

*The wayes to
get wealth.*

I haue not read, I must confesse,
 Those bookes cald *Lutherane* :
 And thine, *O Wickliffe*, haue I lesse ;
 Yet am not I profane.
 These *Mysteries* I leaue to such,
 Who pale with study teach :
 Or vnto such, whom ouermuch
Wants Feare commands to preach.
Skeltons interruption.
 Why dost thou smite, *O busie wight*,
 Our eares with thy discourse ?
 Art thou a *Iew*, or *Rome-a-Night*,
 A brutish *Turke*, or worse ?
 Thy *Song* some *Welsh Sidanens* Loue
 May gaine to thy desire :
 But *Courtly Dames* will thee reprove,
 Fly from high *beauties* fire.
 Haunt thou *Bride-Cakes*, and *Country cheere*
 As fits a *Cambrian Peere*.
 Thy *Mumfinsus*, thy murmurs here
 None will but *dizzards* heare.
 Bray there aloud, and roare complete
 Amidst thy *Pipes* and *Ale*.
 From *Babels* seat springs thy conceit,
 Thy sonnet is so stale.
S. David.
 come not here for *Belly-cheere*,
 Nor for *Tobaccoes fume*.
 With mirth for mirrh my *Soueraigne* deare.
 To perfume, I presume.
 Whom mighty *Ioue* meanes to destroy,
 He lets them quaffe a while :

And