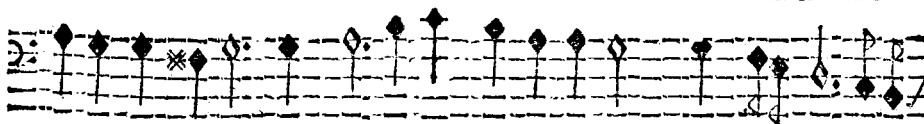
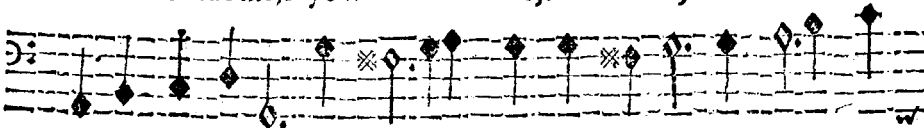


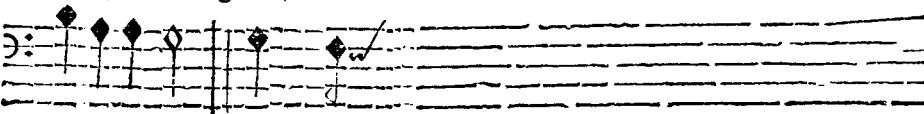
Hey downe a downe downe a bchold and see, good hostesse
this is the



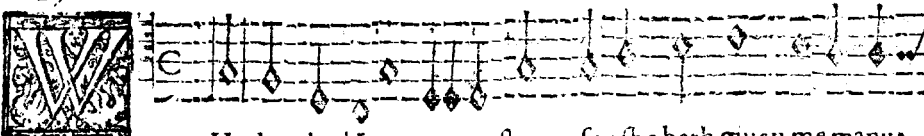
fill the pot for mee, and yet it is the first of three Take and fill this
best ale belieue me, if ye will drinke more, then call me,



pot yet once againe, we will for this time thus remaine, when this is spent



fill pot againe. Hey downe *ut supra.*



Hathap had I to marry a shrow for she hath giuen me many:



a blow, and how to please her alacke I doe not know. What *ut supra.*

2 From morne to euen her tongue neere lies,
Sometime she braules, sometime she cries,
Yet I can scarce keepe her tallants from my eyes.

3 If I goe abroad, and late come in,
Sir knaue (saith she) where haue you beene,
And doe I well or ill, she claps me on the skin,