

Thy poore sick neighbours thou dost kindly visit;
Thou giu'st them counsell, mak'st them kitchin physick:
Thou free'st poore pris'ners with thine owne estate:
The fatherlesse thou do'st compassionate,
And do'st so many godly deeds withall,
That Iesus Christ may thee his Sister call.
From foolish vanities thou turn'st thine eyes,
And shutt'st thy eares against malicious lyes.
Although foule stuttish smells thou do'st abhorre;
Perfumers get nothing by thee therefore.
Thy table 's furnish'd with cleane, wholesome fare;
But for luxurious cates thou do'st not care:
And when thou drink'st, it is pure vnmixt wine;
Not those hot drinks that vnto lust incline.
Thy heart did neuer feele th'vnlawfull flame,
Which hath drawne looser wiuesto publique shame:
Thou neuer lay'st on any am'rous bed;
But where thy husband had thy mayden-head;
And onely there for procreation,
And for thy Husbands recreation:
Thou art so zealous, godly, mercifull,
And with such heauenly, goodly graces full;
That we may stile thee, The rich Christian Palace,
Wherein the Holy Ghost doth take his solace.
Thy outward graces haue such Excellence,
That all salute thee with graue reuerence:
Thy head is fraught with holy meditations;
Thy heart is fill'd with heau'nly consolations;
Thy eares are open to the poores sad cries,
And from them thou dost neuer turne thine eyes:
Thy hands are opento each godly deed,
And feet are swift, when of thy helpe there's need.
Thou art so faire, so vertuous, and so good;
Thou seem'st an Angell clad in flesh, and blood.
Thou art so handsome, proper, neat, and faire,
As if but yet thou a young maiden were:
(Sweet-heart belecue) all honest men with me,