

# Micro-cynicon (1599).pdf/46



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Vntill there full stuft gorge a passage makes  
Into the wide mawes of more scopious lakes:  
Spight me! not spight it selfe can discontent  
My steeled thoughts, or breed disparagement:  
Had pale fac't coward feare bene resident  
Within the bosome of me Innocent,  
I would haue housde me from the eyes of ire,  
Whose bitter spleen vomits forth flames of fire.  
A resolute Asse, oh for a spurring Rider;  
A brace of Angels: what is the foole a briber?  
Is not the Asse yet wearie of his load?  
What with once bearing of the foole abroad?  
Mount againe Foole: then the Asse will tire  
And leaue the Foole to wallow in the mire.  
Dost thou thinke otherwise? good Asse then be gon,  
I stay but till the Innocent get on.  
What wilt thou needs of the foole bereaue mee?  
Then pack good foolish Asse, & so I leaue thee.

*FINIS.*



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