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Wentworth Club

No. 12-1871

HUMORS  
LOOKING GLASSE

BY  
SAMUEL ROWLANDS



REPRINTED FROM THE FIRST EDITION  
1828

PRINTED FOR THE HORTON & CO.  
1852



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H V M O R S  
LOOKING  
Glasse.



LONDON.

Imprinted by *Ed. Alde* for *VWilliam Fere-*  
*brand* and are to be sold at his Shop in  
*the popes-head Pallace, right ouer a-*  
*gainst the Tauerne-dore.*

1608.

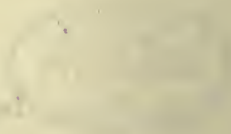




H V M O R S  
L O O K I N G  
G l a s s e s



Printed by the ...  
of the ...  
in the ...  
of the ...





*To his verie Loving Friend Master  
George Lee.*

**E** Steemed friend, I pray thee take it kinde,  
That outward action beares an inward minde,  
What obiects heere these papers do deliuer,  
Bestow the viewing of them for the giuer.  
I make thee a partaker of strange sights,  
Drawne antique works of humours vaine delights.  
A mirrour of the mad conceited shapes,  
Of this our ages giddy-headed apes,  
These fash'on mongers, selfe besotted men  
Of kindred to the fowle that wore my pen,  
Are at an howers warning to appeare,  
And muster in sixe sheetes of Paper heere.  
And this is all at this time I bestow,  
To euidence a greater loue I owe.

Yours SAMVEL ROWLANDS.

A 2





*Reader.*

AS many antique faces passe,  
From Barbers chaire vnto his glasse,  
There to beholde their kinde of trim,  
And how they are reform'd by him,  
Or at *Exchang* where Marchants greeete,  
Confusion of the tongues do meete,  
As *English, French, Italian, Dutch,*  
*Spanish,* and *Scot'sh,* with diuers such.  
So from the Presse these papers come  
To show the humorous shapes of some.  
Heere are such faces good and bad,  
As in a Barbers shop are had,  
And heere are tongues of diuers kindes,  
According to the speakers mindes.  
Beholde their fashions, heare their voice,  
And let difcretion make thy choice.

SAMVELL ROWLANDS.

Some





*Epigram.*

SOME man that to contention is inclin'de;  
With any thing he sees, a fault wil finde,  
As, that is not so good, the same's amisse,  
I haue no great affection vnto this.  
Now I protest I doe not like the fame,  
This must be mended, that deserueth blame,  
It were farre better such a thing were out,  
This is obscure, and that's as full of doubt.  
And much adoe, and many words are spent  
In finding out the path that humours went,  
And for direction to that Idle way  
Onely a busie tongue bears all the sway.  
The dish that *Aesope* did commend for best;  
Is now a daies in wonderfull request,  
But if you finde fault on a certaine ground,  
Weele fall to mending when the fault is found,

A 3

Pra'y





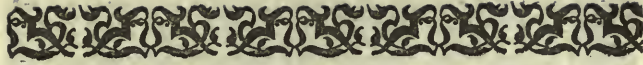
*Epigram.*

PRa'y by your leaue, make mouſieur humors roome  
That oft hath walk'd about Duke Humphries  
And fat amongst the Knights to ſee a play, (tombe  
And gone in's ſuite of Sattin eu'ry day,  
And had his hat diſplay a buſhie plume,  
And's verie beard deliuer forth perfume.  
But when was this? aſke Frier Bacons head  
That answered *Time is paſt*, O time is fled!  
Sattin and filke was pawned long agoe,  
And now in canuaſe, no knight can him knowe.  
His former ſtate, in dark obliuion ſleepes,  
Onely Paules Gallarie, that walke he keepes.

*Epigram.*

CRoſſe not my humor, with an ill plac'd worde,  
For if thou doeſt, behold my fatall ſworde:  
Do'ſt ſee my countenance begin looke red?  
Let that fore-tell ther's furie in my hed.  
A little diſcontent will quickly heate it.  
Touch not my ſtake, thou wert as good to eate it,  
Theſe damned dice how curſed they deuoure:  
I loſt ſome halfe ſcore pound in halfe an houre.

A bowle



A bowle of wine, firha: you villaine, fill:  
Who drawes it Rascall? call me hether *Will*.  
You Rogue, what ha'ft to Supper for my dyet?  
Tel'ft me of Butchers meate? knaue I defie it.  
Ile haue a banquet to enuite an Earle,  
A *Phenix* boyld in broth distil'd in Pearle.  
Holde drie this leafe, a candle quickly bring,  
Ile take one pipe to bed, none other thing.  
Thus with *Tabacco* he will sup to night:  
Flesh-meate is heaueie, and his purfe is light.

*Epigram.*

**T**WO Gentlemen of hot and fierie sprite,  
Tooke boate, and went vp Westward to goe fight  
Imbarked both, for Wenf-worth they set faile,  
And there ariuing with a happie gaille,  
The Water-men discharged for their fare,  
Then to be parted, thus their mindes declare.  
Pray Ores (said they) stay heere and come not nie,  
We goe to fight a little, but heere by.  
The Water-men with staues did follow then,  
And cryd, oh holde your hands good Gentlemen,  
You know the danger of the law, forbear:  
So they put weapons vp and fell to sweare.

One



*Epigram.*

ONE of these Cuccold-making Queanes  
did graft her husbands head:  
who arm'd with anger, steele and horne  
would kill him stain'd his bed,  
And challeng'd him vnto the field,  
Vowing to haue his life,  
Where being met, sirha (quoth he),  
I doe suspect my Wife  
Is scarce so honest as she should,  
You make of her some vse:  
Indeed said he I loue her well,  
He frame no false excuse.  
O! d'ye confesse? by heauens (quoth he)  
Had'ft thou deni'de thy guilt,  
This blade had gone into thy guts,  
Euen to the verie Hilt.

Occasion.







*Epigram.*

O Ccasion late was ministred for one to trie his friend,  
Tenpounds he did intreat him y<sup>t</sup> of all loue he would  
His case was an accursed case, no comfort to be found, (lēd  
Vnles he friendly drew his purse, & blest him with tē poūd  
He did protest he had it not, making a solemne vow,  
He wāted means & money both, to do him pleasure now.  
Thē fir (quoth he) you know I haue a Gelding I loue wel,  
Necessitie it hath no law, I must my Gelding sell,  
I haue bin offered twelue for him, with ten ile be cōtent,  
Well I will trie a friend (said he,) it was his chest he ment.  
So fectch'd the money presently, tother sees Angels shine  
Now God a mercy horse (quoth he) thy credit's more then  
(mine.

B

Dice





*Epigram.*

D Ice diuing deepe into a Ruffians purse,  
Leauing it nothing worth but strings and leather:  
He presently did fall to sweare and curse,  
That's life and money he would loose together,  
Tooke of his hat, and swore, let me but see  
What Rogue dares say this fame is blacke to me?

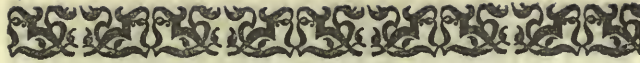
Another lost, and he did money lacke,  
And thus his furie in a heate reuiues:  
Where is that Rogue denies his hat is blacke?  
Ile fight with him, had he ten thousand liues.  
Oh fir (quoth he) in troth you come too late,  
Choller is past, my anger's out of date.

*Epigram.*

A Kinde of *London*-walker in a boote,  
(Not *George* a Horse-backe, but a *Gerge* a foote,)  
On eu'ry day you meete him through the yeare,  
For's bootes and spurs, a horse-man doth appeare.  
Was met with, by an odde conceited franger,  
Who friendly told him that he walk'd in danger.

For





For Sir (in kindenes no way to offend you)  
There is a warrant foorth to apprehend you.  
Th'offence they say, you riding through thee streete,  
Haue kil'd a Childe, vnder your Horses feete.  
Sir I proteft (quoth he) they doe me wrong,  
I haue not back'd a horfe, God knows how long,  
What flaues be thefe, they haue me falfe bely'd?  
Ile prouue this twelue-month I did neuer ride.

*Epigram.*

**W**Hat feather'd fowle is this that doth approach  
As if it were an *Estredge* in a Coach?  
Three yards of feather round about her hat,  
And in her hand a bable like to that:  
As full of Birdes attire, as Owle, or Goose,  
And like vnto her gowne, her felfe seemes loofe.  
Cri'ye mercie Ladie, lewdnes are you there?  
Light feather'd stufte befits you best to weare.

