When peeres and judges had, by doome appointed,  
Condemne to die against all law and reason,  
A sacred prince, one of the Lords Anointed,  
And found (O strange) without allegiance treason,  
The hangman stood amazed to proceed;  
The axe turn'd edg, shunning so foule a deed.  
'Tis pitty then in hangman and in steele;  
God grant hereafter never may be seene  
Within this realme without a head, a queene.

Now Ireland is past all grace  
And neare to be reclaimed,  
Virginia is the only place  
Whence gold is to be gained,  
There are no Rebels there,  
To kill us when we enter,  
Ther's no thing that we need to feare  
But only to adventure.  
Ther's woods of trees like swarmes of bees  
Then flax and hemp, great store.  
You may buy shinnes for heades jinnes,  
They care for them no more:  
Ther's beefe and mutton cheape,  
As good as we have any.  
Four capons for a groate  
And twentie egges a penny.
The men that dig’d the Scottish mine
Have left Edenborough-towne,
Because they hold Virginia gold
Doth put the Scottish downe.
Their shippes are readie trimmed;
Their cannons have their charge;
And all things are prepared,
To grace Virginia voyage.
Lett Spannyard’s boast of golden Tage,
For if the booke be true,
Ther’s the land whence gold is sand
Which putteth downe Peru.
Ther’s the golden fleece:
For, whoso adventures willing
Shall have twelf pounds a peece,
And in leane yeares ten shilling.
The quint-essence of London free,
And more hole-up together:
In seaven tall shippes embarqu’d they be
Expecting wind and weather.
Ther’s cutpurses great store,
And many a wandring tinker;
Ther’s tapsters by the shore
Besides theunderskinker.
All those that Nature hath denide
The grace to wooe and wedd,
Hearre is the love and turtle dove
Where each man may sped.
As doggs and bitches meete
And onely smelling, tarrie;
So do our gallants meet
And gang to Kirk and marrie.
The curtizants whose youths are spent,
And same decayed through age,
Are now resolved to repent,
And go this pilgrimage.
A Chaplin Newport, hee
In person will there goe:
The voyage grace st shall be,
By a Lord Deleware too.
All those that reade old Histories
Go now, prognosticate:
That our Virginia colonie
Shall beard the Roman state.
For they were wandering knights,
Which Romulus did flie to,
Which matcht with Sabine wenches,
And rob'd them just as we do.
And that so famous place
Which Londoners so curse,
The king and state to gratulate
Hath cal'd it Brittons bushe:
And if that it be true
As I have heard it told there,
Nothing but Virginia ware
For ever shall be solde there.

Ad Caxnem.
Thou art my enemie I beare about me:
With thee I live not well, nor well without thee.

Eight humors in foure men.
Hoskins is merrily-sad,
D:Sharpe is learnedly mad.
Ch: Cox: is popishly precise,
Wat: Shoote is ignorantly wise.

O á Lo: Ju: [On a Lord Justice]
Solon would needs be rich as he was wise,
And just as Job in all his qualities:
And to be Job least men might doubt him
He had a many a scabs about him.
As cats o'er houses do go a catter-walking,
So Cs o'er houses, he goes a walter-rauling.

Two R's, two crouch-backs, both sat at the helm.
Th' one spoiled the nobility, th' other the realm.

On Essex.
England thy early prime is gone; good Knight,
Thy cheife Nobilitie is now a K.

Epitaphs
On Francis Flower.
Here lies Flos florum, justice of peace and Quorum;
He lov'd harum horum and now grieves full for
That he can have no morum.

Sir Hon. Palamicino.
Here lies a tall thief. No thief, thou liest,
For thine was noble theft from Anti-christ.

Lo eodem.
Here lies sir Horatio of town of Babram
Who was taken to the bosome of Abraham.
That cannot be, for Hercules met him with his club,
And beate him downe to Belzebub.
A Drunkard at Plimouth.
Here lies he buried under this gravell,
That had this misfortune at his first travell.
Wales had his birth, Mile-end sawe his good face;
The sea had his stomach, Plimouth his gold lace;
His father was a painter, and drew many good paternes,
And this gentleman slew a man yet living at Saint Caterins.

Frank Morly.
Here lies Frank Morly, the son of a beare-ward,
Who would needs beare armes in spite of the herauld.
Rampant lion as black as a jet-stone,
With a sword in his hand in stead of a whetstone.
Five sons had the syre, It's worth the revealing,
Two were errand lyes, and three were hanged for stealing.

One that brak his neck.
My freind judge not me,
Thou se'st I judge not thee:
Betweene the stirof and the ground,
Mercie I asked, mercie I found.
Mr. Sandes
Who would live in others breath?
Fame deceaves the dead mans trust;
When our names do change by death:
Sands I was, and now am dust.

Daniell of the temple.
Heere Daniell lies whoes horn, when he did blow it,
Cald many that had hornes, and yet did not know it.

A Horse-courser.
Here lies a man whoes horse did gaine,
The bell in race of Salsbury plaine.
Reader, I know not whether need it
You or the horse, rather to read it.

