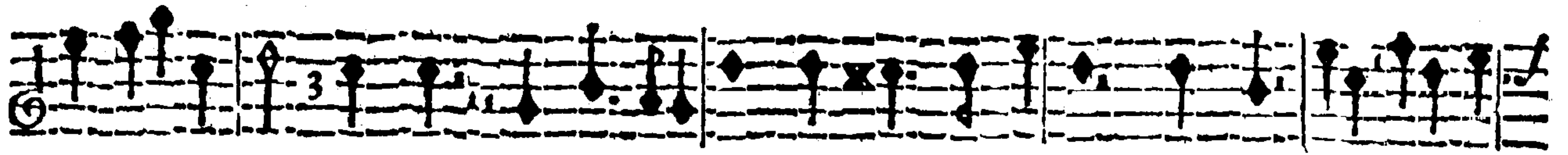
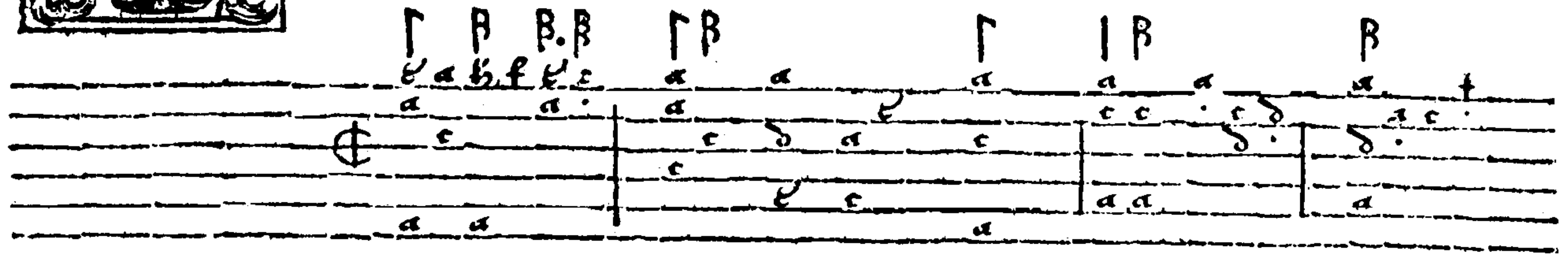
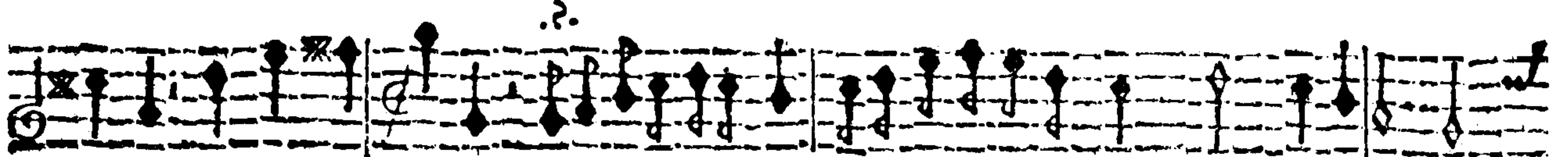
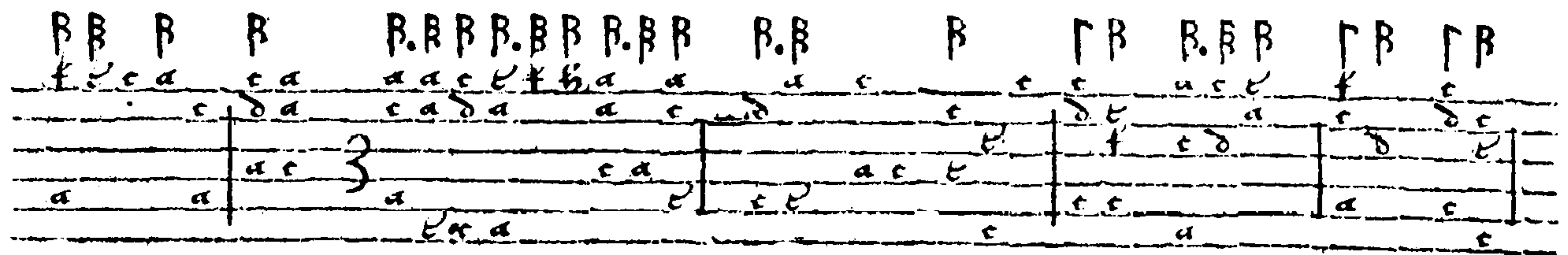


Oues god is a boy none but cowherds regard him, his dart is a toy



great opinion hath mard him, the feate of y wagg hath made him so bragg chide him, ii. ii. heele



fie thee and not come nie thee, little little little boy, prety prety prety knaue shoote not at randome,



for if you hit mee, ii. flauell tell, ii. ii. ii. ii. tell your grandome.



2
 Fond loue is a child,
 And his compasse is narrow,
 Yoong fooles are beguild
 With the fame of his arrow,
 He dareth not strike,
 If his stroke do mislike,
 Cupid doe you heare mee?
 Come not too neere mee,
 Little boy, pretie knaue, hence I beseech you,
 For if I you hit me flauel, in faith Ile breech you.

3
 Th'ape lones to meddle,
 When he finds a man idle,
 Else is he a flurting,
 Where his marke is a courting,
 When women grow true,
 Come teach mee to sue,
 Then Ile come to thee,
 Pray thee, and woo thee,
 Little boy, pretie knaue, make me not stagger,
 For if you hit me flauel, Ile call thee begger.