

But TOPAZ his own Werke rehearseth;
 And MAT. mote praise what TOPAZ verfeth.
 Now sure as Priest did e'er thrive Sinner,
 Full hardly earneth MAT. his Dinner.

In the same Style.

FAIR SUSAN did her Wif-hede well menteine,
 Al gates assaulted fore by Letchours tweine:
 Now, and I read aright that Auncient Song,
 Olde were the Paramours, the Dame full yong.

Had thilke fame Tale in other Guife been tolde;
 Had They been Yong (pardie) and She been Olde;
 That, by S^r KIT, had wrought much forer Tryal;
 Full merveillous, I wote, were swilk Denyal.

A FLOWER,

Painted by

SIMON VARIELST.

WHEN fam'd VARIELST this little Wonder drew;
 FLORA vouchsaf'd the growing Work to view:
 Finding the Painter's Science at a Stand,
 The Goddess snatch'd the Pencil from his Hand;
 And finishing the Piece, She smiling said;
 Behold One Work of Mine, that ne'er shall fade.

TO