

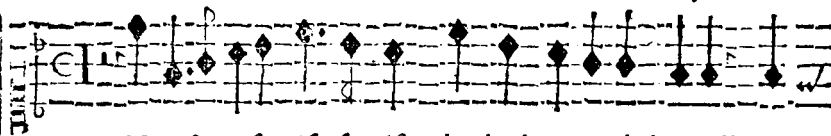
CITIE CONCEITES.

The Scriueners seruants Song of Holborne.

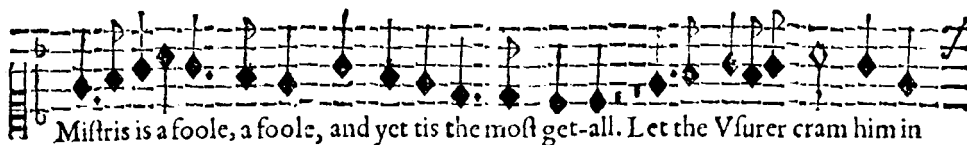
Medius.

12.

4. Voc.



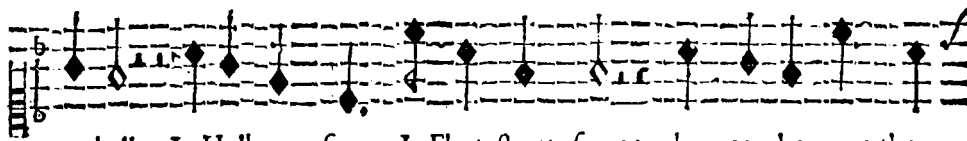
Y matter is so wise, so wise, that hee's proceeded wittall, my



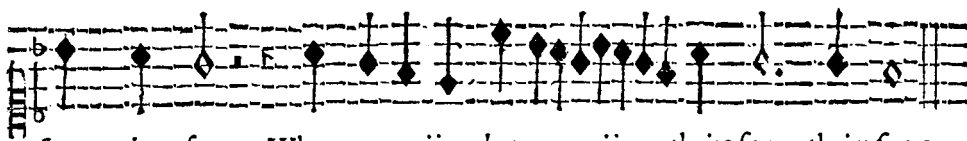
Mistris is a foole, a foole, and yet tis the most get-all. Let the Vsurer cram him in



interest that excell, their pits, their pits enough to damme him before he goes



to hell. In Holborne some: In Fleetstreete some: where care he come, there



some, there some, Where care, .ij. where, .ij. theirs some, theirs some.

TREBLE.

5. VOC.



Y Master is so wise.

