

DEMOCRITUS, OR Doctor Merry-man his Medicines, against Melancholy humors.

Written by S. R.

Printed for Iohn Deane, and are to be sold at his shop at Temple-barre, vnder the gate.

# Honest Gentle-men.

**S**ome ancient Seniors, that experienc't be  
 Of famous Doctors, do applaud these three:  
 First, Doctor Dyet, a right sober man,  
 That nere disorderd courses ran:  
 But keepe such rules as nature holdeth good,  
 For to preuent corruption of the bloud.  
 He is no glutton, with the filthy swine,  
 Nor drownes his wits, as drunkards do with Wine:  
 But by his temperate carriage liueth long,  
 Keeping an able body, sound, and stronge.  
 Next Doctor Quiet, of a modest life,  
 That alwayes doth auoyde contentious strife,  
 He enters not into the swagg'ring fits,  
 With those whom rage depriueth of their wits.  
 For euery light occasion to contend,  
 Not caring whom it bee (with foe or friend)  
 To vexe himselfe, in fretfull furies rage,  
 For all these passions he can well aswage:  
 Whereby he keepe himselfe in perfect health,  
 Esteeming more of that, then Cressus wealth.  
 The third is Doctor Merry-man: whose dyet  
 Doth keepe himselfe, and all his friends in quiet,  
 With disposition of a pleasant sort,  
 And men of wit will vnto him resort:  
 To driue away dull melancholy mind,  
 Which to a madding frenzy is inclynd:  
 This Doctor, honest recreation vseth,  
 And such iests as are here, he often chuseth:  
 Not to offend, but like Democritus  
 That laugh't at th' Athenians, he doth thus;  
 He makes but merry with some shallow braynes,  
 And smyles at many in their knauish vaines:  
 And if that any discontentment grow,  
 Tis not his fault, but theirs that take it so.

# Flatteries Favvne.

Ile speake thee faire, and make a louing shew,  
That thou the thing I wish for mayst bestow;  
Ile giue thee hony words, with pleasing smyle,  
But it shall onely last a good turne while:  
Ile go with thee on foot, Ile run, Ile ride,  
To haue like done, and ten times more beside:  
Ile giue thee gifts, on warrant of this ground,  
For euerie shilling to receiue a pound.  
What I enioy, commaund it as a friend,  
But let me borrow better then I lend.  
Your owne to vse, I euer will remaine,  
So I may vse, and ouer-vse againe.  
This is the substance of my kindnesse meant,  
How ere I seeme, this is my harts intent,  
And in this humour I will euer be  
To please the world, that it may profit me.

# Doctor Merry-man.

HYppocrisie was kind, and vs'd me well,  
 So long as I had any land to sell:  
 Many a (God saue you louing sir) I had,  
 For your good health I am exceeding glad.  
 What is the cause you are a stranger growne?  
 The meate doth me no good I eate alone  
 Without your company, pray let me haue it,  
 Of all the kindnesse in the world I craue it.  
 When will you ride? My Gelding's yours to vse,  
 The choysest Chamber that I haue, come chuse,  
 And lodge with me, commaund what ere is mine,  
 Shall we two part without a quart of Wine?  
 That were a wonder, giue it sure I will,  
 Your presence glads me, I do wish it still.  
 This vsage I had daylie at his hand,  
 Till he had got an intrest in my land:  
 And then I try'd his welcomes in my want  
 To be, Sir I assure you Coyne is scant.  
 I would do somewhat for acquaintance sake,  
 If you some good security could make:  
 But sure to wast my wealth I know not how,  
 Were folly, what you haue bin, is not now.  
 I wish you were the man I knew you late,  
 Faith I am sory y'are in this estare:  
 You should haue thought vpon this thing before,  
 Patience is all, and I can say no more.  
 My busines now doth hasten me away,  
 I would faine drinke with you, but cannot stay;  
 Vrgent occasions force me, take my leaue,  
 I wish you well, and so I pray conceiue.  
 A Cittizen for recreation sake,  
 To see the Countrey would a iourny take.  
 Some dozen Mile, or very little more,  
 Taking his leaue with friends, two months before:  
 With drinking health's, and shaking by the hand,  
 As he had trauail'd to some new found land.  
 Well, taking Horse with very much a doe,  
 London he leaueth for a day or two;  
 And as he rideth, meetes vpon the way  
 Such, as (what hast soeuer) bid men stay:  
 Sirrah sayes one, stand, and your purse deliuer;

