A Neaste of VVaspes (1615)

William Goddard.

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A NEASTE
OF VVASPES
LATELIE FOVND
out and discouered in the L[o]w-
countreys, yealding as
sweete hony as some of our
G

Ive roome hoe; giue roome to my actiue penn
Oh giue hir roome; sheel laie about hir then.
Mistake hir not; she plaies noe fencers parte,
Shee plaies the Popes; sheel make the whole world smarte.

Will. Goddard.

TO THE
Reader.

THE COM-
MISSION.

A
Broade my Waspes, in to the world goe flie
Make knowne your natures to all men you spie
Searche eu'ry creeke; goe flie you round aboute
Let noe wretch rest vntil y'aue found him out,
And hauinge found him, styng him: None forbeare
but stinge em all, for all growne wicked are,
My Loue excepte, at which, if some repine
saie things you must not touche that are deuine
AN EPIGRAM TO
my Epigrams.

1
Vsicke strike-vp, some livelie quick Iigg plaie
Hange tunes that runne on malencollie kaie.
Skippe nowe my verse: light Epigrams come skipp.
Like doe on lawne, come light and nimble tripp
Like Catt with mouse come sporte you swiftlie faste
But see like catt you pinche and nipp at laste.

2
My sences standes amaz'd, my hands doe tremble
To think to what I should my loue resemble,
Compare hir to the rose; hir cryimson die
Is far more pure; hir white excells the Ivorie,
Vnto hir skynn rug'd is the smoothest Iett
The softest downe to it is counterfett
With in hir faces circute there are plac'd,
Two heauenlie sonns, by whom the world is grac'd,
Whose golden beames from-of hir lippes exhales,
That hunnye dewe which Poets Nectar calls
Soe faire is shee, soe sweete, smooth, soft, soe cleere
As on this Earthe naught like hir maie appeare,
Oh what a Matchles Mistresse haue I caught
That iustlie cann compare hir vnto naught

3
Some men Ill censures Had-land; call him Asse
Idle Goose. Vppon him most men passe
But not so much for selling of his townes
As vainelie spending and consuming's crownes
For that a foole he's held. Now I'me of mind,
A wiser man a man shall hardlie find
Who hath a crowne; I but one crowne enioies
Must haue a thousand cares. Cares Crownes annoies

\[ Then \text{ Hadland's wise, the other Coxcombes are,} \]
\[ \text{For whoo'd keepe crownes since one Crowns full of care.} \]

4

For making, speede, pace, and firie spright
The braue pride Courser should the court delight
His gentle gesture, milde-sterne-statelie grace
Maie gett him loue (I graunt) in eury place
That hee's respected I nere wonder why
It is at Th'Asse; at Asses wonder I
Noe worthe's in th'asse, yet daubd' hee is in gold
And trickt-vp trymmer then proude Iennetts bold

\[ At \text{ which I mus'd and wondred, vntill when} \]
\[ \text{I found th'Asse deare and neare to most great men.} \]

5

Had I commaund at Court I would casseere
Both all the porters and doore-keepers there
They let too manie beggars in. Tis seene
Ev'n in the presence there some beggars beene

\[ \text{Amend it Porters; tis noe seemlie thing} \]
\[ \text{To haue to manie beggars nere the Kinge.} \]

6

At Court a Beggar to a Porter came
Ope doore quoth hee, I am one cripled lame
The porter annsweres sirrah get you gone
This is the Court, of Beggars here coms none
A Neaste of Waspes

Then lett me in quoth hee and make noe doubt
Twill scarce a courte be shut your beggars out.

A chattering Ape mett with a gruntling hogg
Hogg quoth the Ape beware the maystife dogg
Oh Ape quoth th'hogg, hard, oh hards my case
For I doe meete with Doggs in eurye place
Dost soe replies the Ape? What wilt thou giue
And I will teache thee howe shalt feareles live
Forsake thy stie and to the lyons Court
From thy base contrye howse doe thou resort
Noe Dogg soe hardie is as once to dare
Presume to make his bold appearaunce there
For the braue lyons nature will not brooke
Vppon a churlish surlie Curr to looke
Beasts of my nature like his nature beste
His frownes wee turne to smiles with some sleight iest
To see vs leape, skipp, make an antik face
First wonn vs apes in to the lyons grace
And therefore hogg Ide wish thee take my shape
the lyon fauours well the toying ape.

Clownus would court it, nowe his countrye seate
Hee halfe doth loathe, in cloathes hee groweth neate
Dust here mee Clowne for that life thart vnfitt
Thy want's a braine; whose there must want noe Witt
Hee that would court-it, in the Court would thriue
Must sympathize in nature with these five
In youth hee must bee Ape and Monkey both
The Ape to Imytate what others doth
And like the Monkey hee in lust must burne:
Must stand readye; prick-on at euerye turne
The Foxes nature hee in age must haue:
Must plott. None riseth like your deepe-sculd knaue
Like more beastes yet hee must be: doe you heare?
He must turne Asse; great mens great loads must beare
must be an OX: must hugg who giues the horne
Tis noe disgrace for fauours no wethare wonne

Clowne, bee still a Clowne, whood chaunge maulie shape
To be an ox, fox, monkey, Asse or Ape?

9

A Foole t'a wiseman came, Wiseman quoth hee
Ive beene with Fortune who hath blessed mee
My sonne sayde Fortune, thus I blesse thy birthe
Thou shalt enioye the happy'st life on earthe
Thou shalt haue Wealth ease, mirth: thou shalt liue free
Liue where thou wilt shalt neuer envy'd bee
Nor shall Mistrust attend thee. Crosse the seas:
forsake the Court; I doe child what you please
Yet it shall like: shall give noe distaste
Thy deedes thy mother Fortune will haue grafte
with that about shee turnd hir, groping-out
To find hir wheel; which found, she turnd about
Allotting mee all pleasures on the earthe
You, life envide: Mistruste poysning your mirth

Come Wiseman then; come marcht in rank with mee
The daungers lesse, yet honourd more you see

10

A godlie Father of the romishe sect
A privie and a hogstie would erect
Workman saide hee looke on this logg of wood
For those two purposes me thinkes 'tis good
The workman seeing tw'ould not serue the turne
Cry'd sir; this is not good enough to burne
Howe not to burne the zealous father cries?
Noe not to burne the Carpenter replies:
It is such rotten stuff t'wil not be wrought
It is so knottie ruf tis good for naught
Come come the papiste cries thou wantest witt
Ile haue a god made ant; Ile kneele to it
To it Ile prai: soe will I guild-it ore
As all that see't shal't for a god adore.
What will not make a privie, godes will make
For that vse, of the rottenest things we take

Therefore to make my privie finde some good
And Ile make godes of this my rotten wood.