A married Bishop.
Here lieth that the world may see,
The first Bishop married to a ladie, Ladie.
The manner of his death was secreat and hid,
He cry'd out, I die boy, and so he did.

Jhon Fooit.
Maysters look tooit, Here lies Jhon Foo't.

Jhon Vergis
Here lies Jhon Vergis for saving of charges.
Of the porter of Winchester gate.
At length by the wondrous work of fate,
Here lies the porter of Winchester gate;
Who if he be gone to heaven as I feare,
Cannot be much more than a porter there.

Little Sayd.
Little sayd is sone amended;
Now I die, my life is ended.

One that sought not death.
Here lies one, who would have thought it?
That sought not death, and yet he caught it.

On the Queen of Scots.
What care thou be that passest by,
Curse him that caused this Queene to die.

Short was her life, yet dyesthee (?) ever,
Death hath his due, yet dyersthe (?) never.
On Luce Morgan.
Here lies fine Luce, that picht-hatch drabbe,
That had a sheath for every stabb.
As lecherous as any sparrow,
Her quiver apt for everie arrow.
Wert long, or short, or black or white,
She would be sure to nock it right.
Wert lords or knights, or priests or squiers,
Or any sort except a Friers,
A Friers shaft shee lack't alone,
Because in England there was none.
At last some vastall fire shee stole,
Which never went out in hir hole,
And with that zealous fire being burned
Unto the popish faith shee turned,
And therein dyde. And is't not fitt
For a poore whore to die in it:
Since that's the true religion,
Of the great whore of Babilon.
Fat Giulio.
Here lies fat Giulio who capered in a corde
To highest heav'n; for all his huge great weight,
His freinds left at Tiburne in the yeere of our Lord,
One thousand, five hundred, nintie and eight;
What part of his body the French did not eate,
That part he gives freely to wormes for their meate.

To a freind.
Looke man before thee how thy death hasteth,
Looke man behinde thee how thy death wasteth,
Looke
Here lyes buried wormes meate,
Little Robin that was so great.
Not Robin goodfellow, nor Robin hood,
But Robin the devill that never did good.
One that was sent by an angrie fate
To plague his countrey and the state.
His life was full of mischievous ends,
Traines for his foes, and trickes for his freinds.
Now I am sure we have eartht the foxe,
That stanke while he lived, and dyde of the pox.

Here lies Hobinall our Shepheard whileere,
That once a yeare dulle our sheeues did sheare.
To please us, his Curre he chained in a clogge
And was in himselfe both shepheard and dogge.
For obligation to Pan his manner was thus,
Himselfe gave a little and offred up us.
So thus by his wisedome this politiq swaine
Kept himselfe on the mountaine and us on the plaine.
And many a horne pipe he tune'd to his Phyllis,
And sweetly sang Walsingham to Amaryllis.
Meane while neither wolfe nor tigre feared wee,
For never could come a worse beast then hee.
Till Atropos payd him, a poxe on the drabbe;
In spight of his tarreboxe he dyed o' the scab.
At Hatfield neere Hartford there lies in a coffin,
A heartbreaking Harpie of shape like a dolphin.
Whose projects and plots did all of them tend,
To cozen the King and the state to offend.
His traines, his countermines and his bravadoes
Were all to endanger by close ambuscadoes.
With tricks and devices of legier du maine,
He plaide the Juster twixt France, England, and Spaine.
He fain'd religion and zealous affection,
Yet favoured the papists and gave priests protection.
By swearing, protesting, and damnable lies,
He stole the kings favours and blinded his eyes.
But yet though he had all the wiles of a fox,
He could not prevent her that gave him the pox.
Twixt Suffolk and Walsingham he often did journey,
To tilt at the one, at the other to tournay.
In which hot encounter he gott such a blow
As could never bee cured by Atkins nor Poe.
No nor the rare Frenchman, that cured his old master,
Could doe him good with his oyle or his playster.
For this his disease was given him by his freind,
And therefore he had reason to keep it to his end.
Advance, advance my ill-disposed muse,
With uncouth stile and ill-disposed verse,
Largely relate the ill-disposed use
Of him that ties thee to bedeck his hearse:
With much evils then I may rehearse,
And leave the rest for circumstance of evils
To be debated not with men, but Divells:
It should not be ascribed to his skill
That thorough his grace he gained estimation,
But that it pleased to be his maysters will
To deeme him fitt a pillar for this nation.
And so he was but in an evil fashion:
His timber sure was rotten at the first,
And so did make his building be accurst.
His deeds are written with an iron penn
In gods black book, the register of griefs.
And sign'd and sealed with ten thousand men
Whom he hath banisht from their good relieues,
Leaving their goods to bee the spoile of thieves.
By his abusive and ungodlike actions,
His tricks, his plots, his nureries of factions,
Monster of men, that worst of any evil,
Gods by-marke, shun'd by admonition.
His privie signat sealed for the divell,
Spyoler of orphanes leased to his tuition,
And everie good that was in his fruition.
Willing and wold he what he list commit,
Letting his passion overwhelm his witt.
One work of darknes never be forgotten
That was effected by a murderous deed,
But let it live till everie one be rotten.
That yet is youngest in his race and seed.
For which one strok he caus'd 2000 weep.
And everie drop that from that number came
Invokes revenge, despaire, and endlesse shame,
On thee and thine. O were thy blood not mixt
Among the noble, honest, good, and just,
I should not feare what in my heart is fixt.
There, dissipations by thy pois'ned dust
Plowed, sowne, and reaped, in lascivious lust.
Packing and matching to uphold thy endes.
With divells, with anis, either foes or freinds,
Still did thy envie waite at honours back.
Choking desert with overweening pride
And still thy envie shot at honours wrack.
In semblance still that vertue was thy guide,
Forcing the best things to the worsrer side.
Thyne eye must look upon ye eyes of heaven,
Thy heart was vexed when all things went even.
It is observed in thy generall ends
Thy bad condition in thy best estate,
Thy private treasons to entrap thy freinds,
And malice, others, even with publick hate:
A dangerous pillar in so good a state,
Whose over-running Witt and only excellence
Was envy, hate, and poisoned virulence.