I am a taker, thou must be giuer:  
 Vnto a wood hard by, they hale him in,  
 And rifle him vnto his very skinne:  
 Maysters (quoth he) pray heare me ere you go,  
 For you haue rob'd more now then you do know.  
 My horse (in troth) I borrow'd of my brother,  
 The bridle and the Saddle of another:  
 The Ierkin and the bases be a Taylours,  
 The Scarfe (I do assure you) is a Saylours:  
 The falling band is likewise none of mine,  
 Nor Cuffes, as true as this good light doth shine;  
 The Sattin Doublet and rays'd#Veluet hose,  
 Are our Church-wardens (all the parish knowes,)  
 The boots are Iohn the Grocers at the Swan,  
 The Spurs were lent me by a Seruing-man:  
 One of my Rings (that with the great red stone)  
 Insooth I borrowed of my Gossip Ione;  
 Her Husband knowes not of it. Gentlemen  
 Thus stands my case, I pray shew fauour then.  
 Why (quoth the Theeues) thou needst not greatly care,  
 Since in thy losse so many beare a share:  
 The world goes hard, many good-fellowes lacke,  
 Looke not at this time for a penny backe;  
 Go tell at London, thou didst meete with foure,  
 That rifling thee, haue rob'd at least a score.  
 A A Mony-monger choyse of sureties had,  
 A Countrey-fellow, plaine in russet clad:  
 His dowbled Mutton-taffaty, Sheepes skins,  
 His sleeues at hand button'd with two good pins.  
 Vpon his head a filthy greazy hat  
 That had a hole (eate thorow by some Rat)  
 A leather pouch, that with a Snap-haunce shut,  
 Two hundred Hob-nayles in his shooes were put:  
 The stockings that his clownish Legs did fit,  
 Were Kersie to the calfe, and t'other knit:  
 And at a word th'apparell that he wore,  
 Was not worth twelue-pence, sold At who giues more?  
 The other surety of another stuffe,  
 All Silke and Veluet, in his double Ruffe:  
 Made Lawne and Cambricke, both such common ware,  
 His double set, had falling band to spare.  
 His fashion new, with last edition stood,  
 His Rapier hilts embrew'd in golden bloud:  
 And these same trappings made him seeme one sound,

To passe his credit for a hundred pound:  
 So was excepted, Russet coat deny'd,  
 But when time came the mony should be pay'd,  
 And (Mounsieur Vsurer) did haunt him out,  
 Strange alteration strooke his hart in doubt:  
 For in the Counter he was gone to dwell,  
 And Brokers had his painted cloaths to sell;  
 The Vsurer then further vnderstands,  
 The Clowne refus'd, was rich, and had good lands;  
 Ready through rage to hang himselfe, he swore,  
 That Sylken knaues should cozen him no more.  
 A Wealthy Misers Sonne, vpon the way  
 Met a poore youth, that did entreat and pray  
 Something of charity in his distresse,  
 Help sir (quoth he) one that is fatherlesse:  
 Sirrah (sayde he) away: be gone with speede,  
 Ile help none such; thou art a Knaue indeed.  
 Dost thou complayne because thou want'st a father,  
 Were it my case I would reioyce the rather,  
 For if thy Fathers death, cause the repine,  
 I would my Father had excused thine.  
 ENuy betwixt two friends, a breach did make,  
 And th'one of t'other very hardly spake:  
 Rayling vpon him, with vntruths and lyes,  
 And all the slaunders that he could devise.  
 Th'other, that no good conceit did lacke,  
 Gaue him all gracious words behind his backe,  
 Commending him for a kind honest man,  
 With as much prayse, as for his life he can:  
 One that heard this, told him it seemed strange,  
 That for bad words, so good he did exchange;  
 But he reply'd, Sir we both lyers be,  
 I do but slander him, as he doth me.  
 A Country fellow had a dreame  
 Which did his minde amaze,  
 That starting vp, he wakes his wife,  
 And thus to her he saies:  
 Oh woman rise, and help our Goose,  
 For euen the best we haue,  
 Is presently at poynt to dye,  
 Vnlesse her life you saue;  
 On eyther side of her I see  
 A hungry Foxe doth sit,  
 But staying, vpon curtesie

