

Behold how Christ, our law, is brok
 And scripture turn'd to tales.
 That's sang and preached by every man,
 Let him be rich or poor;
 To preach the scripture, that he can,
 Although he knows no more.
 He takes the book, and rambles o'er
 The works that's ready done;
 In doing this, he does no more,
 Nor tells of what's to come.
 Therefore he's not a prophet's name,
 Descriptive of God's power;
 Neither doth he in scripture gain,
 Although he'd preach for ever.
 Therefore the point we'd best give o'er,
 And seek some other spirit;
 And ramble o'er the book no more,
 Till we ourselves can wear it.
 Then we would be like Christ indeed,
 That scripture did fulfil,
 And not be like that cursed breed,
 That preaches others' skill.
 The men of God hath not done so,
 Nor yet on scripture call'd;
 But this is what their souls did do,
 To say what was reveal'd.
 But if we do climb up again,
 In works which they have done,
 A thief, a bastard, is our name,
 When Jesus Christ doth come.
 Therefore I would, thou preach no more,
 In telling that that's done;
 But rather seek that goodly store,
 That knows what is to come.