

A rayling Epistle, written in French by
that excellently witty Doctor, *Fran-*
cis Rabalais :

Wherein though I follow him not verbatim;
yet whoſo can compare them, ſhall find I haue
done him no wrong.

THou toothleſſe wither'd Hagge, deſam'd, accuſt;
Empty of Gods grace, by the Deuill nurſt :
Thou that didd'ſt neuer deed of Charitie ;
But art the patterne of all villanie:
Thou, in whoſe haireleſſe braines ill thoughts do throng,
And tak'ſt chiefe ioy to heare a bawdie ſong :
Thou, that didd'ſt neuer drinke water with wine,
Senting each bed with luſt, where thou haſt line :
Thou that dooſt weep at eu'ry draught thou drink'ſt :
But haſt dry eyes, when on thy ſinnes thou think'ſt :
Thou that ador'ſt no bed, but *Priapus* :
Thou that didſt ne'r, but for inticement bluſh :
Thou that haſt piſſ'd away thy vnknowne ſhame :
Thou that haſt entertain'd each one that came :
Thou martyr of men, 'tis not the poſe,
That cauſeth thee to ſpeake thus through the noſe.
Thou that art ſlow to Churchward as the louſe ;
But quick as lightning to a bawdy-houſe :
Thou with whoſe age hot luſt doth not declyne,
Thou more inſatiate then tyr'd *M. ſaline*.
Thou ſtinking, with red, ſtale ; thou paſt a whore ;
Thou luſt procurer, keeper of the doore :
Thou that doſt tempt faire Maydens to their ſhame,
And for gaines ſake, rob'ſt wiues of their faire name :
Thou damn'd damn'd Bawd, that do'ſt procure thy meales,
By tempting wenches to turne vp their —
Thou that did'ſt neuer take delight to worke ;
Thou in whoſe boſome ſnarling quarrels lurke ;

Thou