Before his Holines three sutors came
The firste was one giv'n all to whore and game
The second vnto drinke was givn-ore soe
As sober to his bedde he'ed neuer goe
The third a murthrer was giv'n all toth stabb
These comming to that babalonian drabb
(after greate revrence to his sacred knee)
They humblye craue that they might pardond be
Your sinns are greate his holines doth crie
Wee doe confesse it father they replie
But as our sinns are greate our meanes is greate
Father quoth they with anngells we haue mett
Which anngells told vs that you lou'd em soe
As anie thinge for their sweete sakes youd doe
Therefore, for what w'aue done, wee mercie craue
For those good Anngels sakes letts perdon haue

Pleades Angells for you quoth the Poe? naie then
I must forgive. Anngells haue powre o're men.

Ide haue a plaie could I but to my mind
Good actors gett; but that['s] not now to find
For (oh) thare dead; this age afordeth none,
Good actors all longe since are dead and gone
For beggars parte a Courtyer I would haue
A Courtyers parte your scollar act-would braue.
Yououldyer should your scoller act. But yit
To plaie the kinglie parte hee is more fitt
Nowe for the foole I haue an exlent one
Oh for that parte giue mee your merchants sonne
To act the whore; tuutt thats a common parte
Eache girle of twelue yeares old can do'ot with arte
But oh the Diuell! I am graueld nowe
To finde a Divell out I knowwe not howe
And with out one my plaie shall nere come forth
For with out Divells, plaies are nothing worth

_Mas I haue thought one for gold heel come_
_An exlent actor is the Pope of Roome[.]_

13

Fryer quoth the Divel les thou standest my freind
Im'e cast awaie; my daies are at an end
Now god defend the fryer saithe; for then
Wee fryars should bee left fatherless poore men
As for my frendshipp, doubt mee of noe evill
Faithfull fryers nere false-are to the divell
Therefore make known your secretts best conceale
Then knowe it fryer, in loue, in loue I am
To thee for counsell in that case I came
A Nunn I loue, without I haue a Nunn
Tell all the world the Divell is vndone

_Loue you a Nunn? a Nunn ist you desire_
_Take my shape on you; Nunns deneys no fryer._

14

At hells wide gates a souldyer once did stand
His reason was to viewe th'infernall band
But as hee lea'nd to see eache troope passe by
Hee taken was and doubted for some spie
What makst thou here? what art the divell cryes?
A Martailliste; a souldyer hee replies
The multitude of Monkes and fryers there
At name of souldyer, thus cry'de-out with feare
Oh divell, if thou dost loue vs convaie
That souldyer hence: withs passe pack him awaie
A Neaste of Waspes

In quiet else wee nothing here shall doe
Theil vse our gods, our holie sisters too
And therefore out with him, tis fowle abuse
Yf anie but ou[r] selues doe those things vse
This is the Cloister we allotted are
Therefore from vs all souldyers out debarr
Children the Divell cry'd yf it bee soe
That hee's a souldyer: hath naught with mee to doe
Nor I with him. God did ordaine theire birth
Not hell to trouble, but to vexe the earthe: both hath
A charge to shewe men our greate Maisters wrath
Souldyers, mens bodies are to fall vpon
I, on the soule, to see sharpe tortures done
Who for theire paines in heaun aboue must dwell
And I for mine, belowe in this darke hell
And therefore out hee shall, too's heaun Ile send him
Which yf hee likes not else where lett himm end him

Soe out from hell the souldyer straight was throwne
Since when in hell a souldyer nere was knowne.

15

I praie tell me my fortune sir: I am
A Beggar wench: to you for that I cam
A beggar wench the Fortune-teller cryes?
Indeed? I am the beggar-wench replies
Then knowe it wench quoth hee thy Fortunes good
And these three babes shal springe from thy base bloud
Two bratts one beggar shall begett of thee
Both of them Knights and both shall Courtyers bee
Naie yet an other sonn thou shalt emoye
A Iugler shall begett of thee a boie
This shall a lawyer bee, and shall in tyme
With's Iugling tricks vp to high turrets clime
Thou hearst thy Fortune wench: be gone, quoth hee
It Ioies mee much, I thank you for't quoth shee
Yet ere I doe departe praie lett mee craue
Yf these bee all the sonns I'me like to haue
For trulie sir my mynd doth give me yit
I shall haue one son more; who shall in witt
And valour th'rest as farr surpasse
As steedes in couradge doe the sillie Asse
My mind doth giue me sir I shall bring forth
A sprightfull souldyer one of matchles worht
   A souldyer whore quoth hee? out baggadg base
   A souldyer cannot spring from beggars race.

16

Plorus your wise let tenn-------in one night
One of those tenn you knowes the Parsons right
Why pay't him then; thou knowst a barlie strawe
Will make a parish parson goe to lawe
   Paye him his--------Oh pry thee let him ha'ie
   Lesse thinges then--------will stirr them to debate[.]

17

Tis saide that Idlenes doth mischeefe breed
And soe it doth; that sayings true indeed
Then Parish parsons you are nowe a daies
The onelie men that doe deserue best praise
For lawyers would growe Idle, did not you
Stirr your parish to sett them taskes to doe
A blessed worke; a deed well worthy noate
A thing befitting best, men of your coate
   I doe applaude the deede; and lawyers shall
   Stand barre to you, shall you theire maisters call.