Who shall begin first bit.  
 Husband (quoth she) if this be all  
 I can your dreame expound,  
 The perfect meaning of the same  
 I instantly haue found:  
 The Goose betweene two Foxes plac't  
 Which in your sleepe you saw,  
 Is you your selfe, that prooue a Goose,  
 In going still to law.  
 On eyther side a Lawyer comes  
 And they do feathers pull,  
 That in the end you will be left  
 A bare and naked Gull:  
 Wife in good troth (quoth he) I thinke  
 Thou art iust in the right,  
 My purse can witesse to my grieffe  
 They do begin to bite;  
 I do resolue another course,  
 And much commend thy wit,  
 Ile leaue the Geeses part for them  
 That haue a mind to it:  
 And if thou euer find that I  
 To lawing humors fall,  
 Let me be hang'd at Westminster,  
 (Wife) Ile for-sweare the Hall.  
 AN idle fellow that would take no paine,  
 Looking that others should his state maintaine,  
 Was sharp reproou'd by an honest friend,  
 Who told him man was made to other end,  
 Then onely eate, and drinke, and sleepe, and play;  
 To whom the lazy creature thus did say,  
 (Sir) I do nere intend to labour much,  
 Because I see the bad reward of such  
 As take most paines, Horses that labour great  
 Are cast in ditches for the dogges to eate.  
 A Crafty kind of knauish foole,  
 Whereof there plenty be,  
 Did breake his Mistris looking-Glasse  
 And swore it was not he:  
 His Mayster did examine him,  
 Demaunding who it was,  
 (Sir) if youle be content (quoth he)  
 Ile tell who broke the Glasse.  
 With that, he brought him in the Hall,

To Fortunes picture there,  
 Say'ng Sir, twas Fortune did the deed,  
 She ought the blame to beare.  
 His Mayster tooke a Cudgell  
 And belabour'd him withall,  
 Who crying out for mercy, downe  
 Before his feete did fall:  
 Nay (quoth his Mayster) tis not I,  
 To Fortune you must speake,  
 For euen she that cudgels you,  
 The Glasse before did breake.  
 A Sort of Clownes for losse which they sustayn'd  
 By Souldiours, to the Captaine sore complayn'd,  
 With dolefull words, and very wofull faces,  
 They mou'd him to compassionate their cases.  
 Good Sir, (sayes one) I pray redresse our wronge,  
 They that haue done it, vnto you belong,  
 Of all that ere we had we are bereft,  
 Except our very shirts, nothing is left.  
 The Captaine answer'd thus, fellowes heare me#  
 My Souldiers rob'd you not, I plainely see.  
 At your first speach you made me some what sad,  
 But your last words resolue the doubt I had;  
 For they which rifled you, left shirts you say,  
 And I am sure mine carry all away:  
 By this I know, an error you are in,  
 My Souldiers would haue left you but your skin.  
 ONe dying, left three sonnes  
 Whom he aduise did giue,  
 Of what profession to make choyce,  
 Whereby they best might liue.  
 Vnto the first he said,  
 Law, will be good for thee,  
 I know as long as there be men,  
 Some wranglers stil will be.  
 The second he did wish  
 A Chanons life to chuse,  
 For when as others weepe and mourne,  
 Why thou shalt singing vse.  
 And to the third he said:  
 Physicke for thee is fit,  
 For earth will smother all the faults  
 Physitians do commit.  
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AN old stale Widdower, quite past the best,  
 That had nothing about him in request,  
 Saue onely that he carryed in his purse,  
 Would haue a tender Wench to be his Nurse.  
 His sight was dim, his teeth were rotted out,  
 His hands had palzy, and his legges the Gout:  
 Yet he would Wench it with a daynty Mayde,  
 Whose beauties pride in all the parish swayde;  
 And had her equall hardly to be seene,  
 A tender young one, much about fifteene:  
 This gallant to her did a Sutor goe,  
 With much adoe, his legs did plague him so:  
 Yet with his staffe a pretty shift he made,  
 To told her Cupid had the villaine playd  
 With his poore hart, t'was wounded for hir sake,  
 And she must needs the healing plaister make.  
 She Mayde beheld him with a lothing eye,  
 And for his quicke dispatch, made quicke reply:  
 And Sir (quoth she) your suite in loue withdraw,  
 You shall not thatch my new house, with old straw.  
 A Gentleman, a curious building fram'd,  
 A house like those that are from Founders nam'd:  
 The workemen had enlarg'd their Art thereon,  
 Composing it, a curious heape of stone.  
 Being perfect finished as't ought to be,  
 The Founder brought his friend, the same to see;  
 Demanding how he lik't that house of his,  
 Why well (quoth he) onely one fault amisse,  
 And that me-thinkes disgraceth all the rest,  
 Your Kitchin is to little I protest.  
 Oh (Sir quoth he) in that you do mistake,  
 A reason for the same I will you make:  
 Of purpose I contriu'd the Kitchin small,  
 To haue my house the bigger therewithall.  
 A Barber and a Mower did contend,  
 With much adoe before their strife could end:  
 About the Priuiledge that each did clayme,  
 And thus the Barbar did his reasons frame.  
 Sir, I am head of all the trades that be,  
 For Kings must sit bare-headed vnto me;  
 The greatest Monarch that on earth we finde  
 Puts off to me: Mower, you come behinde?  
 T'other reply'd, Barber, in vaine you iarre,  
 I haue a priuiledge exceeds you farre,

