

# Micro-cynicon (1599).pdf/27



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And hourelly expect such prodigallitie,  
Lust breathing leachers giuen to venerie.  
No day expired but *Zodon* hath his trull,  
He hath his tyt, and she likewise her gull.  
Gull he, Trull she, oh tis a gallant age,  
Men may haue hacknyes of good carriage:  
Prouided that their rayne a golden shower,  
Then come whose will, at th' appointed hower.  
Hower me no howers, howers breake no square,  
Where gold doth raigne, be sure to find them there.  
Well: *Zodon* hath his pleasure, he hath gold,  
Young in his golden age, in sin too old:  
Now he wants gold, all his treasures done,  
Hees banished the Stewes, pittie finds none.  
Rich yesterday in wealth, this day as poore,  
To morrow like to beg from doore to doore,  
See youthfull spendthrifts all your brauery,  
Euen in a moment turnd to misery.



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