gold & blotting out the Parsons note thereon
 with Resurrexit, non est hic, yet Gods risen & gone
 Finis

Inconstances Encomium

All things by hand and faith & good works too
 hath sold by love not nothing should be done

yca

yea though you fall back that Appost and
Confirmos by law, yett must I feare these
women are like to Ants founde into none
open to all seasons unpursd; if unknowne
If I saut range a bird, and let her flee
Another fowler bringt these meanes ad I
May rathe the same bird and as these things be
women are made for men, not ym, nor in
flour & goods & all things range when they please
All women more soft, wily, wild, then these
be bound to one man, & did nature then
idly make them apter, to indure then men

then