18

Benefio, benefis, benefit
Ide conster thus yf I should English it
I doe well; so's englisht benefio
Benefis, a benifize to buy ho
   For though I'ue neither learning nor goodwitt
   Yet buy a benefice Ile benefitt.
Oh Deat[h]e th'art wronged! abused in our land
Thy office Death is wrested out thy hand
Unto thy office Death it doth belonge
T'vnloose that sacred knott god tyed soe stronge

God did ordaine thee Death, and onelye thee
T'vnloose that knot; but nowe more Deathes there bee.

A Judge t'a sugeon came, surgeon quoth hee
My arme is sore, what ist soe payneth mee?
The surgeon looking on it, sir hee cryes
Oh much corruption in your arme there lies

A poore man by, cryes surgeon vnderstand
T'is not in's arme, corrupted is his hand.

A Bedrid man before a Judge was brought
The Judge biddes stand-vp sirrah as you ought
Oh sir, nor goe, nor sitt, nor stand can I
I am your freind praie give me leaue to lie

Art thou my freind quoth hee? then lie thy fill
a Iudg giues all his freindes leaue to lie still.

Were I to choose a Captaine, I would than
Not choose your courtyer or a youth full man
Noe I would choose a Judge; one grym and graue
To make a Captaine such a man Id'e haue

Give mee that man whose frowning browe is deathe
I such a one as cann kill men with breathe.
23

Younge Lawyers Cubs (spruse studentes termd by some)
To you as humble sutor I doe come
My sute is this you'l send mee from yovr Inns
Some of you old flye-pated foxes skynnns
Weel make drumms heads of them: in doinge soe
I knowe by th'ears our foes and we shal goe
   *Praiie send vs some; wee all will thank you then;
   I knowe theire skynnns to braules will stirr-vp men.*

24

Clarke quoth the Counsellor I must ride downe
What shal I doe, ther'es not one horse in towne?
Why sir replies the Clarke, that is noe lack
In steed of horse bestride some Clyentes back
Al though an Asse vn seemelie is in showe
Yet hee treads sure, and whipp him on, heel goe
   *Bestride a Clyent, sir, hee shall not tire
    II'e spurr him on, vnto your owne desire.*

25

A Woman to a Lawyer came, sir quoth shee
Beseeche your doe a fauour vnto mee
What woudst thou haue the man a lawe replies?
O sir your helping hand the good wife cryes
For god sake sir quoth shee let me entreate
Youl make my husbandes smale thing very great
   *The[y] saie of nothing lawyers can great matters make
    Therefore I praie sir this thing vndertake.*

26

A Chauncery Clyent hauing spent his summs
Vnto a vsring broker sneaking comes
Broker saide hee t'is told me by a freind
That you vppon a sute good gold will lend
I haue a sute, faire, stronge, but verye deare
One that I've worene almost this twentie yeare
Which yet is freshe as when I firste did weare-it
T'will weare-out me'till I've noe strength to beare it.
A sute soe lastinge stronge thother replies?
Ile deale for it: where is it sir hee cries?
Why in the Chauncrye replies the clowne
There carele[s]ly my sutes throwne vp and downe
And therefore praie sir ridd me oft: The[y] saie
Men of your trade soone ridd mens sutes awaie
   The Broker scornfullie from him goes forth
   And tells him those old sutes are little worth.

An old bald-pated graue graie-bearded sire
Stole to a wench to quench his lustes desire
she askt him what profession hee might bee
I am a Civell lawyer girle quoth hee
A Civell lawyer sir? you make me muse
Your talkes too broade for cyvell men to vse
   If Ciuell lawyers are such bawdy men
   Oh what (quoth shee) are other lawyers then?

Take leases ho. You that haue hansome wiues
Good husbandes p[ra]ie, take leases for their lives
For If your wiues but faire and hansom bee
Phisitians will warrant em for yee
If they but feele theire pulse, then doubt noe lives
Il'e warrant you theile warrantt then your wiues
   By arte to women they cann put in life
   He'es sure to gett that lets them warrants' wife.
Three sortes of Folkes there are which haue a trick
Gold out of men and womens taites to pick
Your Pandars one, the second of these three
Is one which nightlie scoures things priuylee
   *Id name the third and last sorte of these men*
   *But all Phisitians I should anger then.*

Lye thus (the Fencer cryes,) thus must you guard
Thus must you slipp, thus poynte, thus passe, thus ward
And yf youd kill him sir, this trick learne then
With this same trick you maie kill manie men
A doctor standing by, cryes Fencing Foole
Both you and hee, to mee, maie come to schoole
   *Thou dost' but prate: my deedes shall showe my skill*
   *Where thou hurtst one, a hundred I do kill.*

If warrs should cease & tyme of peace should growe
I would Phisitian turne: that course Id'e goe
Soo might I keepe my handes in vre; and still
Some one or other eu'rye daie might kill
   *Oh Ide growe subtill, I would learne the trick*
   *To make a sick man sound, a sound man sick.*

Are you returnd my waspes? I cannot see
Howe manie men soe soone should stinged bee
This world is spacious wide: tis roundlie large
Soo soone then howe could you my charge discharge
Therefore abroade againe; aboute goe seeke
I loue to see men crie, t'heare women shreeke.

33

Tis saide of roringe boies ther'es mainie theeues
(Hees in the truthe I thinke which soe beleuees)
Yet I doe think more witches are of them
Then are of anie other sortes of men
    My reason's this (I feare I shall bee bangd)
    Cause alwaies ther'es as manie burnd as hangd.

34

Hee that hath wealth tis fitt that hee should haue
A lock on's trunk, his gold and wealth to saue
But he in whose pate there remaines noe witt
Me thinkes a lock on his pate in vnfit
    Then Rorers why doe you weare such huge locks?
    Your heads are poore. Of with them with a pox.