B 2

A Poore

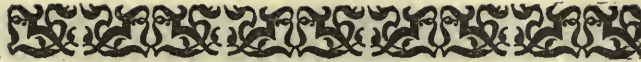




*A deafe eare, in a iust cause.*

(state,  
**A** Poore man came vnto a Iudge & shew'd his wronged  
Entreating him for Iesus sake to be compassionate,  
The wrōgs were great he did sustaine, he had no help at al  
The Iudge sat still as if the man had spoken to the wall.  
With that came two rude fellows in, to haue a matter tride  
About an Ass, that one had let the other for to ride: (by,  
Which Ass the owner found in field, as he by chance past  
And he that hired him a sleepe did in the shadow lye.  
For which he would be satisfied, his beast was but to ride:  
And for the shadow of his Ass, he would be paid beside.  
Great raging words, and damned othes,  
these two asse-wrangles swore, (fore  
Whē presently the Iudge start vp, that seem'd a sleep be-  
And heard y<sup>e</sup> follies willingly of these two sottish men,  
But bad the poore man come againe, he had no leasure thē.  
A Iolly






*Epigram.*

A Iolly fellow Effex borne and bred,  
A Farmers Sonne, his Father being dead,  
T'expell his grieffe and melancholly pafsions,  
Had vovd himfelfe to trauell and fee fashions.  
His great mindes obiect was no trifling toy,  
But to put downe the wandring Prince of Troy.  
Londons difcouerie firft he doth decide,  
His man muft be his Pilot and his guide.  
Three miles he had not paff, there he muft fit:  
He ask't if he were not neere London yet?  
His man replies good Sir your felfe befturre,  
For we haue yet to goe fixe times as farre.  
Alas I had rather ftay at home and digge,  
I had not thought the worlde was halfe fo bigge.  
Thus this great worthie comes backe (thoewith strife)  
He neuer was fo farre in all his life.  
None of the feauen worthies: on his behalfe,  
Say, was not he a worthie Effex Calfe?

B 3

A Gentleman.





*The Humors that haunt a Wife.*

A Gentleman a verie friend of mine,  
Hath a young wife and she is monstrous fine,  
Shee's of the new fantastique humor right,  
In her attire an angell of the light.  
Is she an Angell? I: it may be well,  
Not of the light, she is a light Angell.  
Forsooth his doore must suffer alteration,  
To entertaine her mightie huge Bom-fashion,  
A hood's to base, a hat which she doth male,  
With braucest feathers in the Estridge tayle.  
She scornes to treade our former proud wiues traces.  
That put their glory in their on faire faces,  
In her conceit it is not faire enough,  
She must reforme it with her painters stuffe,  
And she is neuer merry at the heart,  
Till she be got into her leatherne Cart.  
Some halfe amile the Coach-man guides the raynes,  
Then home againe, birladie she takes paines.  
My friend seeing what humours haunt a wife,  
If he were loofe would lead a single life.

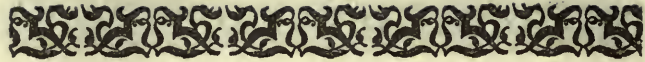
Next



*A poore Mans pollicy.*

NExt I will tell you of a poore mans tricke,  
Which he did practife with a polliticke,  
This poore man had a Cow twas all his stocke,  
Which on the Commons fed: where Catell flocke,  
The other had a steere a wanton Beast,  
Which he did turne to feede amongst the rest.  
Which in processe although I know not how,  
The rich mans Oxe did gore the poore mans Cow.  
The poore man heereat vexed waxed fad,  
For it is all the liuing that he had,  
And he must loofe his liuing for a song,  
Alas he knew not how to right his wrong.  
He knew his enimie had pointes of law,  
To faue his purse, fill his deuouring mawe,  
Yet thought the poore man how so it betide,  
Ile make him giue right sentence on my side.  
Without delay vnto the Man he goes,  
And vnto him this fayned tale doth gloze,  
(Quoth he) my Cow which with your Oxe did feede,  
Hath kild your Oxe and I make knowne the deede.  
Why (quoth my Politique) thou shouldst haue helpt it  
Thou shalt pay for him if thow wert my father. (rather,  
The





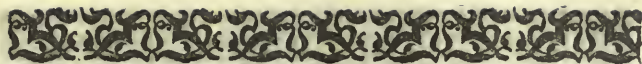
The course of law in no wise must be stayde,  
Leaft I an euill president be made.  
O Sir (quoth he) I cry you mercy now,  
I did mistake, your Oxe hath gorde my Cow:  
Conuict by reason he began to brawle,  
But was content to let his action fall.  
As why? (quoth he) thou lookst vnto her well,  
Could I preuent the mischiefe that befell?  
I haue more weightie causes now to trie,  
Might orecomes right without a reason why.

*Epigram.*

ONE of the damned crew that liues by drinke,  
And by Tobacco's stillified stink,  
Met with a Country man that dwelt at Hull:  
Thought he this pefant's fit to be my Gull.  
His first falute like to the French-mans wipe,  
Wordes of encounter, please you take a pipe?  
The Countrie man amazed at this rabble,  
Knewe not his minde yet would be conformable.  
Well, in a petty Ale-houfe they enfonce  
His Gull must learne to drinke Tobacco once.



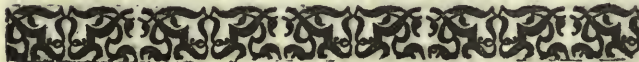




Indeede his purpose was to make a iest,  
How with Tobacco he the peasant drest.  
Hee takes a whiffe, with arte into his head,  
The other standeth still astonished.  
Till all his fences he doth backe reuoake,  
Sees it ascend much like Saint Katherins smoake.  
But this indeede made him the more admire,  
He saw the smoke: thought he his head's a fier,  
And to increafe his feare he thought poore foule,  
His scarlet nose had been a fire cole.  
Which circled round with smoak, seemed to him  
Like to some rotten brand that burneth dim.  
But to shew wisdom in a desperat case,  
He threw a Can of beere into his face,  
And like a man some furie did inspire,  
Ran out of doores for helpe to quench the fire.  
The Ruffin throwes away his Trinidado,  
Out comes huge oathes and then his short poynado,  
But then the Beere so troubled his eyes,  
The councieman was gone ere he could rise,  
A fier to drie him, he doth now require,  
Rather than water for to quench his fire.

C

Come





*Epigram.*

Come my braue gallant come, vncafe, vncafe,  
Nere shall obliuion your great actes deface.  
He has been there where neuer man came yet,  
An vnknowne countrie, I, ile warrant it,  
Whence he could Ballace a good ship in holde,  
With Rubies, Saphiers, Diamonds and golde,  
Great Orient Pearles esteem'd no more then moates,  
Sould by the pecke as chandlers mefure oates,  
I meruaile then we haue no trade from thence:  
O tis too farre it will not beare expence.  
T'were far indeede, a good way from our mayne,  
If charges eate vp fuch excefsiue gaine,  
Well he can shew you some of Lybian grauell,  
O that there were another world to trauell,  
I heard him sweare that hee (twas in his mirth)  
Had been in all the corners of the earth.

Let





Let all his wonders be together fitcht,  
He threw the barre that great *Alcides* pitcht:  
But he that saw the Oceans farthest strands,  
You pose him if you aske where Douer stands.  
He has been vnder ground and hell did see,  
*Aeneas* nere durst goe so farre as hee.  
For he has gone through *Plutæ*s Regiment,  
Saw how the Fiendes doe Lyers there torment.  
And how they did in helles damnation frye,  
But who would thinke the Traueller would lye?  
To dine with *Pluto* he was made to tarrie,  
As kindly vs'd as at his Ordinarie.  
Hogsheades of wine drawne out into a Tub,  
Where he did drinke hand-smooth with *Belzebub*,  
And *Proserpine* gaue him a goulden bow,  
Tis in his cheft he cannot shew it now.