For when by me, the Grasse with sieth is shorne,  
Or that my Sickle cutteth downe the corne,  
Vpon the stumps I boldly can vntrusse:  
What Barber on his work, that dare do thus?  
AN humorons phantasticke Asse,  
Whose wit and wealth were spent,  
Did in all companies he came  
Boast of his great discent.  
And all the Gentlemen he knew,  
Vnto his bloud were base:  
For he could prooue from Noyes great floud,  
His stocke of royall race.  
Pray Sir (quoth one) take no more paines  
In this same worthy thing;  
For it is most apparant plaine,  
From what old house you spring.  
You may iust proue your pedegree  
From Noah to this houre:  
Your Ancestors good Masons were,  
That wrought on Bable Tower.  
And were I as your worship is,  
In spight of Bricklers hall,  
I would giue Trowell in mine armes,  
A Ladder, Tray, and all.

# A Quack-saluers Humour.

Gentlemen that approach about my stall,  
 To most rare Physicke I inuite you all:  
 Come neare and harken what I haue to sell,  
 And deale with me all those that are not well.  
 In this boxe here, I haue such precious stufte,  
 To giue it prayse, I haue not words inough:  
 If any humor in your braynes be crept,  
 Ile fetch it out, as if your heads were swept.  
 Almost through Europe I haue showne my face,  
 In euery towne, and euery Market place;  
 Behold this Salue, I do not vse to lye,  
 Whole Hospitals, there haue bin cured thereby?  
 I doe not stand here like a totter'd slaue,  
 My Veluet and my Chayne of Gold I haue:  
 Which cannot be maintayned by mens lookes,  
 Friends, all your towne is hardly worth my bookes.  
 There stands my Coach and Horses, t'is mine owne,  
 From hence to Turkey is my credit knowne:  
 In few I cannot boast as many will;  
 Let nothing speake for me but onely skill.  
 See you that thing, like Ginger-bread lies there?  
 My tongue cannot expresse to any eare  
 The sundry vertues that it doth containe,  
 Or number halfe the Wormes that it hath slayne.  
 If in your bellies there be Crawlers bred,  
 In multitudes, like haire vpon your head:  
 Within some houre space, or there about,  
 At all the holes you haue, Ile fetch them out,  
 And ferret them before that I haue done,  
 Euen like the Hare that forth a bush doth run.  
 Here is a wond'rous water for the eye,  
 This for the stomacke: Maisters will you buy?  
 When I am gone, you will repent to late,  
 And then like fooles among your selues will prate.  
 Oh that we had that famous man againe,  
 When I shall be supply'd in France or Spaine:  
 Now for a Stoter, you a boxe may haue,  
 That will the liues of halfe a dozen saue.  
 My man is come, and in myne eare he sayes,  
 At home for me, at least a hundred stayes.  
 All Gentle-men, yet for your good you see,

