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

In the ſame Style.

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

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

A FLOWER,

Painted by

SIMON VARELST.

WHEN fam'd VARELST 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