C 2

One toulde





*Of one that coufned the Cut-purse.*

O Ne toulde a Drouer that beleeu'd it not,  
What booties at the playes the Cut-purse got,  
But if t'were so my Drouers wit was quicke,  
He vow'd to ferue the Cut-purse a new tricke.  
Next day vnto the play, pollicy hy'd,  
A bag of fortie shillings by his fide,  
Which houlding faft he taketh vp his stand,  
If ftringes be cut his purfe is in his hand.  
A fine conceited Cut-purse fpying this,  
Lookt for no more, the for shillings his,  
Whilst my fine Politique gazed about,  
The Cut-purse feately tooke the bottom out.  
And cuts the ftrings, good foole goe make a iest,  
This Difmall day thy purfe was fairely blest.  
Houlde faft good Noddy tis good to dreade the worfe,  
Your monie's gone, I pray you keepe your purfe.  
The play is done and foorth the foole doth goe,  
Being glad that he coufned the Cut-purse foe.  
He thought to iybe how he the Cut-purse drest,  
And memorize it for a famous iest.  
But putting in his hand it ran quite throw  
Dash't the conceite, heele neuer speake on't now,  
You that to playes haue fuch delight to goe,  
The Cut-purse cares not, ftill deceiue him fo.

Dicke





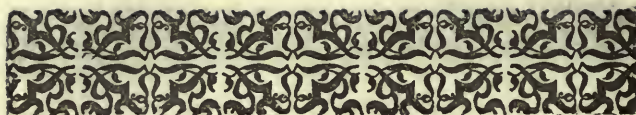
*A drunken fray.*

**D***Icke* met with *Tom* in faith it was their lot,  
Two honest Drunkars must goe drinke a pot,  
Twas but a pot, or say a little more,  
Or say a pot that's filled eight times ore.  
But being drunke, and met well with the leese,  
They drinke to healthes deuoutly on their knees,  
*Dicke* drinks to *Hall*, to pledge him *Tom* reiects,  
And scornes to doe it for some odde respects  
Wilt thou not pledge him thar't a gill, a Scab,  
Wert with my man-hood thou deseruest a stab,  
But tis no matter drinke another bout,  
Weele intot'h field and there weele trie it out.  
Lets goe (saies *Tom*) no longer by this hand,  
Nay stay (quoth *Dicke*) lets see if we can stand.  
Then forth they goe after the drunken pace,  
Which God he knowes was with a reeling grace,  
*Tom* made his bargaine, thus with bonnie *Dicke*  
If it should chance my foote or so should slip;  
How wouldst thou vse me or after what Size,  
Wouldst bare me shorter or wouldst let me rise.  
Nay God forbid our quarrells not so great,  
To kill thee on aduantage in my heat.

C 3

Tufh





Tush we'le not fight for any hate or foe,  
But for meere loue that each to other owe.  
And for thy learning loe Ile shew a tricke,  
No sooner spoke the worde but downe comes Dicke,  
Well now (quoth Tom) thy life hangs on my sworde,  
If I were downe how wouldst thou keepe thy worde?  
Why with these hilts I'de braine thee at a blow,  
Faith in my humor cut thy throate, or foe,  
But Tom he sorne to kill his conquered foe,  
Lets Dicke arise, and too't againe they goe.  
Dicke throwes downe Tom, or rather Tom did fall,  
My hilts (quoth Dicke) shall braine thee like a maull,  
Is't so (quoth Tom) good faith what remedie,  
The Tower of Babell's fallen and so am I.  
But Dicke proceedes to giue the fatall wound,  
It mist his throate, but run into the ground.  
But he supposing that the man was flaine,  
Straight fled his contrie, ship himselfe for Spaine,  
Whilst valiant Thomas dyed dronken deepe,  
Forgot his danger and fell fast a sleepe.

What's





*Epigram.*

What's he that stares as if he were afright;  
The fellowe fure hath seene some dreadfull  
Masse rightly guesst, why fure I did diuine, (spright  
Hee's haunted with a Spirit feminine.  
In plaine termes thus, the Spirit that I meane,  
His martiall wife that notable curst queane,  
No other weapons but her nailes or fist,  
Poore patient Idiot he dares not resist,  
His neighbor once would borrow but his knife,  
Good neighbor stay (quoth he) ile aske my wife:  
Once came he home inspired in the head,  
He found his neighbor and his wife a bed,  
Yet durst not sturre, but hide him in a hole,  
He feared to displease his wife poore soule.  
But why should he so dreade and feare her hate,  
Since she had giuen him armor for his pate?  
Next day forfooth he doth his neighbor meete,  
Whome with sterne rage thus furiously doth greete,  
Villaine ile slit thy nose, out comes his knife,  
Sirra (quoth he) goe to Ile tell your wife.  
Apaled at which terror, meekely saide  
Retire good knife my furie is allaide.

Time

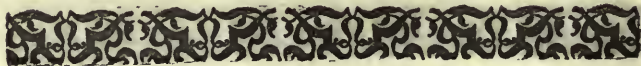




*Proteus.*

**T**ime seruing humour thou wrie-faced Ape,  
That canst transforme thy selfe to any shape:  
Come good *Proteus* come away a pace,  
We long to see thy mumping Antique face.  
This is the fellow that liues by his wit,  
A cogging knaue and fawning Parrasit,  
He has behaiour for the greatest porte,  
And hee has humors for the rascall forte,  
He has beene great with Lordes and high estates,  
They could not liue without his rare conceites,  
He was associat for the brauest spirits,  
His galland carriage such fauour merrits.  
Yet to a Ruffiin humor for the stewes,  
A right graund Captaine of the damned crewes,  
With whome his humor alwayes is vnstable  
Mad, melancholly, drunke and variable.

Hat







Hat without band like cutting Dicke he goe's,  
Renowned for his new inuented oathes.  
Sometimes like a Ciuilian, tis strange  
At twelue a clocke he must vnto the Change,  
Where being thought a Marchant to the eye,  
He tels strange newes his humor is to lie.  
Some Damaske coate the effect thereof must heare,  
Inuites him home and there he gets good cheare.  
But how is't now such braue renowned wits,  
Weare ragged robes with such huge gastly flits,  
Faith thus a ragged humour he hath got  
Whole garments for the Summer are too hot.  
Thus you may censure gently if you please,  
He weares such garments onely for his ease.  
Or thus his credit will no longer waue.  
For all men know him for a prating knaue.

*Epigram.*

A Scholer newly entred marriage life  
Following his studdie did offend his wife,  
Because when she his company expected,  
By bookish busines she was still neglected:  
Comming vnto his studdy, Lord (quoth she)  
Can papers cause you loue them more than mee:  
D I would





*Epigram.*

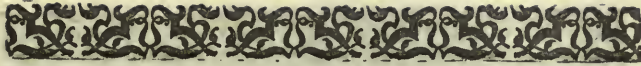
I would I were transform'd into a Booke  
That your affection might vpon me looke,  
But in my wish, withall be it decreed,  
I would be such a Booke you loue to reede,  
Husband (quoth she) which books form should I take,  
Marry (said hee) t'were best an Almanacke,  
The reason wherefore I doe wish thee so,  
Is, euery yeare wee haue a new you knowe.

*Epigram.*

Sira, come hether boy, take view of mee,  
My Lady I am purpof'd to goe see:  
What doth my feather flourish with a grace,  
And this same dooble fette become my face,  
How descent doth this doublets forme appeare  
(I would I had my fute in houns-ditch heere)  
Do not my spurs pronounce a siluer sounde?  
Do's not my hose circumference profounde?  
Sir these are well, but there is one thing ill,  
Your Tailour with a sheete of paper bill,  
Vowes heel'e be paid, and Sericants he had feed,  
Which wayte your comming forth to do thy deede:  
Boy god-amercy let my Lady stay,  
Ile see no counter for her sake to day.

A





*Much a doe about chusing a wife.*

A Widdower would haue a wife were old,  
Past charge of children to preuent expence  
Her chests and bagges cram'd till they crake with gold,  
And she vnto her graue post quickly hence,  
But if all this were fitting to his minde,  
Where is his lease of life to stay behinde?