I make them tarry and attend for me:  
If that you haue no Mony, let me know;  
Phisicke of almes, vpon you Ile bestow.  
What Doctor in the world can offer more?  
Such arant Clownes I neuer knew before:  
Here you do stand like Owles and gaze on me,  
But not a penny from you I can see.  
A man shall come to doe such Dunces good,  
And cannot haue his meaning vnderstood;  
To talke to sencelesse people is in vaine,  
Ile see you hang'd ere I come heere againe.  
Be all diseas'd, as bad as Horses be,  
And dye in ditches like to Dogs for me:  
An old wiues Medicine, Parsely, Timbe, and Sage,  
Will serue such buzzards in this scuruy age,  
Goose-grease and Fennell, with a few Dog-dates,  
Is excellent for such base lowzy Mates:  
Farewell, some Hempen haulter be the charme,  
To stretch your necks as long as is myne arme.

# Doctor Merry-man.

ONE came to court a Wench which was presize,  
 And by the spirit did the flesh dispise,  
 Mouing a secret match betweene them two  
 But she insooth and sadnesse would not do.  
 He did reply, so sweete a faire as she,  
 Made of the stuffe as all frayle women be;  
 Ought by the law of Nature to be kind,  
 And shew her selfe to beare a womans mind:  
 Well Sir (quoth she) you men do much preuaile  
 With cunning speeches and a pleasing tale.  
 Tis but a folly to be ouer-nice,  
 You shall: but twenty shillings is my price:  
 A brace of Angels if you will bestow,  
 Come such a time, and I am for you, so.  
 Well, he tooke leaue, and with her husband met,  
 Told him by bond he was to pay a debt:  
 Intreating him to do so good a deede,  
 As lend him twenty shilling at his neede.  
 Which very kind he present did extend,  
 And t'other willing on his wife did spend:  
 So taking leaue with her, he goes his waies,  
 Meeting his Creditor within few dayes,  
 And told him, Sir I was at home to pay  
 The twenty shillings which you lent last day:  
 And with your wife, (because you were not there)  
 I left it, pray you with my boldnesse beare.  
 Tis well (quoth he) I'm glad I did you pleasure,  
 So comming home, questions his wife at leasure:  
 I pray sweet hart, was such a man with thee,  
 To pay two Angels, which he had of me.  
 She blush't and sayd, he hath beene here indeede,  
 But you did ill to lend, Husband take heede;  
 The falshood of the world you do not spy,  
 It is not good to trust before we try:  
 Pray lend no more, for it may breede much strife,  
 To haue such knaues come home to pay your wife.  
 A Crew of Foxes all on theeuing set,  
 Together at a Country Hen-roost met:  
 Where the poore Poultry went to grieuous wrack,  
 For there they feasted till their guts did cracke.  
 Hauing well sup't, ready to go away,

Without demanding what they had to pay;  
 Sayes one vnto the rest: friends harke to me,  
 Lets point where our next meeting place shall be.  
 With a good-will sayes one about the rest,  
 At such a Farmers house, his Lambes be best:  
 Nay (quoth another) I do know a Clowne  
 Hath euen the fattest Geese in all the Towne:  
 Well Maysters, said a graue and ancient Foxe,  
 Had bin the death of many Hens and Cox.  
 The surest place to meete, that I can tell,  
 Will be the Skinners shop, and so farewell.  
 A Shepheard that a carefull eye did keepe,  
 Vnto the safety of his grazing sheepe:  
 Perceiu'd a Wolfe through the hedge to pry:  
 Sirrah (quoth he) pray, what make you so nye?  
 Why (sayde the Wolfe) thou see'st I do no ill,  
 Thy flockes are far enough vpon the hill.  
 What Iustice now a dayes these people lacks?  
 The Crowes ride boldly on thy cattels backs:  
 And not a word thou sayst to them at all,  
 Yet but for looking on, with me do'st braule.  
 The Prouerb's true, for now I find it well,  
 Which once I heard an ancient old Wolfe tell:  
 He that vpon a bad ill name doth light,  
 Is euen halfe hang'd, as good be hang'd out-right:  
 And I my selfe by prooffe can now alledge,  
 Some better steale, then some looke ore the hedge.  
 THE Deuill did complaine he was not well,  
 And would goe take some Phisicke out of hell:  
 To England, France, & Spaine: with speed he got,  
 Where all refused him, he did burne so hot.  
 In hast he then to Germany did hye,  
 The cunning of a Quack-saluer to try;  
 Where in a Market-place, vpon a Stage,  
 He found a fellow, could all griefes asswage.  
 Doctor (quoth he) I want some of thy skill,  
 For I do find I am exceeding ill:  
 And any thing for ease I will endure;  
 What, wilt thou vndertake my paine to cure?  
 If thou canst ease the Mallady I haue,  
 Thou shalt haue Gold, euen what thy selfe wilt craue.  
 Gentleman (said this Doctor to the Deuill,)  
 Vpon my life Ile rid you of your euill;  
 Make vnto me those griefes you haue but knowne,