35

Hath hee in question beeene for pursing crymes?
Scap t[h]e sargants handes, the hangmans twentie tymes
Hath hee on whores consumd his landes and stock?
Beene brought to bedd, deliv'red of the pock?
Lost'es haire from's heade? loste th'ead of you know what?
Yf he those scapes haue had, and hath loste that
    Oh praie then let him passe: lett him enioye
    This famous title: yon's a Roringe boie.

36

Wouldst thou turne Rorer boye? wouldst growe in fashon
Learne this garbe then, shalt gaine faire[ ]reputatio[n]
Tobacco take; run in each mercers score  
Visit plaies, be seene to court thy whore  
Laughe at learning; call preachers sheepishe men  
schollers asses: stick not nowe and then  
To censure deedes of Kingses. Naie gainst gods deyttie  
Be bold to belche forth broadest blasphemie  
Must keepe a catta logue: must haue the name  
Of eurye merchannts wife which is of fame  
Must slannder all; the fairest dames must staine  
Must saie with countesses, with queenes thast laine  
Muste bee noe coward: thy selfie must proudlie carye  
Must mouthe-it stoutlie in each ordnarye  
Where, yf but of thy losses thy tongue walke  
Must of noe lesse a losse then hundreds talke  
Must learne to lie; muste learne thy lie to face  
And lastlie howe to sweare God dam thee with a grace

Learne these young boie, great man thou shalt be then.  
Who does these Ill thinges well must needes bee men.

Furious Hott-spurr, a reason pry thee yeild  
Why thou soe fightst; why thou goste soe in feild  
Ist' after bloude thy drye soule soo doth th[irs]te?  
Remember Cayn howe god that murthrer curste  
But tell me Hot-spurr, wherein doste thou gaine  
When thou in feilde thy enemye haste slaine?  
Thy venter's muche: Ift' bee but to gett bloude  
Then tell mee ( being gott) wherefore ist good?  
Thou canst not canst? I tell thee thou vaine goose  
Thou hazardst bodie howe thy soule to loose  
This bloud once spilte doth not like bodies die  
But that reviues and vp to th'eauns doth f[l]ie  
Where to the lord it pointes out that black deed  
Crying-out for vengeanc, vengeance lord with speed  

Foole sheathe thy sworde; avoide fond privat braules  
Our blades should sleepe vntill our countrie calles.
Gooden-dagh *Butter-boxe*: I vnderstand
Thou dost in-habitt in the Netherland
I pry thee *Smeere-chopps* doth not he which buyes
A thing cald wife there, paie for hir excise?
Who buyes an ox, a cowe, or such like beaste
Paies for hir hornes, hide, fleshe, excise at leaste
Hee knowes not when shees bought: beside the Boore
He must betall the gelt to twentie more

*I pry thee Butter-boxe make mee so wise*
*As knowe, yf men maie wiue, not paie excise.*

39

Dutchmen should paie (yf they did paie theire due)
A taxe for eu'rye chymney old and newe
Then honest Dutchmen, praye nowe lett me axe
Why for your womens tayles you paie noe taxe?
Yf those are chymneys where folkes fyers make?
Then your wiues tailes for chymneys I doe take

*For there are Fiers, Fyers there they dailie keepe:*
*And therefore paie your dues; those chymneys sweepe.*

40

Demauand you why or'e stoues Dutch-women sitts?
Oh straunge! praie why doe you putt meate on spitts?
Ist' not to roste the same? nere wonder then:
For soe the[y] sitt to roste meate for theire men

*Although theire men all daie on hadgepodge eate*
*Yet in the night they cloye them with roaste meate.*

41

Water they saie will not wild-fyer quench
Then wild-fire in thy stoue thou bearst dutch-wench
For yf by water it would quenched bee
Then out il would; soe waterd tis by thee
But why it wil not out, I nowe doe knowe
Thy bellowes wench; they alwaies puff and blow.

42

In Holland, Zealand, all the Netherlandes
Younge men with maides (allnight) walk handes in handes
In darkest night, to walk, they moste delight
For doinge which, some doe applaude their sight
They neede not do't; they see as other men
For when tis darke they goe by feeling then.

43

A Huntsman and his Dogg did latelie come
To the lowecountreys from their English home
Oh dogg quoth he (I speakt' with griefe of harte)
Wee one from tother shalbe for'cd to parte
I shall not able-bee to give thee meate
Nowe bones and paringses I my selfe must eate
Why sir (replies the Dogg?) I hope not soe
I cann and will your maisters pleasure showe
Pleasure quoth hee? yf thou wilt them delight
Thou must showe proffitt Dogg, or learn to fight.

44

A messenger from the'auns was latelie sent
T'envite poore trades vnto merryment
Bruers, Taylors, and cooks (amongst the reste)
Envited' were vnto that solenm feaste
But they being verye busie annswerd thus
Oh messenger saide they excuse thou vs
Our leasure will not serue vs there to goe
The Divell here on earth employes vs soe
My Contry'es French the Taylor cryes: and I
Must liue there-in else Frenchmen straight will die
As th'yngishe nation doe theire bellies cramm
Soe wee our backs: To them a nurse I am
I'me Englishe quoth the Cooke: my Nation lookes
for naught but meate, good stomacks and good cookes
Therefore should I to heaun; my Country men
Could not devise howe they should surfett then
I'me Dutch the Bruer cryes, and should I clyme
A boue the cloudes before prefixed tyme
Our nations soules beneathe hells pitt would sincke
For dead theire hartes growe when they want good drinke

*Therefore tell God the Divell staies vs here*
*To keepe our nations from ascending there.*

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45

When *Foxe-furr* walkes, he treads the formalst pace
When *Foxe-furr* talkes, hee talkes with grauest grace
Hee licks not's lipps, nor pickes his fingers endes
But to formality eache motion tendes
In all things *Fox-furs* formall; I, his nose
At all times with formallitie hee blowes
At meate (at mouthe) hee formallie breakes winde
From meate as formallie hee breaks behind

*O since graue Foxe-furr cann saie I and noe*
*Hee for a sheere-towne Mayor maie passe I trow.*

---

46

Aske Crafte the Merchante whether hee doth walke;
Why to th'exchaunge quoth hee t'exchaunge some talke
Askes' ietting wife; his lisping prettie bride
To what greene banck that golden snake doth slide
Shee lispes-out, *to my garden trulie sir:*
But wott you what t'is thither draweth hir?
Oh sir, thats hir exchaunge: shee walketh there
Tex'change hir bodie, in the open aire

*Hir prentize there, his maisters factor proues*
*And choppes such wares as merchantes wiues best loues.*
You Sailors, yf you'l wealthy-growe, and thrive,
Steere suche a course as you maie fairelie wiue
Gett you but bewtious wiues, and you shall see
Againste your comming home thei'le loaded bee
   I, costom-free your merchanntes load em will
   And with best wares your wiues ware-housen fill.

