

Micro-cynicon (1599).pdf/21



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Falls headlong downe into that pit of woe,
Fit for such damned creatures ouerthrow.
To make this publicke that obscured lies,
And more apparant vulgar secrecies:
To make this plaine, harsh vnto common wits,
Simplicite in common iudgement sits.
This down-cast angell, or declining saint,
Is greedy *Croone*, when *Cron* makes his compt:
For his poore creditors faine to decay,
Being bankerouts, take heeles and run away.
Then franticke *Cron*, gald to the very hart,
In some by corner playes a diuels part:
Repining at the losse of so much pelfe,
And in a humor goes and hangs himselfe.
So of a saint, a diuell *Cron* is made,
The diuel lou'd *Cron*, and *Cron* the diuels trade.
Thus may you see such angels often fall,
Making a working day a festiuall.
Now to the third point of his deitie,
And that's th' earth, thus reasons credulitie:

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