And with the curing them let me alone.  
 Why Sir (quoth he) my head with hornes doth ake,  
 My braines doth brimstone like Tobacco take;  
 Mine eyes are full of euer-burning fire,  
 My tongue a drop of water doth desire,  
 About my hart do crawling Serpents creepe,  
 And I can neither eate, nor drinke, nor sleepe;  
 Ther's no diseases whatsoere they be,  
 But I haue all of them impos'd on me.  
 All torments that the tongue of man can name,  
 Within, without, in a continuall flame.  
 Quoth the Quack-saluer, Sir Ile vndertake,  
 A sound man of you in a month to make:  
 Wilt please your worship, shew me where you dwell,  
 Marry (quoth he) my Chamber is in hell:  
 Thy charges in the iourney I will beare,  
 And Ile preferre thee to the Deuill there.  
 With speede get vp, Ile take thee on my backe,  
 The world may spare you, and in hell we lacke.  
 A Byshop met two Priests vpon the way,  
 And did salute them with the time of day:  
 Goodmorrow Clarkes, vnto you both (quoth he)  
 Sir (they reply'd) no Clarkes, but Priests are we.  
 Why said the Byshop, then I will consent,  
 Vnto the title of your owne content:  
 Since you deny to carry Scholers markes,  
 Goodmorrow to you Priests (that are no Clarks.)  
 ONe clymbing of a tree, by hap  
 Fell downe and brake his arme,  
 And did complaine vnto a friend  
 Of his vnlucky harme.  
 Would I had counsel'd you before  
 (Quoth he) to whom he spake,  
 I know a tricke for Clymbers,  
 That they neuer hurt shall take:  
 Neighbour (said he) I haue a Sonne,  
 And he doth vse to clymbe,  
 Pray let me know that same for him  
 Agaynst another time.  
 Why thus (quoth he) let any man  
 That liues, clymbe nere so hye:  
 And make no more hast downe then vp,  
 No harme can come thereby.  
 AN aged Gentleman, sore sicke did lye,

Expecting life, that could not chuse but dye,  
 His foole came to him and intreateth thus,  
 Good Mayster ere you goe away from vs  
 Bestow on Iacke (that oft hath made you laugh)  
 Against he waxeth old, your walking staffe.  
 I will (quoth he) go take it, there it is,  
 But on condition Iacke which shall be this,  
 If thou do meete with any while thou liue,  
 More foole then thou, the staffe thou shalt him giue:  
 Mayster (said he) vpon my life I will,  
 But I do hope that I shall keepe it stil.  
 When Death drew neare, and faintnesse did proceed,  
 His Maister calls for a Diuine with speede,  
 For to prepare him vnto heauens way,  
 The Foole starts vp, and hastily did say:  
 Oh Maister, Mayster, take your staffe againe,  
 That prooue your selfe the most foole of vs twaine.  
 Haue you liu'd now, some fourescore yeares and odde,  
 And all this time are vnprepar'd for God?  
 What greater foole can any meete withall?  
 Then one that's ready in the graue to fall.  
 And is to seeke about his soules estate,  
 When Death is op'ning of the pryso n-gate.  
 Beare witnessse friends, that I discharge me plaine:  
 Here Mayster, here, receiue your staffe againe:  
 Vpon the same condition I did take it,  
 According as you wil'd me, I forsake it.  
 And ouer and aboue, I will bestow,  
 This Epitaph, which shall your follie shew.  
 Heere lies a man, at death did heauen clayme,  
 But in his life he neuer sought the same.  
 A Simple Clowne in Flanders,  
 As he traouelling had bin:  
 (Hauing his wife in company)  
 Came late vnto his Inne.  
 A Spanish Souldier being there  
 A Guest vnto the place:  
 No sooner saw, but lik't his wife,  
 (She had a comely face.)  
 And watch't when they were gone to bed,  
 Then boldly in comes he,  
 And neuer said friends by your leaue,  
 But made their number three.  
 The Clowne lay still and felt a stirre,