A Batcheler would haue wife were wife,  
Faire, Rich and Younge, a maiden for his bed,  
Not proude, nor churlish but of faultles size,  
A country housewife, in the Citty bred.  
But hees a foole and longe in vaine hath staide,  
He shoulde bespeake her, there's none ready made

D 2

The





*The taming of a wilde Youth.*

OF late a deare and louing friend of mine,  
That all his time a Gallant youth had bene,  
From mirth to melancholy did decline,  
Looking exceeding pale, leane, poore, and thin,  
I ask'd the cause he brought me through the streete,  
Vnto his house, and there hee let me see,  
A woman proper, faire, wise and discrete  
And said behould, heer's that hath tamed mee,  
Hath this (quoth I,) can such a wife do so?  
Lord how is he tam'd then, that hath a shrow:

A straunge





*A straunge sighted Traueller.*

AN honest Country foole being gentle bred,  
Was by an odde conceited humor led,  
To trauell and some English fashions see,  
With such strange sights as heere at London be.  
Stuffing his purse with a good golden some,  
This wandring knight did to the Cittie come,  
And there a seruingman he entertaines,  
An honest in Newgate not remains.  
He shew'd his Maister sights to him most strange,  
Great tall Pauls Steeple and the royall-Exchange:  
The Bosse at *Billings-gate* and *London-stone*  
And at *White-Hall* the monstrous great Whales bone,  
Brought him to the banck-side where Beares do dwell  
And vnto *Shor-ditch* where the whores keepe hell,  
Shew'd him the Lyons, Gyants in Guild-Hall,  
King *Lud* at *Lud-gate*, the *Babounes* and all,  
At length his man, on all he had did pray,  
Shew'd him a theeuish trick and ran away,  
The Traueller turnd home exceeding ciuill,  
And swore in London he had seene the Deuill.

D 3

Three





*Three kinde of Couckoldes,*

One, And None.

**F**Irst there's a Cuckolde called One and None,  
Which foole, from fortune hath receiu'd such  
He hath a wife for beutie stands alone, (fauour  
Grac'd with good carriage, and most sweete behaiour  
Nature so bounteous hath her gifts extended.  
From head to foote ther's nothing to be mended.

Besides, she is as perfect chafft, as faire,  
But being married to a ieaious asse,  
He vowes she hornes him, for he feeles a paire  
Haue bin a growing euer since last grasse,  
No contrary perswasions hee'l indure,  
But's wife is faire and hee's a Cuckolde sure.





*The second.*

None, and One.

**T**He second hath a wife that loues the game,  
And playes the secret cunnig whore at plaifure.  
But in her husbands fight shees wondrous tame,  
Which makes him vow, he hath *Vlisses* treasure.  
sheele with al whores were hang'd, with weeping teares  
Yet she her selfe a whores cloathes dayly weares.

Her hūsbāds friends report how's wife doth gull him  
With falsē deceitfull and diffembling showe  
And that by both his hornes a man may pull him,  
To such a goodly length they daylie growe,  
He sayes they wrong her, and he sweares they lye,  
His wife is chaste, and in that minde hee'le dye.

The





*The Third,*

One, and One.

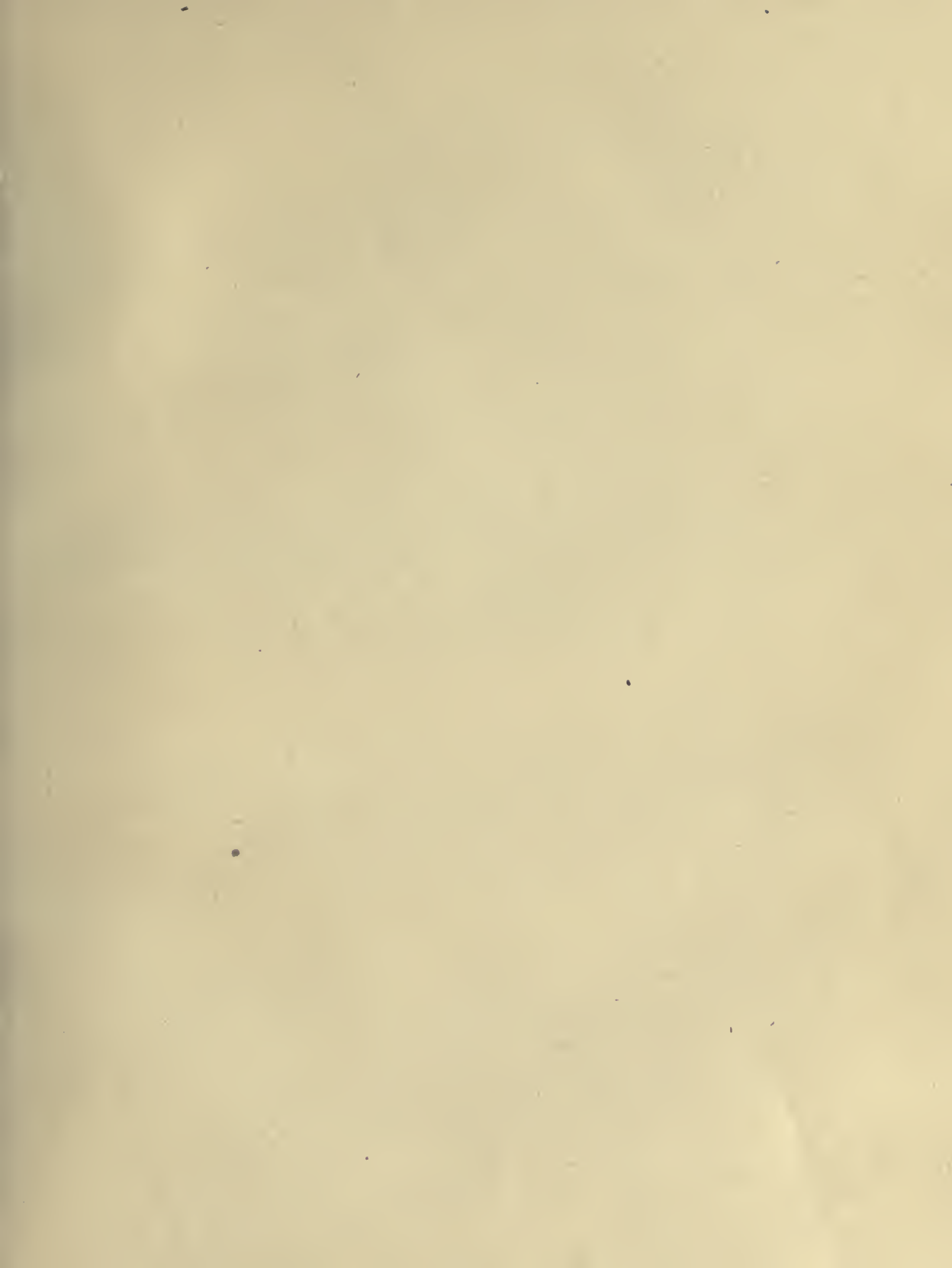
**T**He third is he that knowes women are weake,  
And therefore they are dayly apt to fall,  
Words of vnkindnesse their kind hearts may breake,  
They are but flesh and therefore sinners all,  
His wife is not the first hath trod a wry,  
Amongst his neighbours he as bad can spye.

What can he helpe it if his wife do ill,  
But take it as his crosse and be content,  
For quietnesse he lets her haue her will,  
When shee is old perhaps she will repent,  
Let euery one amend their one bad life,  
Th'are knaues and queans that medle with his wife.

FINIS.





