The Syre deemed the child of reprobation,
Brought a new forme of government in the state,
Plotting our peers for refuse of the nation,
Forcing their virtues to contempt and hate.
Their fortune soone was ru'd by evil fate:
That they which had their countries dearest places,
Should so be cheated of their princes graces.
The Arcane plots, and intricate desseignes
Are now in common with the vulgar eares.

Now the nefarious, hellish undermines
Are much bemoaned with a world of tears,
Just like the losse of paris-garden beares,
Who, being dead, uncase of their furs,
Lyes bravely buried mongst the brauling curres.
Well, you are gone. It is no matter whether;  
Your freinds may meet in Suffolk or in Kent.  
My charitie doth wish you altogether  
That alters honor with so foule intent,  
And thus my sprite against you all is bent,  
Thinking you worthie of the vilest skernes  
That suffred basenesse blow in honorus hornes.

Sir He: Wotton of happinesse  
How happie is he borne or taught  
That serveth not anothers will.  
Whose armour is his honest thought,  
And silie truth his highest skill.  
Whoes passions not his masters are,  
Whoes soule is still prepar'd for death.  
Untide unto the world with care  
Of princes grace, or vulgar breath.  
Who hath his life from rumors freed  
Whoes conscience is his strong'at retreate.  
Whose state can neither flatterers feede  
Nor ruine, make Accusers great.  
Who envies none whome chance doth raise,  
Or vice, who never understood,
How sword gives lighter wound, then praise,
Nor rules of state, but rules of good.
Who god doth late and early pray
More of his grace then wealth to send.
And entertains the harmless day,
With a well chosen book or friend.
This man is free from servile bondes,
Of hope to rise or feare to falle.
Lord of himself, though not of landes,
And having nothing, yet hath all.

A pedigree
A begger got a beadle,
A beadle got a yeoman,
A yeoman got a prentice,
A prentice got a freeman,
A freeman got a master,
And he got him a lease,
And it made him a gentleman
And then a justice of peace.
This justice had a daughter,
And forth she came to light.
And up she came to London,
And then she got a knight.
This knight begott a lord,
This lord begat an Earle.
This earle begot a Duke.
This Duke it was a Shott.
This Duke begot a Prince.
This Prince a king of hope,
This king begot an emperour,
And he begot a pope.
This pope begot a bastard,
Which was a worthie sparke,
And he laie with a nun, and he begot a Clark,
This Clark begot a sexton,
This sexton got a vicar.
This vicar got a parson,
And he begate a Ditcher.
This Ditcher all were prebands,
And they begot a deane,
And they begot a Cardinall
And he laie with a Queane.
This Queane she got five shillings,
Five shillings got a smock,
This smock it got a Scottish prick,
This prick begot a prock.
A merchant got this prock,
And put it in a ringe,
And gave it to a lady.
That gave it to a king.
Who gave it to a Queene,
She gave it to a Duke
Who gave it to a wayting-maide,
That gave it to a Cooke.
This Cooke he got a serjant
This serjant got a squirt,
And then it got some Loshium
And it begunne to flirt.
This flirt it had a thing,
This thing it was a sonne,
And he begot a Scrivener
And so the sport begunne.
This scrivener got an Atturnie,
And he took it in snuffe,
And yet he got a Barister,
And he got him a Ruffe.
This ruff it got good counsail,
Good counsell got a fee,
And then they got a motion,
That might well pleaded bee.
At length it came to judgment,
Though it were something long,
And then came to execution,
And so I end my song.
Lady chain'd to Venus dove,
Gently guide thy carre of love.
Let thy care bee night and day,
How to make thy carre a waie.
Let 't bee sayd you found at last,
A Xmasse carral that surpast.
Plants inough hence may insue,
For some are set where none ere grew.
Some are set and some are laid,
If none stand, good morrow maide.