

Micro-cynicon (1599).pdf/33



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Or that her diuillish tyranizing fits
May mend, and she enioy her former wits.
For whilst that *Helth* thus counterfets not well,
Poore here at hand, liues in the depth of hell.
Wher is this baggadge, wher's this girle, what ho!
(Quoth she) was euer woman troubled so?
What huswife *Nan*, and then she gins to brall,
Then in comes *Nan*, sooth mistris did you call?
Out on the queane, now by the liuing God,
And then she strikes & on the wench layes load.
Poore silly maide with finger in the eye,
Sighing and sobbing takes all patiently.
Nimble Affection stung to the very hart,
To see her fellow mate susteine such smart,
Flies to the Burse gate for a match or two,
And salues th'amis, there is no more to do.
Quickfooted kindnes, quick as it selfe thought,
With that wel pleasing newes but lately bought,
By loues assiduat care and industry,
Into the Chamber runs immediatly.

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