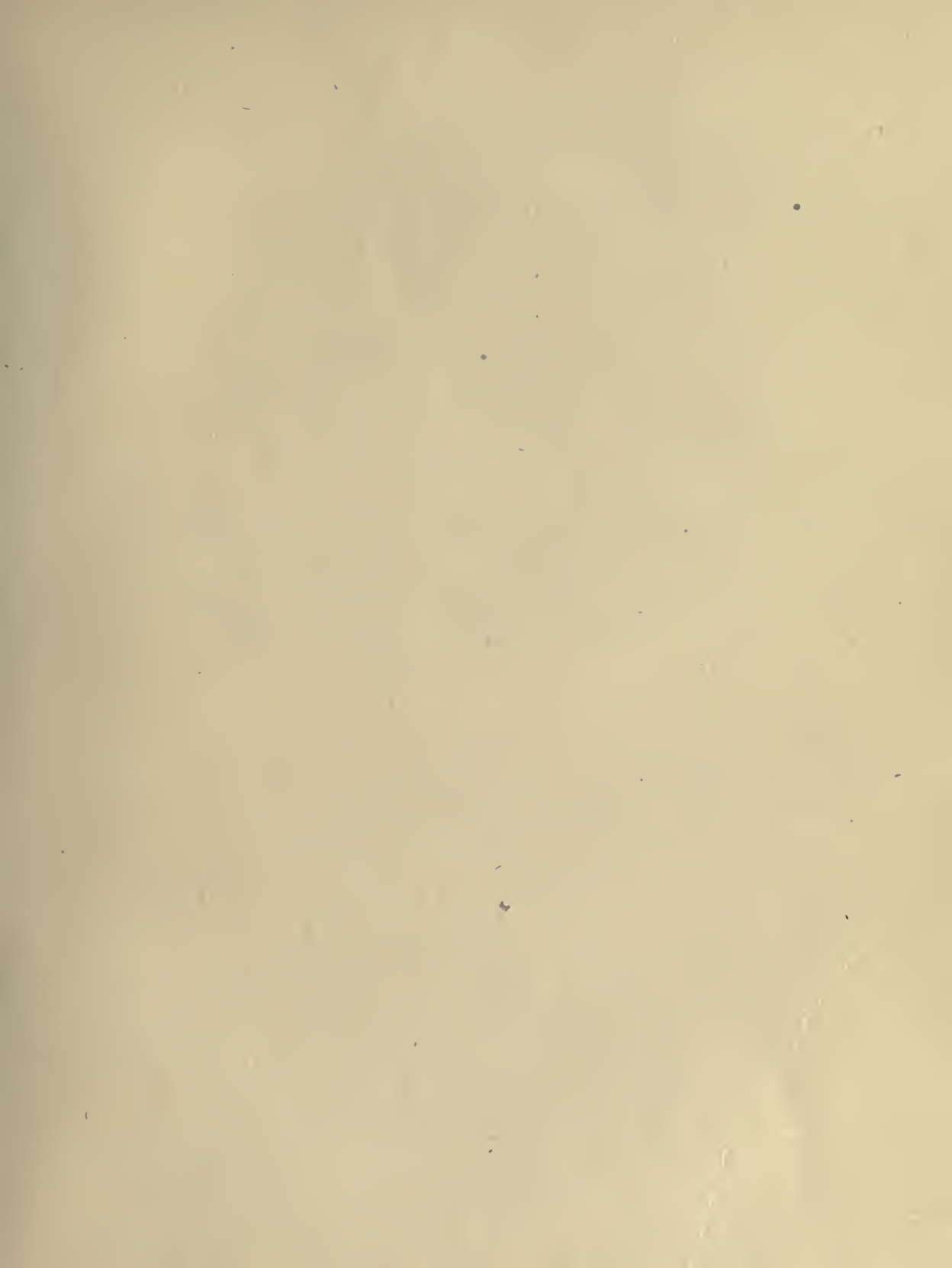


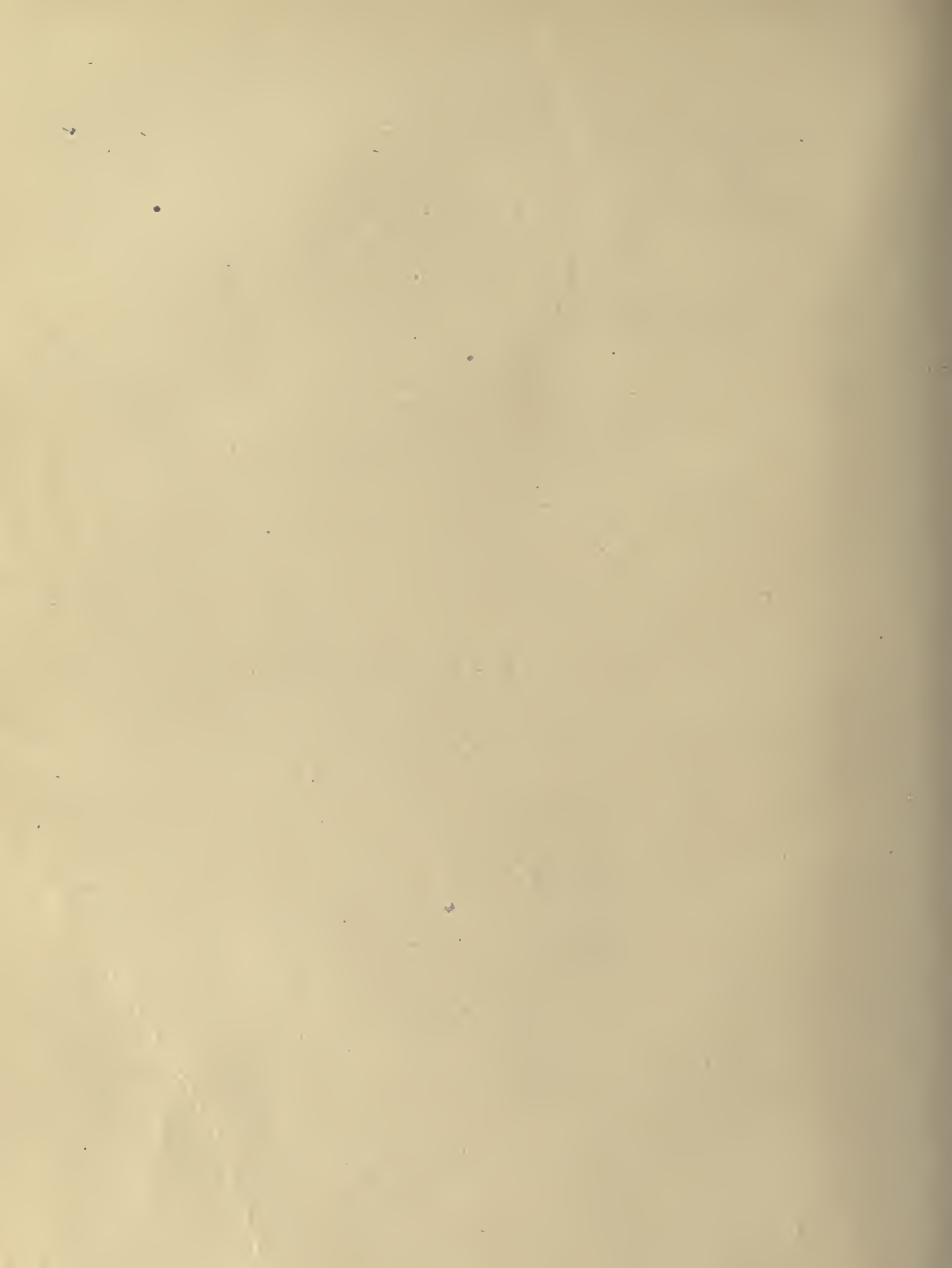




















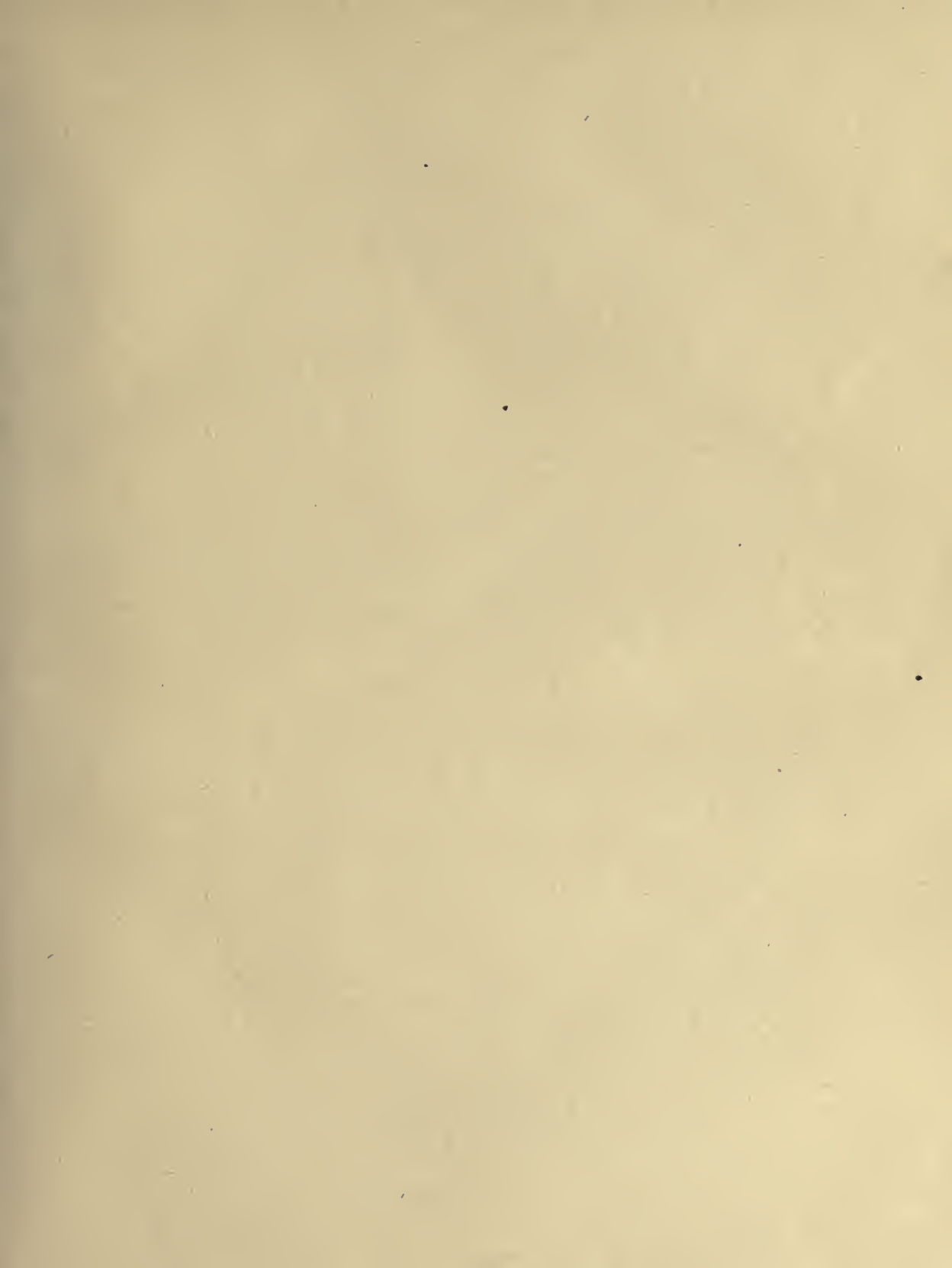










































