While Sea-horse gallopps ouer gulfes and sandes
Entending to discouer vnknowne landes
At home hee leaues his marchannt with his wife
Who failes with hir et nere adventers life
Nowe on a ruffe waues back his friggott daunceth
Anon t'a vaultie hollowe downe it channceth
Nowe is shee toste; anon turnd o're and ouer:
Vnder nowe: a non shee manlie doth recouer
& thus on lande strannge straightes hee seekes to find
Runing his course soe longe as good's his winde
   In hir hee rows; but all's discou'ries mapp
   Is writt within the card of hir false lapp.

Ther'es three thinges makes me think that cittiewiues
Are least infected with these papiste liues
The firste is this; they keepe noe hollidaies
For then they are most occupyde men saies
The second is, to see them croste t'is rare
For Townsmens wiues but sisdom crossed are
The third is this (this often hath beene tryde)
Fastinge, and prayers they cannot well abide
   Ill nunns they'd make, for who of late did see
   A London girll that did vowe chastetee?
A Neaste of Waspes

A soyledyer, Lawyer, and a Cytizen
In thicke-wide Forreste (once these wandring men)
Had loste them selues, but Fortune did provide
For eache of these a beaste to bee his guide
Vnto the soyledyer (with a mild maiestick grace)
A princelie Lyon gentlye bent his pace
Vnto the Lawyer did the subtill Foxe
Two to the Townsman went, the Ass the Oxe
Eache telling in theire languadge, howe that they
Would t'eache of them a guider bee in's waie
The firste the Lyon thankes; thother the oxe
The Townsman thanks and followes th'Asse & thoxe

But most ingratefull hee (inhumane borne)
Robbes the mild asse of s'witt, and th'oxe of 's horne.

51

I'st not a braue life hoe to serue a Lorde?
Its naught but trusse his pointes and waite ats' borde
A man shal bee assu'rd enough to eate
Yf hee catche bones which hath enough of meate

The life hath ease; a man neede neuer stirr
Lesse whens Lorde---------t'aske; doe you call mee sir.

52

Had I a thousand girles noe care I'de take
For those my girles, portions to scrape or rake
I'de make em chamber maides; or else they should
Bee wayting gentlewomen If I could

Were they not then card'-for? then yf they will
Vnder theire lorde they maie bee getting still.

53

Ist not straunge that Townsmen daielie eates
Fatt uenison as oft as other meates?
Noe, tis not strange; for their sweet wives may have
As many warrants as they'll ever crave
Pure souls! if they but lispe-out pray my Lord
Give me a warrant; that's it at first word
Lords are kind to give, and a Cittie dame
To beg a warrant neuer holde it shame

54

Nowe good sir Iohn (the beggar cryes) I praine
Bestowe your worshipps almes on mee to daie
Relieve my wantes quoth hee; I am your brother
Wee borne-are one to helpe and ayde an other
My brother quoth Sr. Iohn? poore wretched wight!
Why thou mistakkest me, I am a knight
I know't quoth hee; but harke you kinde sir Iohn
There's manie a knight kinn to the beggar man.

55

Late did I take a knight on Beggar wenche
Hee was on fire; twas shee the flame must quench
The Beggar-wenche I askt yf shee did like
Better with knightes, then with poore beggars strike
Faithe sir quoth shee yf I shall speake but right
I finde as one, the Beggar and the knight.

56

Nowe god bee with old Chuff; avouch't I canv
That graie side-coated swadd dyed a good man
Yet dailie heed' bee drunck: naie this is more
The riche old churle for eache daie kept a whore
Yet not-withstanding I doe tell noe lie
In saying Chuff did a right goodman die
Praise speake; maie not the knight his soonn bee glad,
In that for father hee a good-man had.
Praie wronge not Late-coynd; giue the man his right
Hee's made a gentleman although noe knight
Hath hee not bought a k[ni]ghts old cloathes? why than
Late-coynd I hope is made gentleman
For nowe tis cloathes the gentleman doth make
Men from gaie cloathes their pedigrees doe take
   But wott you what's the armes to such mens howse
   Why this; hands chasinge of a rampant Lowse.

What shall wee thinke nowe of the Jack-dawes state?
Is not that Fowle become a Potentate?
The Eagles howse of stickes and strawes are built
But Dawes haue built em howses wondrous faire
With proude pyramides t'out-braue the aire
   Blame not the Dawe to leaue base, strawes to peck:
   You see whose' nowe the Iacke-dawes archytect.

Why laughe you at Iack-dawes? I cannot see
But that Iacke-dawe's both wise and honest bee
Honest in this: hows keeping they vphold;
They keepe good howses as in daies of old.
And herein wise: Greate men greate howses make
But Iackdawes straight possession of them take
Thare wise and honeste, and to outward showe
They are devoute; to Church they dailie goe
   Longe maie thy liue. For Iack-dawes I will praie;
   Were Iackdawes dead, howskeeping would decaie.
A Neaste of Waspes

Dost heare mee Jacke-dawe? thou dost saucie growe:
Gett better manners; learne thy selfe to knowe,
Howe dar'st thou lett-it to the Eagles courte?
Thou art too bold; why there doth none resort
But birdes of noblest partes There doth fall
The soring Faulcon which soe praies on all
The Peacock with his riche embrodred plumes
Spreads there his taile; high place he there asumes
The Nitingall singes there; and nowe and than
There falls a turtle Doue, a milke-white Swan
A waie thou foolishe dawe, seeke not t'aspire
Keepe thou thy countryle howse; perke-vp noe hire
Or yf thou needes must change, seeke-out the Gull
Cuckoe; woodcock; eache Cittie of them's full

Exchaunge with them: Cittie Cuckoes loue
To flie a broade: eache summer they remoue.

