

TH 19/1/23

Part of Song by Pantomime man

Bass. A smile is for a whispering voice,

P. ^{the} One that never tasted care or

P. Nor knows the smack of death or sorrow

P. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

B. ho, ho, ho, ho!

P. A giggling waiting-wench for me,
That chews her teeth how white they be!

B. A thing not fit for gravity,
For theirs are full & hardly 3.

P. ha, ha, ha!

B. ho, ho, ho!

P. Democritus thou ancient, fleecer
How I miss thy laugh & ha' sense!

B. There you named the famous jeerer,
That e'er jeer'd in Rome or Athens.

P. ha, ha, ha!

B. ho, ho, ho!

P. How brave lives he that keeps a fool
e'er tho' the Rate be deeper!

B. But he that is his own foot stir,
Does live a great deal cheaper.

P. Sure I shall burst, burst, quite break,
I'm not so witty.

B. 'Tis rare to tread at Court,
For that belongs to the city.

P. Ha, ha! my spleen is almost worn
So the last laughter.

Oh keep a corner for a friend.
A jest may come hereafter.
Nim Valour

An noble soul is like a ship at sea,
That sleeps at anchor when the Ocean's calm,
But when she rages & the wind blows high,
He cuts his way with skill & Majesty.

~~What speaks more~~ The Honest man's picture
What more I speak

Greatness of men than Valiant pictures,
That shew us not under his foil's strongest
strokes or a Dittie

Good gustation for the Encomiasts of
Monarchs

Stay clouds, ye rack too fast. —

4 to 6 days

— Oh inexpressible love! thou art
an indigested heap of most extremes
Whose pangs are waking, & whose pleasures dream.

4 to 6 days

To see how many much hills, plac'd above me;
Peapots & Toads, caroches full of dung hills,
Whose very birth stinks in a generous nostril,
Glistening by night like glowworms thro' the big streets,
Carried by torchlight in the footmen's hands,
That show like running fire-drakes thro' the city,
With several whap.

And now she lies in the hospital with a patch
Of velvet where her nose stood, like the queen
Of shades
Call her teeth in her purse.

Cupid's revenge

Incantationes. vide supra titulum de fascino.
Incantus. Incontinentia. vide titulum, Luxuria.
Incepato. Oburgatio. Admonitio.

Alas! I think you wretched, & disgraced,
After this suffering, & do... take
advantage of it now; but rather know
You are in charge & business of those powers,
Who like best tutors do inflict hard tasks
Upon great natures, & of noblest hopes.
Love's Pilgrimage