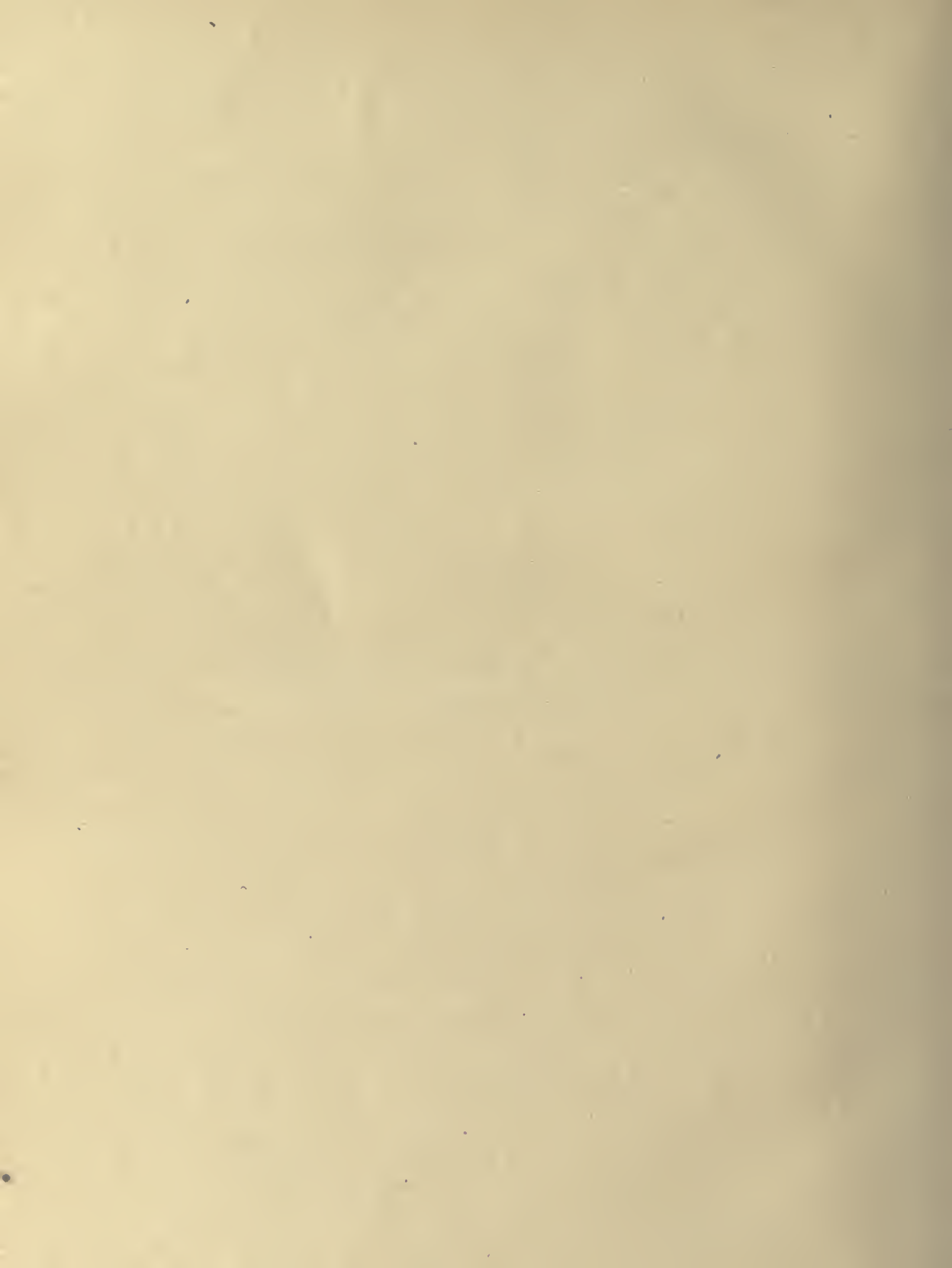