61

England, of Oxen, sheepe, horse, thou haste thy parte
Likewise, with hartes, hindes, buckes; enricht thou art
Plentie of these thou haste: but I doe muse
Noe more wild-bores with in thy boundes doe vse
If Bores of hogges doe come, thou shouldst haue store
Noe land of truer hogs had euer more

Search courte, or country; woodes or Fenny boggs
All's one, all places yeildes grunting hoggs.

62

Sir quoth a Clowne, your father (as wee saie)
Was a good man; yet neuer went soe gaie
His cloathes were such as howsewiues fingers spinn
I neuer sawe him strutt it in sattyn
Hee deed good deedes. Twas seld seene from his doore
A man came vnreleivd' that liv'd but poore
The Chymneys of his howse were alwaies swept
They allwaies smoakt: that she'wd what howse hee kept
What talkst thou of his actes (younge Make-wast cries?)
Nowe good deedes with the good deed-doer dies
   **Talk of my actes; I can oerthrowe the oake**
   **And make my nostrylls like his chymneys smoake.**

   63

   *Prate-well* hath courted me; hath wood my witt
   Told me for plaies it was exceeding fitt
   Would haue mee beate my braines t'instruct & teache
   *Parrottes* and *Mag-pies* howe on stage to preache
   Goe Epigram goe annswere thas fond woer'
   Tell him I will not: bidd him sue noe more
   Goe tell him I will teache noe cranes to stalke
   Nor clipp these Mag-pies tongues to make em talke
   *I am noe beareward; for doe what i can*
   *I cannot make an ape to Imitate a man.*

   64

   Goe to your plaie-howse you shall actors haue
   Your baude, your gull, your whore, your pandar knaue
   Goe to your bawdie howse, y'aue actors too
   As bawdes, and whores, and gulls: pandars also.
   Besides, in eyther howse (yf you enquire)
   A place there is for men themselves to tire
   *Since th'are soe like, to choose ther'es not a pinn*
   *Whether bawdye-howse of plaie-howse you goe in.*

   65

   But speake I praie, who ist would gess or skann
   *Fantasmus* to be borne a Englishe man?
   Hees hatted spanyard-like and bearded to
   Ruft Itallyon-like; pac'd like them also
   His hose and doublets' Frenche; his bootes and shoes
   Are fashond pole in heeles, but French in toes
   *Oh hees compleate! what shall I descant an?*
Were I a captaine and might choose my men
Flattters and Parrasits I would choose then
Valyant they bee; they neuer feare the shott
Tha're forwardst still when service is most hott
They feare noe shot. Yet such men Flatters bee
As still yf anie scapes, they scape shott-free
   *Mistake mee not; misconster not this shott*
   *Th'are shott-free, when, service in Tavern's hott.*

A honest Baker latelie did espie
A Sc[r]ivner preachinge on the pillorie
Scrivner hee saide, bequeathe thy eares to mee
Though I can heare, yet I want eares quoth hee
   *Take them the scriuner cryes to doe thee good*
   *Oft Bakers eares or'e scriuners heades haue stood.*

Were I a gallant and could maintaine men
Id'e haue bald-pated laddes t'attend mee then
For men whose pates are bare and bald at topps
Are extlent fitt to keepe Tobacco shoppes
Two thinges vppon a bald crowne on maie doe
Thatt's cutt Tobacco, and well drye-it too
   *Theire braines are hott: theere sculls as thinn as shell*
   *Lay't on the bald-place it will drye it well.*
Souldyer (quoth a Iugler) wilt learne of mee?
Ile' teache thee tricks; such, thou didst neuer see
The souldyer sighes, shakes head, and answeres thus

*Alas, too manye trickes are showne to vs*

Tricks on poore souldyers eu'rye Captaine putts:
Slyghts to drawe gold from-out our shrunck-vp gutts

*Tis they haue tricks, and therefore Iugling Foole
Yf thou't learne tricks, to them goe thou to schoole.

70

Captaine (Searggant cryes), a souldyers dead
What shall bee done? shall hee bee buried?
Howe buryed man? thou dost thy office trymm
Firste lett mee make the moste I can of him
Aliue I made the moste of that poore man
I'le nowe as much make of him as I can
If his haire, fleshe, skynn is nothing worthe
Then rypp-out's harte; his verye harte pull forth

*Sell it in Spanie: Folkes of those forraine partes*
*Will giv'es good gold for our poore souldyers hartes.*

71

A Scotche and Englishe-man made theire request
Vnto the godes that they in heaun might rest
Wee will admytt you both the Godds did crie:
But Scotchman, vnto thee conditionallie.
Th'agreement's this; yf here wee thee estate
Thou must not bee too bold, nor full of prate

*Naie, more conditions yet; Thou must not lie
Nor sooth vs vp.* Wee Goddes hate flatterie.
Why howe nowe Waspes, are you returnd agen?
I knowe vnstung remaines a worlde of men
And therefore oncemore out; make th'other flight
Where yf you find noe men, on women light
Turne taile to them; but mark you what I tell
Sting them not much, too much their flesh will swell.

73

My mistress is not light, yet shynes shee light
Hir bewties beames appeares in darkest night
If in the dark shees light, you must confess
A Dyamond shee is, or little less
  Oh shees a Diamond; in Darke shees light
  A tutcht one too, and tries yf thinges are right.

74

To gild the heauns, in daie, the golden sunn
Through the cleere skie his course doth proudlie runn
The silv'rye Moone (with thowsands spanglie lights)
Doth likewise b[u]rnish-ore the gloomie nightes
But th'Earth (our sullen damm) to to sett hir forth
Noe taper had vntill my mistresse birth
  But since hir birth th'Earth maie with th'eauns compare
  For to hir Lightnes they but darknes are.

