

(Although her purenesse did at first abhorre it)
 Keepest still her loathsome Cabinet; foreseeing,
 If she leaue this, her worser place of being,
 She needs among the damned soules must throng :
 And that's the reason that thou liu'st so long.
 What hast thou good in thee, but onely this,
 That thy loath'd outside a true patterne is
 Of thy vile liuing? Sinne, and want of grace,
 Are ditched in the wrinkles of thy face:
 Thou bunch-back-bug-bear-fac'd, splay-foot, Cat-hand;
 Thou rough-bark'd-stinking Elder, worse then damn'd;
 Thou, about whose scurfe-head the Deuils flutter;
 Thou viler vild, then I haue words to vtter :
 Amend thy lewd life; or I sweare to thee,
 For one ill-fauour'd word, I'le giue thee three.

120 *Another Epistle of the same witty Author,
 Francis Rabelais, in praise of a graue
 Matrone; translated as the
 former.*

THOU reuerend Matrone, whose sweet grace & forme,
 Would a young, faire, sweet, handsome face adorne ;
 Thy modest carrying, and thy reuerend wit,
 Shewes that Gods grace within thy heart doth sit :
 Thou in whose hands are alway found good books;
 But on loue-toyes thy chaste eyes neuer looks:
 Thou that hast in thy braines imprinted deepe
 Christ Iesus, who from thence ill thoughts doth keepe :
 In thy milde soule rich vertue hath her store ;
 As God giues wealth to thee, thou giu'st the poore.
 Thy heart is alway open to relieue,
 And comfort those whom miseries doe grieue :
 And with thine owne white hands dost not disdain
 To plaister those poore folkes, whom sores doe paine.
 The hungry thou do'st feed with thine owne meate ;
 The naked, cold, with thine owne cloathes do'st heate;