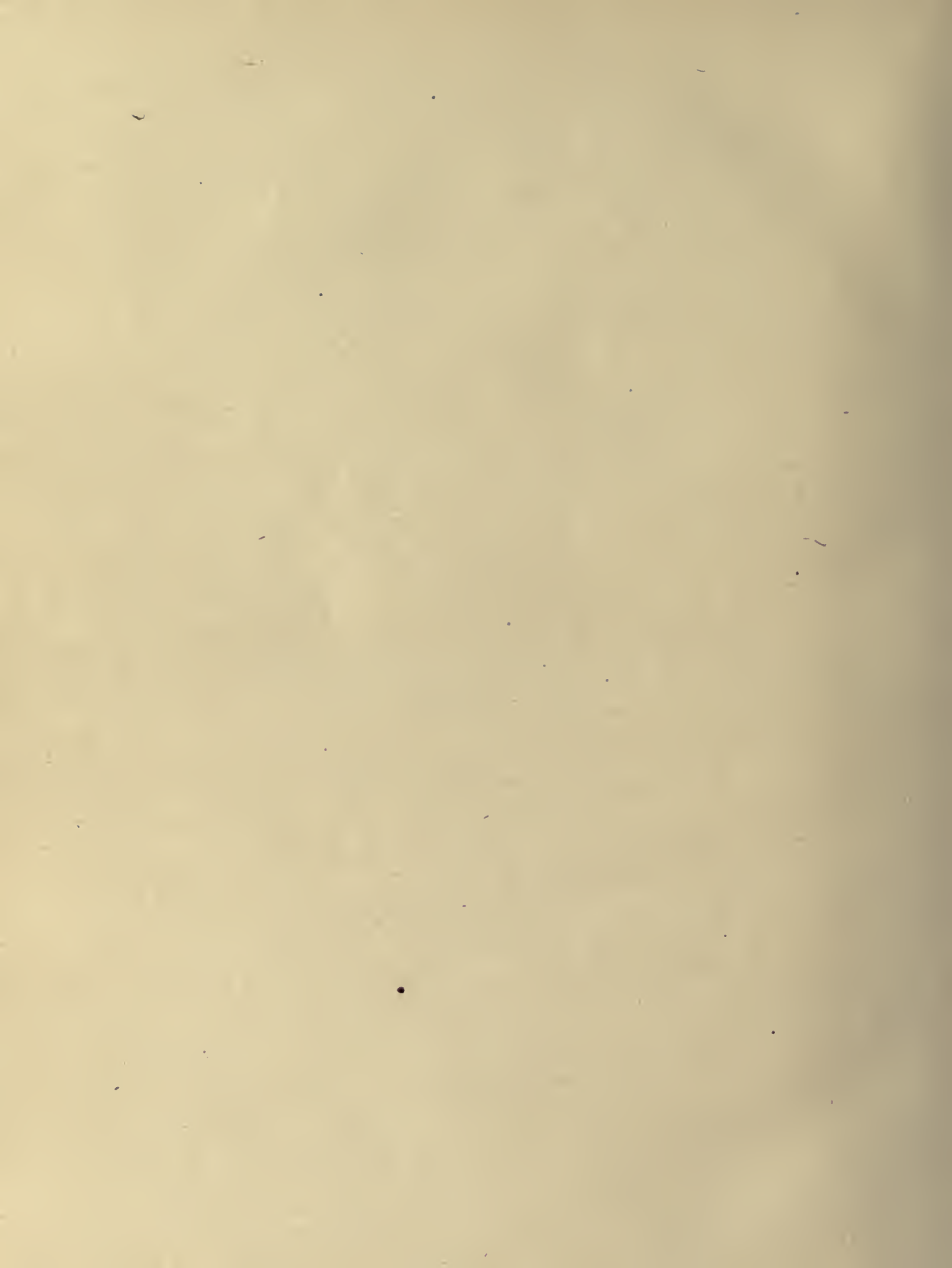






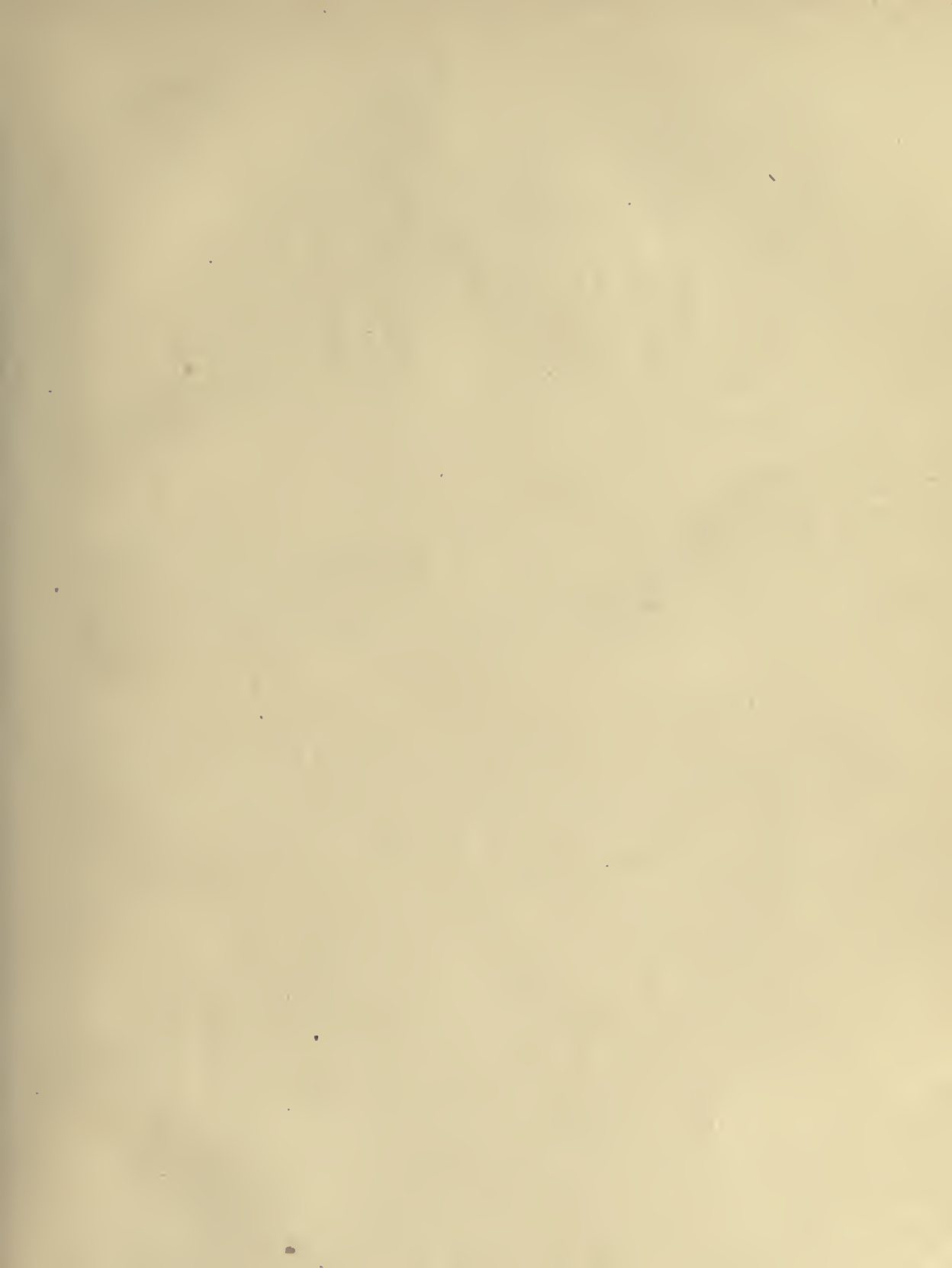






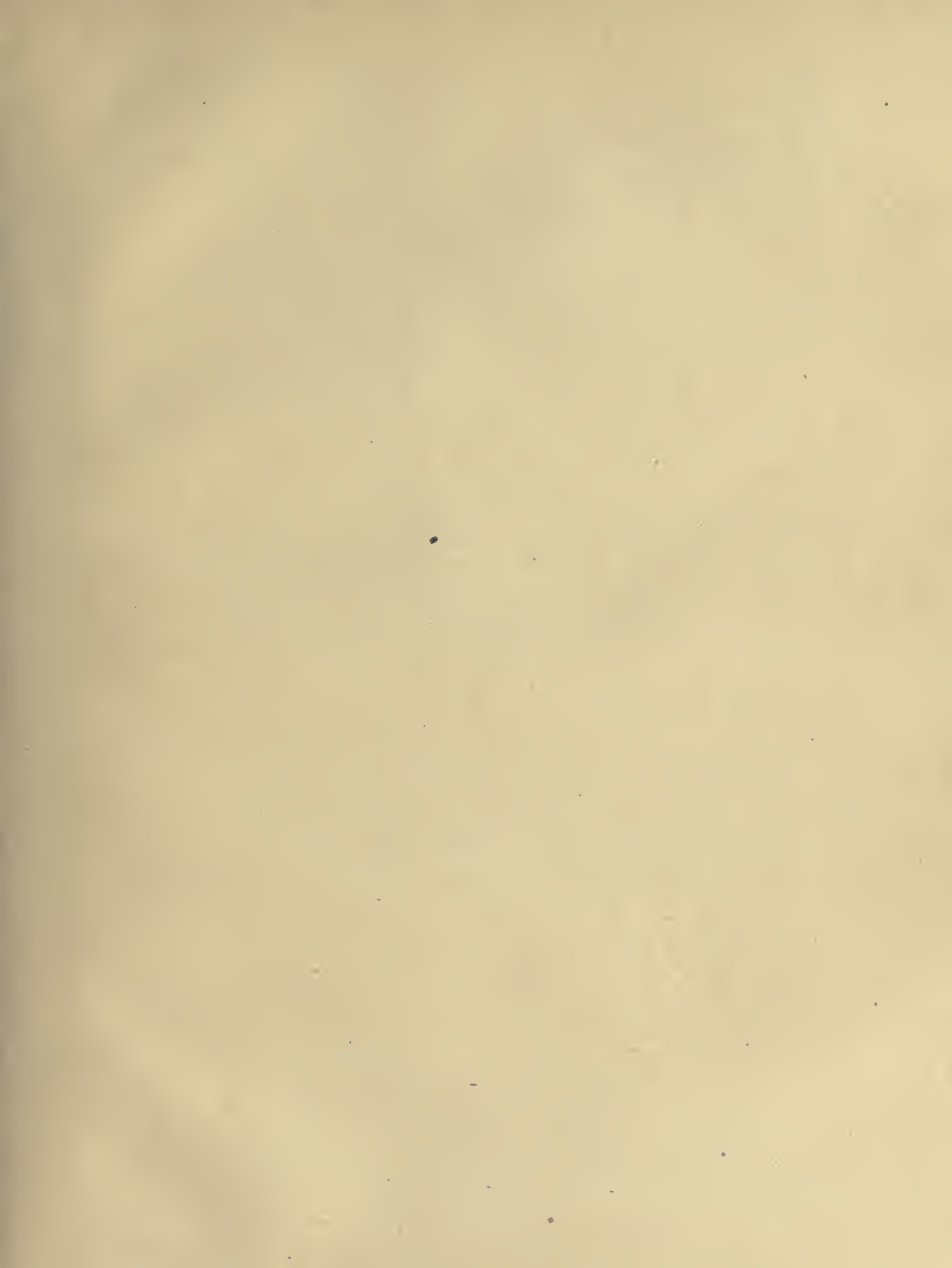