75

Awaie with sicklye wenches (whitelye fac'd)
And those whose heades with amber lockes are grac'd
Those puling creatures are vnfit for men
They crye tha're sick when wee haue neede of them
Wouldst chuse-out one vnto a man most true?
Chuse then one out of cleere deepe-sanguy'nd hue
With black-browne haire: in whose sweete face is sett
Two sparkling lampes; yet black as blackest iett
With dymped chynn, with lipps pure ruby-redd
This wench a liue shalt find with in thy bedd
I, actiue, nimble: hah; hir stirring spright
Hates sluggishe sleep. Loues motion all the night
    Chuse suche a one; I chuse soe for my parte
    Such, men should loue; such loue men with theire harte.

76

Oh What a bodie hath my ladie there?
Shees straungelie stronge! what burthens shee doth beare!
Late did a dunghill Carr vppon hir fall
Vnder which shee laie; neuer hurt at all
    Oh who but shee could liue, being soe brusht?
    T'is wondrous strannge hir honours noe more crusht.

77

Some Ladies in noe coatch or croatche will ride
Vnles tha're dawbd with gold, such shewes their pride
Welfare my Ladye Constance. heaunlie starr!
She leaues hir coatch-of to ride with a Carr
    I with a dunghill Carr nowe doth shee ride
    Oh would all Ladies were soe free from pride.

78

Poetus with fine sonnets painteth forth
This and that fowle ladies, bewties worth
Hee shewes smale witt thereby; and for his paines
(By my consent) hee neuer shall reape gaines
    Why what neede Poetts painte them? oh sweet elues!
    Why ladyes painte their bewties best themselues.
When I to Court did come, I musd' to see
The Lordes soe braue. It halfe amazed mee
I did expect the most had mourners beene
All widowers I thought I should haue seene
I did in deed: This reason fort had I
Cause eurye daie their Ladies there doe die.

My Ladies teeth are alwaies extreame white
Yet fewe knowes howe they come in that faire plight
She rubbes them not with ranck tobacco ashes
Nor with pure water, white her fanges shee washes
Nor ist with water as is stild from rose
Noe hirs distild is from hir owne sweete nose.
For as the tubb receaues each dropp from spout
Soe doth hir mouth from hir still-dropping snoute.

When Maddam Minsitt at hir table sitts
Shee seemes to straine to swallowe downe small bitts
If shee but cram a larkes thighe soe full, shee burst-shall wellie
Priae aske hir Foole (shee being out a sight)
What greate bitts then must serue hir appetite
Bitts then indeed, Indeed then in hir bellie
Bitts of a pound hir foole doth putt-in wellie.

Maide quoth my Ladye (as in bedd shee lies)
Make mee a Caudle' gainst such time I rise
[M]y Doctour saith it will doe me noe harme
To put some thing into my bellie warme
The maide lowe-cursey makes, and cries, forsooth
It shall bee done; soe ambling forth shee gooth
   But shee scarce gone, hir back not turned wellie
   But th’vsher putts warme caudles in hir bellie.

83

   Boye, bring my horse quoth Shift; but doe not tarye
This meale I meane to saue an ordinarie
To daie my ladie Shift-of Ile goe see
Who will I hope to dyner envite mee:
Ile bring your horse his boye replies; But sir
You'll loose your labour yf you visitt hir
Hir Cooke for dynner nothing ready makes
Till dinners paste shee alwaies phisick takes
   Shee’l not bee seene; hir chamber shee keepes then
   To eate, and feed, and feed, and eate agen.

84

   Why should Ladye my wedd? This maradg knott
is knitt too faste: till deathe it looseth not
And what are husbandes good for? faith d’yee heare
For nothing after first or second yeare
Therefore my ladyes wise: with out controule
(To please hir bodie) shee maie damm hir soule:
An vsher shee maie haue nowe to hir minnd
Nowe vnto what hir Ladishipps enclind
shee nowe maie haue; hir page to come at call
A wanton monkey else to sport with all
Him maie shee stroake, laie in hir lapp, make fatt
Doe anie thing with him; yet what a that
Now maie shee ride, walke, daunce, kisse, laughe, lie downe
What maie shee not doe nowe? noe threat[n]ing frowne
Noe austere looke, noe angry bended browe
Apales hir cheekes. Shees free, lives fearles nowe
   My Ladyes wise; there is no mary’d wife
   Such pleasure takes as shee in single life.
My ladyes verdingall is wondrous wide
But what a that? shee wear'st not soe for pride
Indeed shee doth not sir. yet yf you'd knowe
Why'boute hir bumm soe hudge a hoope doth goe
Ile tell it you, Praie sweet sir vnderstand
Shee for a maide doth goe, as yet vn mand
By vertue of hir vardingall, shee (wellye)
Doth make poore men beleue shee hath noe bellie

_A rare trick tis: Greate wastes twill make seeme small_
_And bellies barrel-bigg, seeme naught at all._

My ladye learnes hir little page to skipp
I lie Infaith for tis my Ladies whipp
But why think you my Ladye takes such paines
To borrowe from Nedds britch such crimson staines
Oh Nedd did see lie at my Ladies back
My Ladyes Freind, of which did Edward clack

_Who can excuse the boie? waggs sworne toth smock_
_Should from their tongues such secrett secretts lock._

A Cannon-shaken souldyer lame-lie legd'
Late of a braue Court ladie boldlie begd
Madam (the souldyer cried) praie give releife
Vnto a man dismembred full of griefe

_Wanstt members knaue quoth shee? oh hang thee then_
_Wee ladies nere releiue dismembred men._

If you were wise then would you nere ask why
My Ladyes womans tayle soe oft doth cry
Alas hir vardingales' a doore soe wide
As it letts more winde in then t'can abide
   And thats the cause (Indeed I doe not lie)
   Which makes my Ladies womans taile soe crie.