Yet durst not speake for's life;  
 At length his patience was so mou'd,  
 He softly iogg'd his Wife.  
 And said to her, prethee intreate  
 The Spaniard to be still,  
 Can I speake Sanish man, (quoth she)  
 You know I haue no skill?  
 But Husband if you please to rise  
 And for the Sexton goe:  
 He vnderstandeth Spanish well,  
 Assuredly I know.  
 Faith and Ile fetch him straight (quoth he)  
 And so the Rusticke rose,  
 And softly sneaking out of doores,  
 About his message goes.  
 Meane while (imagine what you will)  
 To me it is vnknowne:  
 But ere her Husband came againe,  
 The Spaniard he was gone:  
 Which when the simple Foole perceiu'd,  
 He fell to domineere;  
 Oh wife (said he) for twenty pound  
 I would I had him here.  
 Tell me sweet hart, when I was gone,  
 How long the Knaue did stay:  
 Quoth she) you scarce were out of doores  
 Before he ran away.  
 Wife (saide the Clowne) thou mak'st me laugh  
 That I did scare him thus,  
 Come let vs take a little nap  
 for his disturbing vs.  
 You see what comes of pollicy  
 and good discretion wife:  
 if I had beene a hastie foole,  
 • might haue cost my life.

# A Courtezans Humour.

I Am a Profest a Courtezan,  
 That liue by peoples sinne:  
 With halfe a dozen Punkes I keepe,  
 I haue great comming in.  
 Such store of Traders haunt my house  
 To find a lusty Wench,  
 That twenty gallants in a weeke  
 Do entertaine the French;  
 Your Courtier, and your Cittizen,  
 Your very rustique Clowne,  
 Will spend an Angell on the poxe,  
 Euen ready Mony downe.  
 I striue to liue most Lady-like,  
 And scorne those foolish Queanes,  
 That do not rattle in their Silkes,  
 and yet haue able meanes.  
 I haue my Coach, as if I were  
 A Countesse, I protest  
 I haue my dainty musicke playes  
 When I would take my rest.  
 I haue my Seruing-men that waite  
 Vpon me in blew Coates,  
 I haue my Oares that attend  
 My pleasure with their Boats.  
 I haue my Champions that will fight,  
 My Louers that doe fawne,  
 I haue my Hat, my Hood, my Maske,  
 My Fan, my Cobweb Lawne:  
 To giue my Gloue vnto a Gull,  
 Is mighty fauour found:  
 When for the wearing of the same,  
 It costs him twenty pound.  
 My Garter as a gracious thing,  
 Another takes away:  
 And for the same a silken gowne  
 The Prodigall doth pay.  
 Then comes an Asse, and he forsooth  
 Is in such longing heate,  
 My buske point euen on his knees,  
 With teares he doth entreat.  
 I grant it, to reioyce the man,

And then request a thing;  
Which is both Gold and pretious stone,  
The Wood-cockes Diamond Ring.  
Another lowly minded youth,  
Forsooth my shooe-string craues,  
And that he putteth through his eare,  
Calling the rest base slaues.  
Thus fit I Fooles in humours still,  
That come to me for game,  
I punish them for Venery,  
Leauing their purses lame.  
In New-gate some take lodgings vp,  
Till they to Tiburne ride,  
And others walke to Wood-street,  
With a Sargeant by their side.  
Some go to Houns-ditch with their cloaths  
To pawne for Mony lending:  
And some I send to Surgeons shops,  
Because they lacke some mending.  
Others passe ragged vp and downe;  
All totter'd, rent, and torne,  
But being in that scuruy case,  
Their companies I scorne.  
For if they come and fawne on me,  
Ther's nothing to be got;  
As soone as ere my Merchants breake,  
I sweare, I know them not.  
No entertainment, nor a looke  
That they shall get of me?  
If once I do begin perceiue,  
That out of cash they be:  
All kindnesses that I professe,  
The fayrest shewes I make,  
Is loue to all that come to me  
For Gold and Siluers sake.  
To forward men, I forward am,  
Most franke vnto the free,  
But such as take their ware on trust,  
Are not to deale with me.  
The world is hard, all things are deere:  
Good-fellowship decayes,  
And euery one seekes profit now,  
In these same hungry dayes.  
Although my trade in secret be