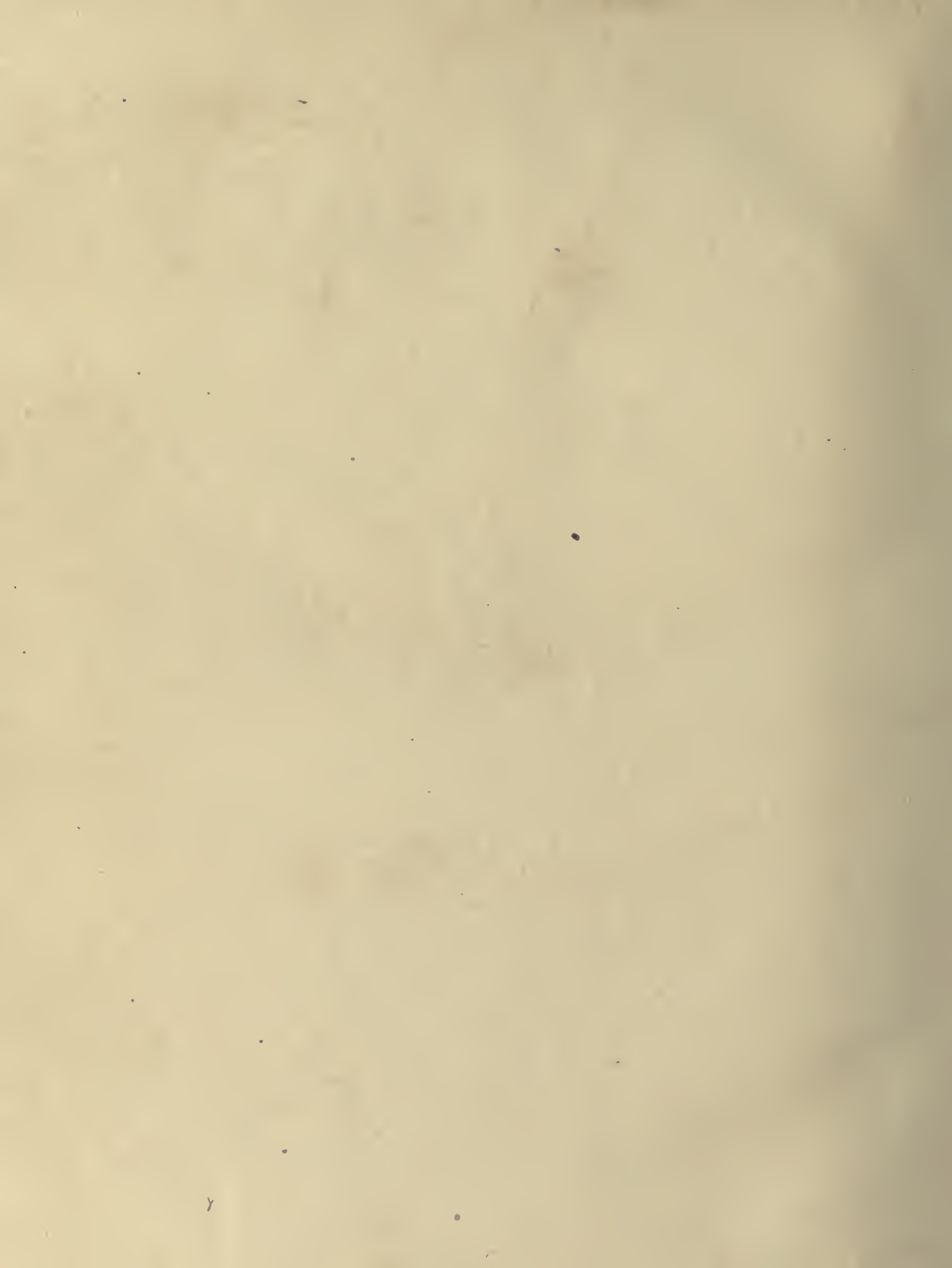








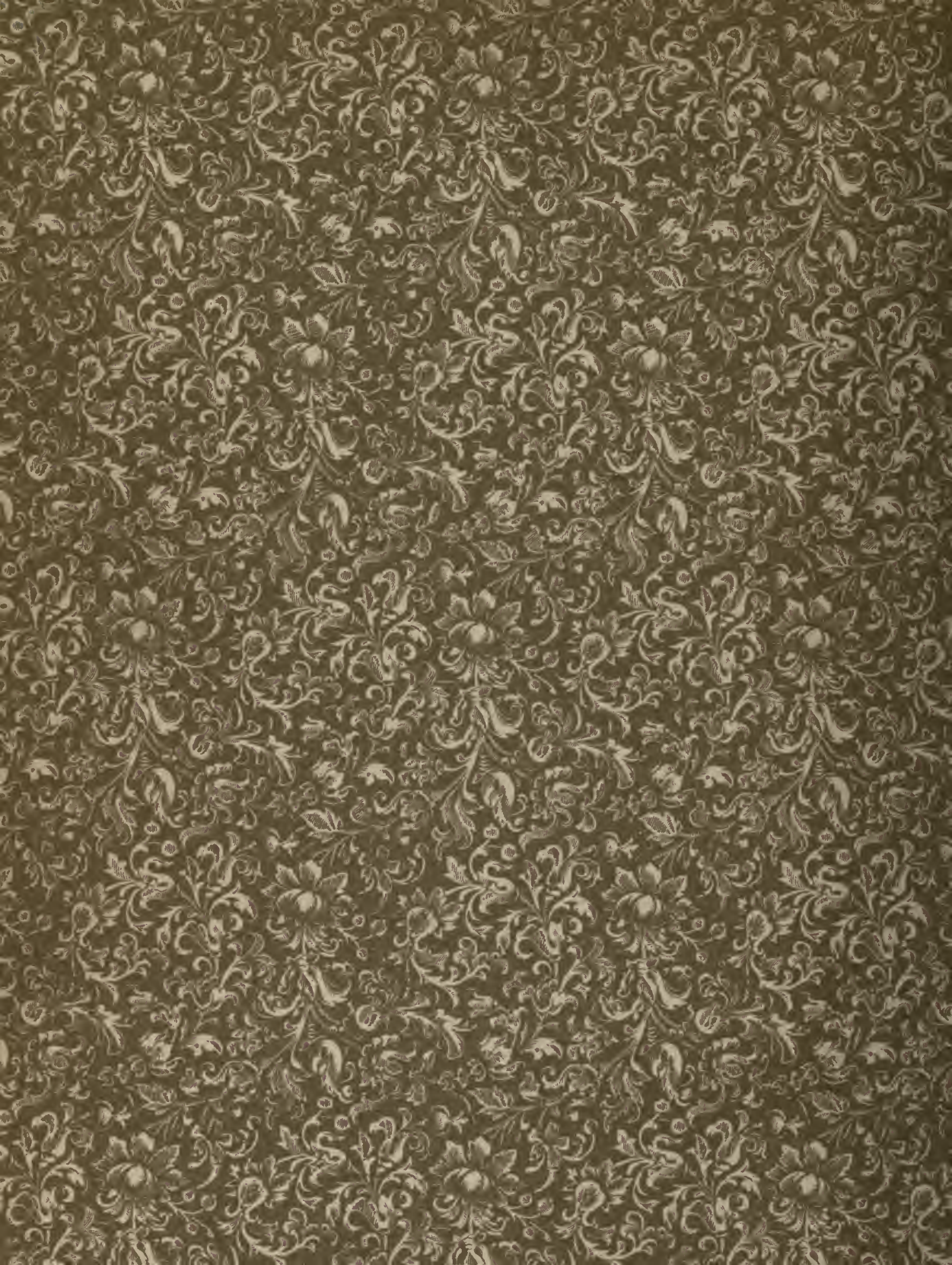












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