Daye Dyars Deame,

When faith in frendes beare fruit, and folyſh fancyes fade,
& crafty catchers cum to nought, & hate gret loue hath made
When fraud flieth far from towne, & lewteers leaue the fielde,
And rude ſhall runne a rightfull race, and all men be well wude:
When gropers after gayne, ſhall carpe for comen welth,
And wyly workers ſhall diſdayne, to fygge and lyue by ſtelth:
When wiſdome walks a loft, and folly lyts full low,
And vertue vanquiſh pampred vice, and grace begins to grow.
When Juſtice ioynes to truth, and law lookes not to meede,
& bribes helpe not to build fair bowres, nor gifts gret giotõs fede
When hongre hides his head, and plenty pleaſe the poore,
And niggerdes to the nedy men, ſhall neuer ſhut their dooze:
When double darke deceit, is out of credit woꝛne,
And fauning ſpeche is falſhed found, & craft is laught to ſkoꝛne
When pride which picks the purs, gapes not for garments gay
No tauels weare no veluet weeds, nor wandrig wits here ſway
When riches wrongs no right, nor power poore put backe,
Nor couetous creepes not into Courte, nor lerned, liuings lack
When ſlipper ſleights are ſeene, and far fatchers be founde,
And priuate profit & ſelfe loue, ſhall both be put in pounde:
When dette no ſergeant dreeds, and cowrtiers credit keepe,
& inight mels not with merchandiſe, nor lords ſhal feed no ſheepe:
When lucre laſts not long, and hurd great heaps doth hate,
And euery wight is well content, to walke in his eſtate,
When truth doth tread the ſtretes, and lyers lurke in den,
And Rex doth raigne & rule the roſt, & weeds out wicked men:
Then baelfull barnes be blythe, that here in England woune,
Your ſtrife ſhal ſtynt I vnder take, your dreedfull daies ar done:

Finis. Quod. T. Churchyarde.

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Imprinted at London in Aldersgate ſtrete
by Rychard Lant.