

*The waies to
get wealth.*

Not all his Rents in *Indies* Coast
Will pay th' arrerages.
Let none wonder, if *God* Thunder
Vengeance for our Iarres :
While we vnder *Sathan* wander,
Himselfe with *Dauid* warres.
But reconcil'd he wils to fight
His Battells valiantly.
Though *Dauids* might *Goliath* slight,
On *God* all Conquests lye.
Couragious King, then bid vs smite
Tyrants downe, *Gyants* growne;
Downe with those *Dons*, which *Britaines* spight,
Taratantara downe.
Me thinkes *Lisbon* I see now wonne,
Th' *Iles* ransack't, th' *Indies* sack't,
And sweet *Eliza* thought vndone;
Rein-stald by vs awake.
In *March*, like *Iane*, their *spring's* first light
Reuiues our Garden beds
With louely *Roses*, red and white,
And *Leekes* with siluer'd heads.
The *Spirits* Gardner will keepe greene
With Buddes perpetually,
Our *Rose* King and *Lillies* Queene,
On him if we relye.
Whom last I pray, as Pageants gay,
As Maskes, or Gemmes in Gold,
My *Muse* to prize, though clad in gray,
My *Will*, though too too bold.