Vnlawfull to be knowne,  
Yet I will make the best I can,  
Of that which is mine owne.  
For seeing I do venture faire,  
At price of whipping cheere,  
I haue no reason but to make  
My Customers pay deere:  
Our charge beside is very great  
To keepe vs fine and braue,  
A Whoore that goes not gallantly,  
Shal little doings haue.  
Therefore all things consider'd well  
Our charges and our danger;  
A dayly fryend shall pay as much  
As any Tearme-time stranger.

# Doctor Merry-man.

A Rich man and a poore did both appeare  
 Before a Iudge, an iniury to cleere:  
 The Rich did tell a tale most tedious long,  
 Mending as he suppos'd with words the wrong.  
 And euer when the poore man would haue spoke,  
 With bold out-facing speech hee did him choke.  
 The woefull wight at length could heare no longer,  
 But boldly rays'd his voyce both loud and stronger;  
 My Lord (quoth he) pray now bid Diues stay,  
 And heare but what poore Lazarus can say:  
 My Oxe came in his field, which he doth keepe,  
 And swears for that, hee'l pay me with a Sheepe.  
 TWo Beggers did encounter on the way,  
 That had not seene each other many a day:  
 Nor met together at the hedge (Rogues hall)  
 As perfect lowzy, as they both could crawl.  
 Each had a hat, and Night-cap for the cold,  
 And Cloakes with patches, full as they might hold;  
 Great Satchell scrips, that shut with leather flaps,  
 And each a Dogge to eate his Maysters scraps.  
 Theyr shooes were Hob-naile prooffe, soundly bepegg'd,  
 Wrap't well with clouts, to keepe them warmer legg'd:  
 Sayes one to to'ther, come, hange care, lets drinke,  
 Our trade is better then a number thinke:  
 For I, my wife, and Iacke, ply vp and downe  
 To make our ery day, worth halfe a Crowne.  
 Most townes in Flanders, I haue learn'd to name,  
 And am a poore distressed Souldier lame.  
 And sometimes I their charityes desire,  
 Like one hath lost all that he had by fire:  
 Fire (quoth t'other) come along mad knaue,  
 Lets go where we some watering place may haue.  
 Wher's the best Beere to giue a man content?  
 I haue a penny that was neuer spent.  
 And twenty slaues, I Gentlemen did name,  
 Before I could be mayster of the same:  
 To many an Asse I do the worship giue,  
 With Lord preserue your goodnesse while you liue:  
 Now Iesus prosper you by Sea and Land,  
 And blesse you Maister, all you take in hand.  
 God keepe your limbs, and Lord increase your store,

I eate no bread to day, (but dranke the more.)  
For Christ his sake, make this same vp a penny,  
Thus do I angle Siluer out of many;  
I, when I haue it for my speaking faire,  
If he were hang'd that gaue it, I neare care.  
The other Begger laugh't, and did reply,  
Roger, of that same humour right am I.  
I can affourd good speech as well as thou,  
And vnto any knaue such words alow;  
I will not want that till my tongue do frayle,  
But preethee come, let vs go find this Ale.  
I am as dry, as euer was March-dust,  
And heres a groat I meane to spend it iust:  
Well sayd old Tom (sayes tother) if thou do,  
My groat shall go, and my Tobacco too.  
Although a Beggers creadit be not great,  
We will be Gentlemen in our conceit:  
I thinke my selfe as good a man each way,  
As he that goes in Veluet er'y day.  
Weele spend a Crowne, and drinke carowes round,  
Before some Churles are worth ten thousand pound:  
Ther's nothing but a payre of stocks we feare,  
Ile bring thee to a cup of tickling geare.  
FINIS.