89

Page (quoth my Ladie) goe shitt the doore The wind
Whispers to lowde; a Tyrant tis I find
And therefore shitt boye shit; shitt-too the doore
Tis good lett bad guests out, but in noe more.
T'vnhappie wagg (fraught with a knauish witt)
Cryes, Maddam, tis not my office doores to shitt
   Praie bidd your gentlewoman doo't: hir face
   Doth looke as yf shee would shit eurie place.

90

By wans wise pollicie it hath beene found
That beastes (though nere soe stronge) are alwaies bound
The hudge greate Elephaunt, the Maystiff Curr
The princelie lyon by man's speciall witt
Is forcd with mildnes in his denn to sit
But womens nere chain'd tongues (beastes smale to th'eye)
Mans moste engenious witt could neuer tie
   Oh men I nere shall hold you trulie wise
   Vntill to hold them engynns you deuise.

91

Things that are bitter, bittr'er then gall
Phisitians holdeth to bee phisicall
Then womens tonges mee thinkes to powder beaten
Must needes bee soe, yf as a potion eaten
Nothing more bittir is. Therefore I muse
Why they in physick womens tongues nere vse
   Faithe prove them Doctors: vse them in a pill:
Things oft helpe sick men which doe sound men kill.

92

A revr'end Iudg sitting to rite mens wronges
Commandment gaue that all should hold theire tongues
At which as dumb awhile the Audyence satt
Vntill a woman with hir taile gann chatt
Why who talks there (the rev'rend father cries?)
All hold theire tongues (graue Iudge) the men replies
Onelie a woman troubled here with wind
Vnto hirself (wee thinke) doth breake hir mind
   Indeed quoth hee to much it is to doe
   T'make women hold theire tailes and their tongues too.

93

Naie trulie husband, praie nowe husband cease
Perswasions cannot moue and therefore peace
Haue not I saide I will not? shewing why
A leadging this stronge reson too, For I
   Mee thinkes such reasons might' perswade a man:
   When wee saie Will not, rockes moues sooner than.

94

In Bedd a younge man with his old wife laie
Oh wife quoth hee I've lett a thing to daie
By which I feare I am a looser much
His wife replies, you thes bargaines still are suche
Soe turning from him (angrie at hir harte)
Shee vn-awares letts-out a thundring--------
Oh wife quoth hee noe looser I am nowe
A marles greate fauer I am made by you
   Younge men that oldwiues haue neede neuer sell
   Because oldwiues (quoth hee) letts things so well.
95

A proper man which late had loste that Iointe
Which men ymprysons with a cod peece pointe
Vnto a widowe came; widow quoth hee
My wealthe is greate; speake, wilt thou marrie me?
A boute my howse, faire goodlie pasture haue I
My feildes are large; by which much money saue I
Cowes haue I store; and though men should not prize
Their owne true worthes; yet all men hold mee wise
Nor witt nor wealth I want your loue to merritt
I am noe defective but in spiritt

Ist spright you want? want you a spright quoth shee?
Know't; were you lord of th'Earthe you gett and mee.

96

Wouldst learne to woe? a Fawkner learne to bee
Wild hawkes by watching are made tame you see:
Soe must thou watch thy wench; what though she'es wild?
Yet watch hir well shalt rule hir as a child

I, caste hir of; yet hold thou vp thy lure
Then stoope shee will: I, downe shee will be sure.

97

Lisba hath manlie partes; you shall not find
A wench on th'Earthe that beares a manliere mind
A wrasler she'es; she'el trye a fall with anie
A Fencer she'es; shath channgd a thrust with manie
An Archer she'es; shee laies-well to a marke
Drawes-home a shaft; nockt right too in the darke

S'hath yet more partes; in parte a souldyers shee
Sheel fight, whore, drinke, vntill shee cannot see.
A Neaste of Waspes

When rich mens wiues are dead (to couer them)
They vse t'haue marble stones laide ouer them
Since t'is an anncyent custome I much muse
Why Harts-head thou dost not that custom vse
Thy wife was tall, fayre, wittie: such a one
As in hir life would not haue lackt a stone
Therefore Harts-head, t'eternize hir good name
Laie ore hir one, write this vppon the same

  Here lies one dead vnder this marble stone
  Which when shee liv'd laye vnder more then one.
Vppon hir stone write this: yet dost thou heare
At name of stone sheel rise againe I feare.


99

  Smale-witt loues a woman. oh wonder straunge!
But wherefore think you? world tis time you channge
Tis tyme; tis high time that you were renewd
When men think women virtuouslie endewd
Aske him why hee loues hir, vp go'es eyes
For virtue, For hir virtue sir he cries
It is hir virtue onelie (sir saith hee)
That hath soe sence-charmd and soe rauisht mee[.]
Women virtuous? oh straunge vnheard of Iest!
World World; thy latter age it seemes proues best
Fond' Smale witt nowe gives not his loue hot chace
As others doe, onelie for flesh and case
But for hir virtue; tis for hir virtues sake
That makes young Smale-witt that chace vndertake

  Nowe god be'es speed; praie god the youth maie wynn hir
  But's chaunce is rare yf hee findes virtue in hir.

____________________________________

Conclusion.

____________________________________

100
Clere-eyd bright *Titan* allwaies blusheth redd
When he beetaketh him to his *Thetis* bedd
The youth full livelie god in glowing flame
Sitts and lies downe as ye surpris'd with shame

*But man, oh shameles man! t'is cause hee spies*
*In's daie-runn course, thy daie-done villanies.*

101

My Epigrams make their encrease as men
As Fathers getteth sons, soe sons agen
Ev'n soe from one, an other out doth spring
Iust like its selfe, yet not the selfsame thing

*And well maie I compare em to mans brood*
*Because of eyther kind ther'es neyther good.*

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If vaprous Fumes of Neptunes glassie plaine
Doe once but through the Icie region gaine
That exhalation (wondrous to our sight)
Doth proue a Commett or bright-blazing light

*Soe virtue proues yf powre shee gaines to slice*
*Through the cold region of pale Envies vice.*

FINIS.